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Done in the District of Columbia

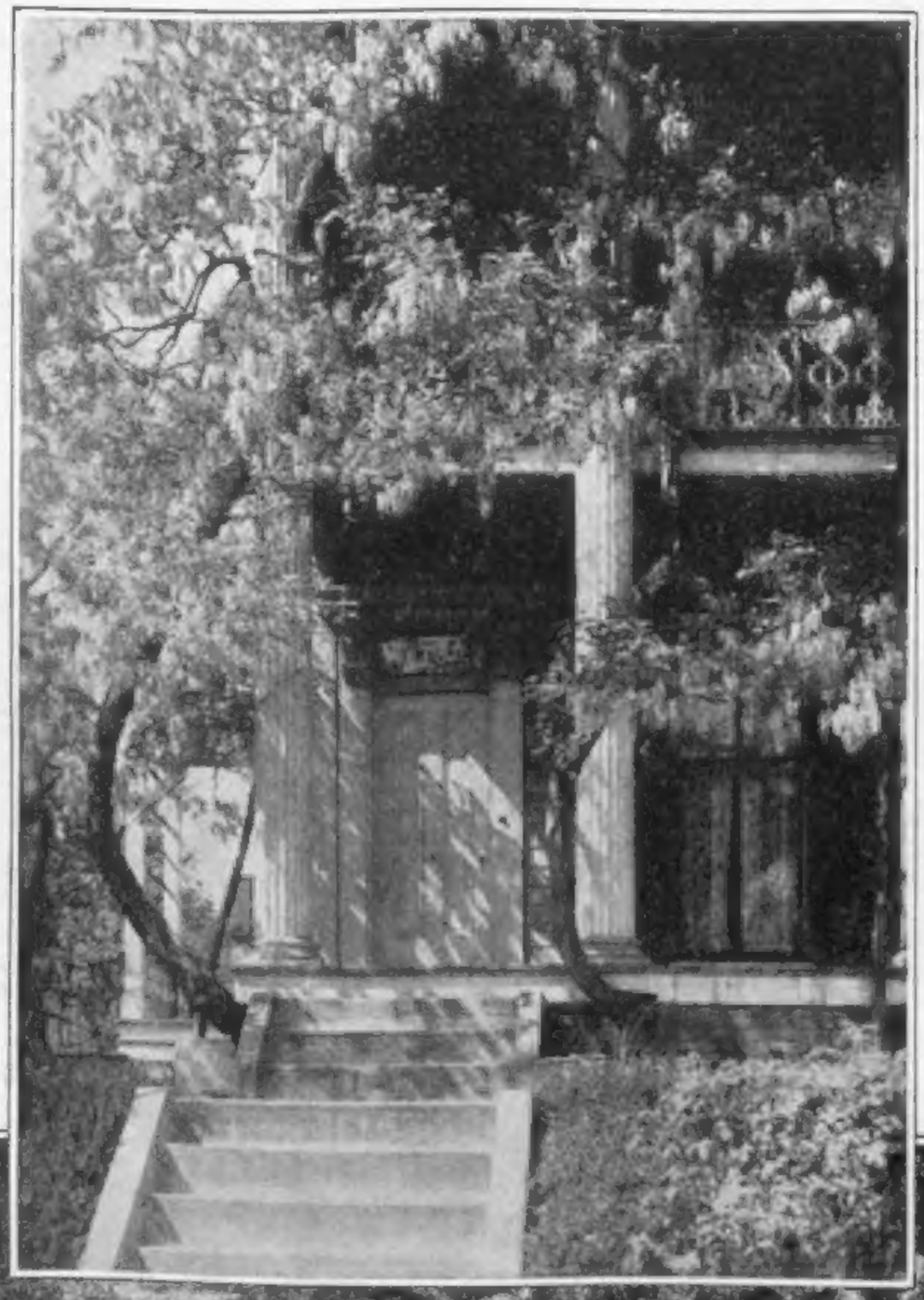
By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

PEOPLE who are awfully good at tea drinking and other social pastimes have a stock phrase with which they describe Washington. They say that Washington has charm. When these people are backed off into a corner by an earnest seeker after knowledge and urged to state definitely wherein the charm of Washington lies, it is found that each person has a different idea of what it is that constitutes the city's charm.

One person thinks it consists of walking up the street directly behind a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States and being told that he wears a wig. Another thinks it consists of going up in the Senate gallery and hearing two senators, both of whom are misinformed, wrangling over the question of whether an American observer can or cannot exert any influence on a European conference. Another believes it may be found in seeing ex-President Roosevelt's daughter sitting in the same gallery and listening to the wranglers.

Local Sights

TO STILL others, Washington's charm is represented, in turn, by the illuminated dome of the Capitol at night, the geometrical arrangement of the city's streets, a well-known senator hobbling painfully through a fox trot on a crowded dance floor, a negro shanty leaning wearily up against a millionaire's home, a suffocating diplomatic reception, a government job, the Lincoln Memorial, the house where Stephen Decatur died, President Harding in a perfectly fitting cutaway coat, large numbers of more or less handsome army and navy officers, invitations to stupid dinners, the Japanese cherry blossoms in April, leaving cards at the homes of half a dozen prominent people every afternoon, scandalous and occasionally untrue stories about celebrated men, the house in which ex-President Wilson lives, the memories of every great man who participated in the birth, the building and the saving of the nation, and many other matters. If these things constitute charm Washington has enough of it to keep the entire country stocked with charm forever.



Poor Mr. Dickens!

WASHINGTON'S growth in everything except the little item of statesmen, and especially in charm, has been large and spasmodic. Only a few years ago, as time goes nowadays, Mr. Charles Dickens, the distinguished British author, came to America on a lecture tour. He found Washington practically devoid of charm. There was so much mud in the streets that he got a great deal of it on his Balmorals; and he was greatly offended by the tobacco-chewing habits of the natives, and by the carelessness of property owners in permitting their pigs and other livestock to run about the thoroughfares unchaperoned.

The President of the United States struck him as being not quite top-hole socially. Nor was he favorably impressed with the large amount of undeveloped real estate in the vicinity of the government buildings, which seemed to him to indicate that the United States had a grossly exaggerated idea of the capital's importance and of the size to which it would ultimately grow. Reduced to its lowest terms, he saw Washington as a small offensive boy in a very dirty suit of clothes large enough to fit the Cardiff giant.

One can quite understand, after reading Dickens, that Washington in those days was a place to which no one would care to come

PHOTOS. FROM HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

New Hampshire Avenue, Washington. Above—Wisteria House, One of the Capital's Old Shoe Places

French Embassy

Belgian Embassy

unless he had business there, or was a visiting British lecturer. If Mr. Dickens were to return to Washington today, however, his first sensation would probably be one of rage because he hadn't sunk a part of his lecture receipts in Washington real estate in the good old days when a real-estate dealer's idea of big money was three hundred dollars.

He would probably put up a penetrating roar because the British Embassy is in a populous and noisy center of the city, with street cars clanging past its front doors, automobiles enveloping it in an ever-present haze of gasoline smoke, and bustling shops staring it out of countenance. Yet the British Embassy was regarded, when it was built shortly before the Civil War, as being so far removed from Washington life as to be practically inaccessible to everyone except squirrels, buzzards and diplomats, who always have enough leisure to jaunt far into the country for either business or pleasure.

Outgrown

INSTEAD of resembling a small boy in a large suit of clothes, Washington now gives more of an impression of a large boy in a small suit of clothes. Different seams split open with loud semiannual reports as its anatomy develops sudden bulges, and buttons fly off its vest with alarming frequency. A new apartment house is rising, or has just risen, or is just about to rise on almost every street in the city. New and elaborate hotels are popping up on every side. In every outskirt small and ingenious houses are materializing like a trick mango tree from the flowerpot of a Hindu magician, selling at a four-thousand-dollar profit immediately on completion, and being duplicated by the industrious builders half a mile farther from the center of the city.

The city is growing so rapidly that the real-estate men scarcely know what to make of it. When they wake up in the morning and see the growth that has been made overnight they first examine their tongues in a mirror to make sure they are not suffering from indigestion or something else that makes them see double, and then they go to their offices and laugh hoarsely and derisively at the hopeful people who come to see them with the idea of renting homes at prewar prices.

For many years prior to the war, Washington enjoyed a mild and decorous growth. It was so mild and decorous that few people were aware of the fact that it was growing. Rents were low; amusements were scarce, and consisted almost entirely of dining out and roasting the Administration; everybody went to bed at nine o'clock at night; and when a resident looked slightly cross-eyed at a pretty girl on the street the word of his defection was known all over town the following day.

Sudden Expansion

THEN the war came along and the Government began to stick its nose into activities in which it had never before been interested; and what with one thing and another, the population of the city leaped forward with as much vigor as though it had been stabbed in a tender spot with a bread knife with a wavy edge. Its population in 1922 was 450,000; and that figure, if the city's growth had progressed with prewar mildness and decorum, couldn't have been reached until 1933. What the future growth of the city will be is something of a gamble. The telephone company, which is interested in its growth as a business proposition, figures that if it grows with any regularity it will have a population of 700,000 in twenty years. If it makes any eccentric leaps, however, its population in 1933 will probably be what it would

(Continued on Page 50)

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Tudor House, in Washington, Owned by a Descendant of Martha Washington. In the Oval—The Home of Secretary Hughes

THE ERRING WIFE, OR LOVE'S SUGGESTION

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

"The Danger of the Men of the Race Today is the Too-Devoted Wife and Mother—The Vamp With the Hot-Water Bottle"

IN A LARGE dark formal living room two women sat close together upon the overstuffed divan which faced the commanding fireplace—one, the slightly older, as if beaten down by an overmastering fear; the other, the younger and more dark, engaged in dissuading her from her terror. Around them the room was empty and completely still.

"You have gone through everything?" asked the clear confident young voice of the second. "Exactly as we worked it out?"

"Night after night."

"And he still threatens suicide?"

"Yes!"

Silence, after her strident cry, fell again upon the fine unusual room in which they sat, and its arresting ornaments.

Through high western windows to their right the last pale watery sunlight of late afternoon passed in to glance faintly from a large collection of steel arms—of scimitars, bolos, creeses and other crooked and sinister instruments of death that hung upon the northern wall. At their back, beside the ample entrance to the room, the full-size figure of an armored warrior of old Japan—in a strained and lifelike anger—guarded with gigantic sword the growing twilight in the hall. And from here again, in the dimmer light, still other armor wanly shone.

Again, after a slight pause, the more confident and youthful voice rose through the dimming silence, pursuing now a clear-cut searching line of questioning.

"You went through, you say, the treatment, the suggestion for neurasthenia, exactly as we planned it?"

The light brown disheveled head beside her shoulder nodded without speech.

"At bedtime—at the hour of sleep—when the tide of the unconscious was at its height?"

"Yes."

"You fixed your gaze upon the bridge of his nose?"

"I did."

"He held his eyes on yours?"

"Yes."

"And you both murmured twenty times, very slowly, with the aid of your knotted string: 'Day by day, in every way, I am growing better and better?'"

"I did. I did. Everything, just as you told me! Just as the Coué book said."

"And still, you say, he talks of suicide?"

"More—more than ever!" cried the high frightened voice. "He was more nervous, more irritated, more depressed every time I did it. And now—now he refuses to go on with the treatment at all. He says the whole thing is silly woman's nonsense; that he isn't better, he's worse; that every day he's weaker instead of stronger; nearer the inevitable—the end. And these darned incantations, as he calls them, only remind him of the fact and keep him from a possible night's sleep."

The handsome, intelligent, searching eye of her young companion did not leave her face while she stopped, went on in an ever-sharpening voice.

"I believe that we have failed," called the high voice of the older woman harshly. "I believe that he is worse—a thousand times worse!"

The day was passing. A last effulgence of the sinking sun glazed and died upon the armored wall. The room lay hushed and silent until the younger spoke.

"You say that he is worse?" she asked in a cool collected voice. "Just what does he do now?"

"The same old thing. He lies in bed night after night, awake, and talks of his increasing weakness, the inevitable end; and the beauty and dignity of death. And how much wiser and better it is to go forth to meet it instead of having it crawl up on you. Like those darned old Romans who always committed suicide, you know!"

"I know. I know," said the younger, patting her cold white jeweled hand, with the shadow of a tolerant smile upon her handsome clear-cut features.

"And coming to bed—always—with his pistol—his new long-barreled pistol that he uses in his shooting gallery. Oh, Isobel," she cried, "isn't that the most terrible, terrible thing in all the world?"

"What?" the other asked, still studying her.

"A pistol! In the moonlight! To wake up in the middle of the night and see him—examining—— Oh!" she cried, abruptly breaking off. "What shall I do? What can I do now to save Lionel?"

Her voice rang through the sumptuous armor-ornamented room and stopped. The sun was now definitely down. The crooked weapons shone more fully from the wall. The bristling Japanese loomed larger and more furious behind them in the tense silence that ensued. An atmosphere of thick and electric suspense brooded over the darkening room.

"Martha—are you willing to face the facts—to save Lionel Hetherington—to save your husband?" the younger woman asked at length.

"I am. I certainly am," cried the terrified wife of Lionel Hetherington.

The younger now took up in a thoughtful voice the main burden of the conversation. "We know, of course, in a general way," she said, "what we must do in a baffling and extreme case like this—the two main things!" The other scrutinized her face closely. "That much is very clear. That is, if you believe in the least in the principles of autosuggestion." The wife still contented herself with gazing questioningly. "The first, of course, is to remove the adverse suggestions—the morbid suggestions of weakness and death, which day by day drive the unconscious mind into an abnormal state—into so-called illness—as you of course know!"

"Of course. Of course," said the wife of Lionel Hetherington, sitting now erect, tense, pressing her damp handkerchief sharply in her clenched hand.

"And what are these suggestions?" asked the younger, stronger, more tolerant-voiced woman, whom she had called Isobel, suddenly transferring the burden of speech. "These particular suggestions of death which have been always before your husband—depressing his unconscious mind?"

"Why—why, this!" replied the wife after a slight pause. "Why, all these things! This collection. These darned infernal weapons of all kinds that he has been collecting all

these years." She swept her arm toward the forbidding wall. "All these horrid nasty things," she again went on in shrill protest. "And all those others—those firearms—those terrible, sleek, slippery blue guns and pistols in his armory. His practicing shooting day and night in that terrible pistol gallery of his—so that he can shoot perfectly without ever missing!"

She swept her hand again about the room; her hair, already partly down, became more straggling with the violence of her emotions. Her poignant voice shrilled through the silence of the dusky room and ceased.

"Is that all?" succeeded the other, calmer voice.

"Isn't that enough? Enough suggestion of death—for an army?"

"Isn't there something else?" her questioner persisted.

"What else?" inquired the wife quickly, struck by a new tone of voice—a look of new and disconcerting significance in the other's face.

"Isn't there another source of morbid suggestion—of suggested weakness and death—that lies back of all that? That first of all drew your husband's mind to the idea of firearms—and suicide? That first started him on his course—toward death?"

The immemorial chill of evening had now seized the room, the steel of the barbaric weapons showed a still duller blue. The bristling Japanese glowered, more furious than ever, as the wife of Lionel Hetherington heard these words, watched, fascinated by the unguessed meaning in the other's tolerant eyes.

"Who—what?" stammered Lionel Hetherington's greatly anxious wife. "What source of morbid suggestion is that?"

"Isn't it you, my dear?" the other asked her very simply.

For a moment the wife was silent, heavily dazed.

"I," she gasped when speech had at last returned to her. "I suggest death to Lionel Hetherington!"

"What else have you suggested," asked the clear young logical voice—"ever since you two were married?"

"I!" exclaimed the wife more loudly. "I! When there isn't a day—a moment! When there isn't a breath he takes—a mouthful that he eats!"

"Exactly!" said the other, with an arch quizzical look, undisturbed by her great disturbance. "Exactly what I mean."

"This is no time to joke, Isobel!" the wife called, with a sudden access of blood to her fair face.

"I'm not joking in the least," said her companion, modifying her faint smile but slightly. "I simply hold that the mid-Victorian wife—to which category you most certainly belong—has been for years softening and gradually destroying the race."

"What do you mean?"

"By her constant suggestions to the male."

The wife now merely gazed, the look of fear and doubt upon her face now noticeably altered by a flush of protest and repugnance at such distasteful words.

"Suggestion, yes!" the other was going on to explain herself. "Of wasting, weakness, sickness and death. 'Are your feet wet? Are you warm enough in those underclothes? Do you feel perfectly well today?'" she asked, evidently, from the tone of her voice, quoting.

"Do you call that a joke?" inquired the wife, her facial expression darkening.

"Far from it," her friend replied, her fine face sobering also. "What is it, if it is not suggestion? Ten, twenty, thirty years of continual pecking at men's souls about their health! Do you imagine it doesn't leave its mark in every mid-Victorian household—especially on a sensitive like Lionel Hetherington!"

The wife of Lionel Hetherington did not respond.

"You can't see it, of course, Martha," the other conversationalist continued, now speaking freely, gladly, interestedly. "You couldn't be expected to. But it is fairly obvious to the oncoming generation as a purely social biologic fact. It isn't the so-called bad woman, the female outlaw, who is the danger of the men of the race today. It is the devoted, the too-devoted, wife and mother," she went on whimsically but acutely. "The vamp with the hot-water bottle sapping the vitality and the courage of the modern male."

"Isobel!"

"What we need—what we really must have," said the imaginative young speaker, encouraged by her exclamation, "if the race is to continue, is something—some movement to make our wives and mothers less devoted, less true!"

"Please!"

The Attractive Figure of the Young Woman, Dressed in Modish Clothes, Slipped Unobtrusively Into the Lane at Its Farther Side

"Especially when there are no children—as in your case. When the whole savage maternal instinct focuses on the male."

"Stop!" the cry of the outraged wife rang through the darkly armored room.

"Ask yourself," went on the implacable young speaker. "Don't ask me! What have you been able, by close application, to do to Lionel Hetherington since you married him? What started him fussing about his health? Worrying about his nerves? Was he threatening to commit suicide because he knew he was going to die anyhow, when you, with all your money, married him? And immediately made him give up all work—because he could not stand it! Take up collecting as an avocation—the collection of lethal weapons!"

A deep hush of silence followed her inquiry.

"And even now, when you try your best to turn around and cure him—with the science of autosuggestion—what have you really suggested to him? Health? Strength?"

A hushed tense silence was her only answer.

"Or was it just the same as ever—your anxiety, your own terror, your everlasting panic fear of losing Lionel that you suggested to him? The continual suggestion of weakness and death—even now when you try to save him?"

She stopped. A hoarse voice in the half darkness at last succeeded hers.

"So then," it lisped—and stopped. "You mean," it started on again, "if anything should happen to Lionel, now—that I—I should be his murderess?"

"To put it somewhat baldly, my dear," replied her young adviser promptly. "Something very much like that!"

But looking down beside her and seeing the changed color—the paper-whiteness of the face below hers in the semidarkness, she placed her strong brown unornamented hand again upon the cold jeweled fingers of the other.

"Don't worry, my dear," she said kindly. "It's quite all right. It isn't as if we couldn't cure him!"

"How?" exclaimed the overanxious wife, clutching her. "How?"

"That's the question we are considering, isn't it, my dear?" she asked. "Now?" She stopped speaking for the moment, in thought.

"What we shall have to rely on, probably," she said at last judicially, "in an extreme case like this, is some violent mental shock."

"What?" asked the wife of Lionel Hetherington sharply.

"You remember what your doctors—your neuropathologist told you," asked the other, "before you came to me? About Lionel's case?"

"Just what part of it?"

"How there was nothing—positively nothing physical the matter with him that they could find. Just neurasthenia. Merely and entirely a mental trouble."

"Yes. Yes."

"To be cured by purely mental means. Very likely quite suddenly, by some violent unexpected mental shock."

"Oh, yes," the wife said, now remembering.

"That is what we are after now!"

"What?"

"A shock—a really violent nervous shock!"

"Oh!" said the wife, waiting.

"For there are really only two main things, as I said," continued her adviser, "that we must have in this case—this extreme and radical cure. The sudden shock is one. But before that—first of all—the removal of morbid suggestion—of the things around your husband that suggest weakness and death to him."

"You don't—you don't mean—to remove me!" the wife of Lionel Hetherington stammered.

"Oh, no, my dear! Scarcely that, let us hope," said the other comfortingly. "Merely," she said whimsically, speaking absently, apparently to gain time for thought—"merely to arrange—in some way—to have you—a little less true—to Lionel."

"What!" exclaimed the voice of Lionel Hetherington's wife in sudden horror.

"Not—not in any unpleasant way, I mean, of course, dear," replied the other. A faint and absent smile came and went upon her lips as she continued speaking. "Oh, nothing wrong!" she said soothingly, mechanically pressing her companion's hand meanwhile. "If we could only devise some really violent mental shock," she said now, barely aloud, "in combination! At the same time that we arrange," she said, musing whimsically, "to have you just a little bit less true!"

And suddenly as she said these light casual words again she herself gave a start.

"What is it?" asked the overanxious wife.

For a moment the other did not answer—sat plunged in deep thought. A faint smile came and grew upon her lips.

"Yes. Yes," she murmured to herself. "That would be strong enough!" and was still, evidently engaged again in her constructive thought. "If I guarantee a cure for Lionel," she at last asked definitely, "will you do exactly as I say?"

"Yes. Yes!" the wife answered quickly.

"Put yourself absolutely, blindly, unquestioningly in my hands?"

"I would. I would. You know I would!" returned the desperate wife.

"For you can see, I imagine, why this would be best, considering everything—your temperament, your somewhat naïve relation to Lionel, your part in our work of autosuggestion upon him up to date."

"Yes. Yes. I see."

"Very well," said her young adviser, and now brought out her brief instructions for her new plan, the new method of curing Lionel Hetherington by autosuggestion, from which she promised his wife such definite success. "It will be very simple. There will be two things only at first!" she said, announcing them.

"Yes?"

"The first is, we will start with you as soon as we can arrange it, to a little beauty shop that I know."

"What—with me!" exclaimed the wife of Lionel Hetherington, passing her hand, as women do, at once to her now greatly disarranged and somewhat stringy hair. "Why—never! Not for years ——"

"Exactly!" said her adviser. "That's just it." There was no reply. "And of course there will be the shops," added the adviser of Lionel Hetherington's home-keeping wife, "for new hats and new gowns!"

"What—is next?" faltered the wife after a short wait. "What is the second part of the treatment?"

"It is very simple—and very similar to what you have been doing," replied the other, holding back and gazing at her frankly, yet not without a sense of the dramatic value of the situation.

"Yes?"

"At bedtime, at the hour of sleep—when the tide of the unconscious, as Coué calls it, is at its height—mastering, submerging the conscious mind. When suggestion is most potent and certain! As in hypnotism."

"I know."

"You will say to yourself—not with him, you understand! Nor have him say it with you! For he must know nothing—absolutely nothing about all this!"

"Yes. Yes."

"You must merely repeat to yourself by the moving of the lips, just loud enough so that he can barely, occasionally hear it."

"Yes."

"Not the words—the regular formula of autosuggestion. Not the 'Day by day.' But another thing—another word."

"What word?" the waiting wife asked sharply.

"Spencer!"

At the sound of this new and totally unexpected formula of autosuggestion the wife recoiled, flushing brightly, anxious.

"What do you mean?" she cried.

"Merely," said the younger, rising and speaking now in a clear voice of curt finality, "that I hope to put to use the greatest single power of suggestion that I personally know to cure Lionel Hetherington!"

"What is that?" asked the wife in her pause.

"The suggestive power of love!"

The other stood merely staring, swallowing.

"That is, if you are willing to let me."

"But—but ——" said the wife.

"There is no 'but.' There is only one question before us. Are you willing, now, to consent blindly, unquestioningly, to let me conduct this cure along my own lines—under my positive guaranty to save his life?"

"Oh, yes. Of course. Only ——"

The other interrupted her abruptly, embraced her.

"Fine. Fine!" she said, with bright enthusiastic eyes. "You will never regret it. Never. I will guarantee you, absolutely, that I will cure your husband of his hallucination, his mania! And I promise also that I will ask you to do nothing wrong!"

A moment after, she was gone, leaving the wife of Lionel Hetherington alone in the armored hall, standing motionless beside the menacing Japanese, talking softly to herself.

"Spencer!" she whispered. "Spencer!" and stood rigid, frozen, a vivid flush lighting up once more her delicate and florid skin, as if at a distressing, a revolting thought.

"Less true! To Lionel!" she murmured on in evident repetition of the conversation just passed, and stood transfixed, cold, scarcely breathing. Then moving, she breathed once more—with a deep inhalation of relief.

"But nothing—nothing wrong!" she murmured.

And silent now, she turned back from beside the rigid Japanese to the newly lighted living room.

II

SEATED upon the grass, a sufficient distance from the first tee of the Spoonkill Country Club, two fine and athletic young people, before starting their game, were engaged in one of those impersonal and theoretical discussions of human love—always popular with the young, but pursued, perhaps, by the present oncoming generation with more searching detailed and scientific candor than in any previous period of world's history. The discussion at its start had had, indeed, a definitely personal note.

"When are you going to marry me, Isobel?" had asked the strong-faced masterful young blond giant in knickerbockers, in the tone of one not easily refused asking a question that has already been often asked before.

"Every day you grow more thrillingly amusing," the tall beautiful athletic young woman in knickerbockers had replied.

"Eventually, if not now," went on the masterful young blond animal beside her easily. "Why not resign yourself to the idea?" The fine strong handsome lips that he was watching curved tolerantly, "For I am going to make you. That's long been definitely decided," he added casually.

"How striking!" said the girl. "What a striking theory of life!"

"What?"

"That love is a matter of the will—that anyone can will to love or be loved!"

"What is it then?" inquired the other speaker, watching her face intently.

"If you really want to know ——" said the other young disputant, in the light offhand manner in which such discussions are usually approached.

"I do."

"If my opinion in any way interests you ——"

"It certainly does."

"Then I will say I have a very different angle, a very different viewpoint on what we will call love, if you wish, from you."

"In what way?" he asked her, his eyes still fixed on her with the eager theoretical interest that is often shown by those of his sex in similar discussions with those of hers.

"Less mushy, less maudlinly mid-Victorian. More, shall we say, scientific?" she answered him. "I see it—I try to see it as it is. As the ancients saw it. As the savage primitive peoples see it. As science sees it. As it really is."

"What really is it?" asked her hearer lightly but earnestly.

"As it really is," repeated the young woman. "A great stark ugly primitive force—the greatest single force, next to hunger, in natural history! Or in psychology, as Freud has so clearly shown!"

"I see," said the other disputant quickly.

"I wonder if you do," replied his companion, unmoved by the slight tinge of irony in his intonation. "I wonder if you do, when you can talk of it as a matter of the will."

"Well, what is it then—if you know?"

"I know. Yes. As most persons do who have been interested to keep up with present-day research and discussion."

"Well, what is it then—to the more advanced and hard-boiled scientific mind?" asked young Travers Overholt, the strength of a strong fighting ancestry showing in his fine resolute jaw.

For a moment his companion hesitated as if in doubt whether or not to go on—looking out over the fairway, a fine hunter's green between the browning walls of woods, under the bright clear sky of first autumn.

"It is a matter of the unconscious," she stated, finally deciding to do so. "Like nine-tenths of the affairs of our life. Of the reflex of instincts inherited from our ancestors, if you would rather put it so."

"Oh, that Coué stuff, and all that!" exclaimed the young man critically.

"Coué and Freud and Janet," she responded, somewhat dogmatically. "All the acknowledged best minds of the past half century bringing out the only really first-class social medical-biological discovery of the past twenty-five years; the theory of the subliminal—the unconscious mind."

"The great back-to-the-cerebellum movement, one might say," suggested the casual-voiced giant lightly.

"If one wished to—yes. If one were gauche enough to do so," she answered somewhat caustically. "The science, at any rate, that I happen to propose to make my life work!"

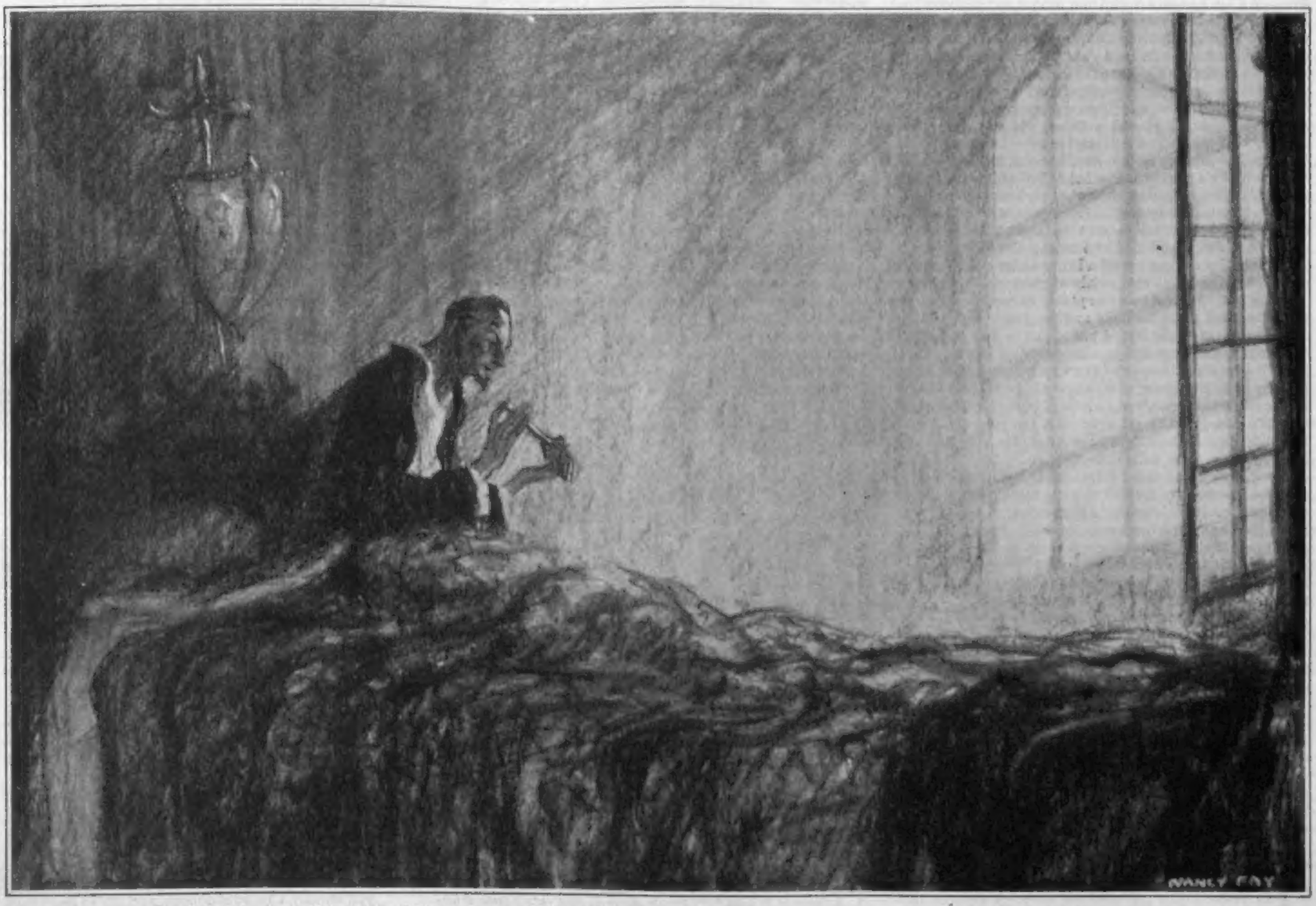
"Your life work?" he repeated, beating violently upon the turf with the driver he was holding in his hand.

"My life work," she reaffirmed. "Yes."

"Oh, three rousing cheers!"

The argument upon theoretical love had come to one of the impasses that quite often arise in arguments of this kind. The east-moving fleet of gray-white clouds in the pure blue sky above them advanced considerably in their silence.

(Continued on Page 44)



"A Pistol! In the Moonlight! To Wake Up in the Middle of the Night and See Him—Examining —— Oh!" She Cried. "What Shall I Do?"

LOW BRIDGE

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"Four No Trumps," Says I. "Let's Keep Out the Grocery Clerks"

WHEN me and my egg-scrambler teams up in the better-or-worser monologue back in them days when the marriage ceremonies was considered, anyways, serious enough to call for a clean shave and your other shirt, the light of my life pulls this one on me after we is alone at last.

"Honey," says she, "like other couples maybe we will have some tiffs and spats in our wedding careers. Let's you and me make a agreement that no matter how sore we is, if ever, we won't never fail to kiss each other good night."

"Me get sore at you!" I comes back. "They ain't no more chances of me and you having spats than they is of me wearing 'em."

"Maybe no," says the bride of a hour, "but Lizzie Magruder done it, and it works wonderful. She and Jim gets along lovely, because you can't keep up no fight after you has been kissed, can you?"

"You don't compare me with that planked shad, does you?" I wants to know, indignant. "I don't need no agreements to tell me how to treat no wives, and I won't make none." I finishes up kinda strong, figuring this time was no worser than any other for showing who is the mister of the house.

The agreement turns out to be the ace in the domestical deck. We ain't hardly back from having our pictures took in raincoats at Niagara Falls when we gets into a fuss about some triffle and in about five minutes I get wised up to what a lotta bums my family is. I curve a pretty fair insult myself, and in a little while her folks is down in the gutter with mine, hiding out from the coppers. The next act in the row is a dumb show, and from supper to hay time they ain't enough words passed between me and the wife to take up half a line in the lexington.

When she starts for her own room I looks kinda curious, but she's a sport. She holds 'em up, and I obliges, and the humors of kissing after what we been pulling makes us both bust out laughing. After that they ain't nothing to do but pass the buck about who begun the trouble, me insisting it's my fault and she taking the versa-visor. I finally wins by calling myself a brute and a caddy, and the missis letting it go at that, without no more objections.

In the next ten years we has plenty of run-ins about this and those and them, and me and my family is kept hopping in and outta the frying pan, but the kiss racket still hits on all four lips and they ain't never no morning hangovers to the insult souses of the day before. Me and the old lady is getting along as well as could be suspected when some cuckoo that ain't had no luck filling bob-tailed flushes springs a new game to get even with the guys that's been trimming him, by busting up their families. It's like waving a red flag, so he calls it auction.

I hears lots about this bridge and the wife takes a flyer at it, but personally I think it's the bunk, being a kinda combination of five hundred, a four-cornered debate and a coroner's inquest. Anyways I ain't got no use for no game where you got to have the papers to win and where you can't do no scientific bluffing; besides, how could it be worth a whoop if the frails could play it good?

"Listen here," says my lady friend one night. "Know why we ain't invited out no more?"

"I ain't noticed no smallpox signs on myself," I answers, "but I'll give an imitation of a fish for you. Why?"

"Because you don't play bridge," she snaps.

"That's only fifty per cent of it, Katie dear," I comes back. "No game that a half-witted maroon is a champ at is gonna get a fall outta your favorite husband."

"You talking about me?" busts out the frau.

"Who said you played good?" I asks. "Didn't you tell me the other day that that Magruder hen was a curly she-wolf at the pastimes?"

"She's a wonderful player," admits the missis, "and so is Jim."

"That'll be all," says I. "Lizzie ain't got enough sense to pour water outta pitcher that ain't got no bottom. Anything she's strong on, I'm off of."

"She's strong on food," shoots back Katie, "so I guess you'll go on a hungry strike, huh? How much brains do you have to use up to lose all the times at poker, anyways?"

"I ain't had such good breaks lately," I replies, "but watch my smoke."

"I been inhaling it for ten years," sneers the wife, "but I ain't seen no fire yet, unless you count that job they pulled out from under you last year."

That's a mean jab and calls for a snappy come-back. I pulls it and I can see Katie getting ready to drag my family in by the ears and pelt them with mud balls when the bell blings and in waltzes Jim Magruder and the thin Lizzie he is willing to admit is his wife. My ideas is that the city owes him a refund for the dollar and a half they hooked him for the license tag, but at that she didn't snatch nothing worth writing home about, except maybe on paper with black edges.

I got about as much use for Magruder as a skinned eel has for a haircut and a shoeshine. They ain't hardly nothing this baby don't know at the leastest a hunderd per cent's worth, and he don't figure nobody in his classes as a snappy cracker excepting his wife's husband and his old man's son, Jim. "I tells him where to head in" is his pet line, which gives you a full-length picture of this bozo without me going in for no more details.

Liz is the trained seal, pa excellency. Nearly everything she squeaks begins "Jim says." If she and him was to walk into the house ringing wet and with a umbrella in each hand the chances is she would start off the evening's entertainments with the walloping news that "Jim says it's raining something awful." The only reason us and the Magruders is on socialist terms is because Kate and Lizzie was side kicks in the days when they was both man-trapping among the illegible lads.

I'm kinda glad to see 'em on account of their busting in just in time to save my family from being sent back to the workhouse and the nut factory, so I greets the set of flat-tires jovial.

"Cold out?" asks the wife.

Lizzie throws a natural. "Jim says he thinks it's gonna snow before morning."

"The weather man don't guess so," I cuts in. "He's playing Fair and Warmer right on the nose."

"You don't mean to say," sneers Magruder, "that you is still falling for that bull? I'll bet you that ——"

"Don't you do it," giggles Lizzie. "Jim is wonderful when it comes to figuring the weather. You remember what a swell day Monday was? Well, I was going downtown and Jim says to me to take a umbrella. It seemed kinda silly, but sure enough I wasn't back home more 'an a hour when it began coming down, cats and dogs, as Jim calls a heavy rain."

I starts to say something, but Katie flashes me the shut-up, and I switches what I has on my mind to something that turns out to be worser.

"How's tricks?" I asks Magruder, and the evening is spoiled.

"That reminds me," says Katie. "Me and Tillie Olson had a argument about a hand this afternoon. You see, I had five hearts to the ace and bid ——"

"I think you was right," says Liz at the end of the crime wave.

"No," opines Jim. "You shoulda let Tillie play the hand with four diamonds. How much was you set?"

"I wasn't," says the wife. "I made a grand slam."

Even then I knows enough about bridge to be wise to the fact that a grand slam is the snake's shins, but the wife's come-back don't jar Magruder none.

"Just the same, you was wrong," he pulls. "If you'd 'a' played the hand proper you'd 'a' been set one trick." And Lizzie nods yes.

"What woulda happened," I asks, "if the four diamonds had been played?"

"Tillie woulda made 'em," he answers.

"A grand slam?" I wants to know.

"No," he says. "Just four."

"Well," says I, "either you're cuckoo or the game is."

"You wouldn't understand," comes back Jim, slipping me a charity look. "They is certain forms and conventions that ——"

"I gets you," I interrupts. "It would be like a runner, holding his hands over his head, making the hundred in nine flat, while another baby, keeping his arms by his side, like it says in the book, doing it in eleven. You'd slip the tin medal to the bozo with the form that went to them conventions. What the hell difference does it make how you play 'em if you cop the white meat?"

"Please cut out them gutter gags," snaps the wife, "and please don't compare them barroom athaletics with a gentile and dignified game like bridge. They is lotta difference between people that don't use nothing excepting their arms and legs and them that depends on their brains for pleasures and profits."

"Jim says," horns in Lizzie, "that it takes a wonderful mind to play proper."

"That let's me and Katie out then," says I. "She ain't got enough sense to keep outta the way of making a grand slam, and I ain't got enough to know why she should."

"Don't call me she," comes back the wife. "Maybe I was wrong about them hearts. I wish you wouldn't be so stubborn, and try to learn how to play. Then we four could get together more."

I Curve a Pretty Fair Insult Myself, and in a Little While Her Folks is Down in the Gutter With Mine

"I don't think he's cut out for a bridge player," says Magruder.

"You don't, eh?" I shoots back. "How long did it take you to learn the game good?"

"About a year," he answers.

"That means," says I, "it will take me about four days at the mostest."

"Want me to teach you?" grins Magruder.

"What with?" I asks. "You don't mean to tell me you got brains enough to play bridge and besides enough left over to waste on me?"

About that time the wife cuts in and throws the switch on this line of conversation. In a few minutes the Magruders give themselves the night air, leaving me and my family at the mercies of the wife.

After we kisses good night, though, Katie says to me, "Is you really gonna to learn to play bridge like you told Jim?"

"You bet I am!" I comes back. "I'll show that cuckoo where he heads in."

II

THE next day I hunts up High Spade Kennedy, a bozo that is a champ at every kinda card game from old maid to that French game that sounds something like shimmy the fare. Him and me is good pals, me having staked him lotta times when he gets trimmed by sitting in sessions with decks that is perfect strangers to him.

"What do you know about bridge?" I asks him.

"What is they to know that I don't?" he comes back.

"Is it easy to get hep to?" I continues.

"Yeh," says he, "even for you. Know the old whist game, don't you?"

I tells him I remember something about it and that I has watched maybe a half a dozen games of bridge.

"The big stuff is the bidding," explains High Spade. "Any flathead can play 'em after they're down."

"How long," I asks, "at the rate of two hours per day, will it take you to teach this flathead to play the game good?"

"You oughtta be pretty fair in a week," says Kennedy; "but why the rush to the auction block?"

I tells him how Magruder's got my gander up with all his bull about the kinda high-spiced brains it takes to collect a lotta points for a flock of honors you ain't even had to reach for, and the grand education you got to have to make a ace of trumps stand up for a trick, and right away High Spade agrees to sit in. He knows Jim.

"I'd swim the river," says he, "to help you pry that leather-vest edition of Tightwads I Has Met loose from a few smackers. That cuckoo thinks more of a dime than he does of his wife."

"In them respects," I comes back, "he ain't got nothing on me excepting maybe nine cents. One of the reasons why I wants to learn how to throw a mean card in this here auction is so I can show that Lizzie of his that even that automat she married muffs 'em oncet in a while."

"All right," says Kennedy; "but don't get no ideas in your head that you don't have to use your dome none in this game. Of course, getting the papers dealt to you is the big thing, and the guy that thought up bridge could lose even his schoolgirl complexion to the worst ham in the world if he don't get no pretty pictures to look at, but what you does with the cards when you gets 'em is got some bearings on whether you cashes or carries. You gotta understand, too, that this ain't no lone-hand proposition, neither. Can your wife play good?"

"I don't know," I answers truthful, "but from hints that she drops around the house careless like she could spot James Q. Whist all the aces and kings in the deck and knock him for a row of grand slams. She's been keeping company with the game about a year three or four times a week, and if she ain't friendly with it now, it ain't because he ain't a sweet kid and sociable and not what you would call snobbish ——"

"Is You Really Gonna to Learn to Play Bridge Like You Told Jim?"

"Can the comedy," says High Spade. "You'll work yourself up into a crying spell pretty soon over the way you been neglecting that ball and chain of yours. I don't care nothing about her disposition or her looks. Can she play bridge? Answer me those."

"I guess she's as good as the poultry she battles with," I replies, "and, anyway, that Magruder hen ain't got nothing on her. That don't leave you nothing to do but to shape me up to take a fall outta that goof of a husband of hers."

"That oughtn't to be so hard," says Kennedy. "From what I've seen of that baby's play he ain't so much of a much, and you got pretty good card sense, if any. The cards, maybe, will run wrong for you, but I can fix it so you'll win every fourth hand at the leastest."

"How?" I asks.

"You deal every fourth hand, don't you?" comes back High Spade.

"Outta my life!" says I. "Nix on the iced deck! If I can't beat Magruder on the up and up and by the powers of my brain, I ain't gonna try. Taking dough from him don't interest me none. I just want to show that goof what a cinch a childish game like bridge is to a mastiff mentalities like I got ——"

"To get," cuts in Kennedy. "All right, bo, drop over this afternoon. I'll round up a couple of the boys and—don't forget to bring along some decks of cards."

"Don't I always when I play with you?" I comes back.

That bob-tailed compliment don't annoy him none, and before he beats it he tips me off on a book that I should get about bridge which he says won't help me none at playing the game, but which maybe would keep me from acting like I is cheating, bridge being one of them sports where you can be disgraced for life if you is caught doing some innocent thing like talking about shovels when you would like to see a spade led to you.

I buys the book and for the next hour or so I plugs through the rules in back of it. I finds that they is more different ways of pulling bulls in the game than they is of a second-hand lizzie of getting outta order. From what I can see in a quick look a cuckoo could sit in the pastimes all night and without holding no card bigger 'an a six spot grab off all the dough just by watching close and collecting on foul tips and infield errors.

In the afternoon I drifts over to Kennedy's joint and rides the goat. Me knowing something about whist and having picked up a little of this and them about bridge by watching the wife perform, I don't have much troubles getting wise, and by the time the session's run a coupla hours I'm good enough to get into a argument with my partner about a rotten lead he makes and almost win it.

"This is a soft spot," says I to Kennedy when we quits.

"Any game is, the first time you try it," comes back High Spade. "It'll take you six months anyways to find out how much you don't know about it."

Every afternoon for a week I take on Kennedy and his gang, and even he admits they is worse players than me, which is that bozo's limit in compliments. I don't tell Katie nothing about what I'm doing, and when she asks me when I'm going to take some bridge lessons I stall her off with tired looks and yarns about how busy I is.

About ten days after I starts learning the game and when I'm so good that I ain't afraid to hook up with nobody I brings home the bridge book I been reading.

"I got a coupla minutes to myself today," I tells the wife, "and I scummed through some of this hop. What is they about this game that is supposed to make your brains turn handsprings? It looks like the mush to me."

"Maybe yes," comes back Katie, "but you is so smart I guess you could read a time-tables in the morning and build a locomotive all by yourself in the afternoon."

It ain't in my schemes to get into a row with the wife, so I laughs merrily and changes the subject to one of the mere handfuls outta which even Katie can't get no disagreements with me. After supper I gets back to bridge and tells the wife what I been reading in the book, not really, but what I wants her to think is my styles of play when I does play.

She starts telling me how she does it, and in about a hour I'm hep to what to expect from her.

"How about asking the Nelsons to come in and play a little while tonight?" I asks.

The Nelsons lives across the hall from us and ain't such a bad pair of deuce spots. The wife is tickled, and in a coupla minutes she comes back with 'em.

"You will have to have lots of patience with him," says the frau, meaning me, "because he don't know nothing about the game excepting what he read in a book today."

"I ain't no roaring hellcat at it myself," comes back Nelson. "What'll we play for?"

"Make it easy," says I. "Ten cents a point is enough for me."

"How much?" gasps Mrs. Nelson.

I gets her the wrong way on purpose, and looks embarrassed by my cheapness.

"Well," says I, "make it twenty cents or thirty or whatever you is used to playing for. I'm willing to pay for my lessons."

"Don't mind him," cuts in the wife. "He's got rubbles in his mind. We'll play for a twentieth a couple. You got any ideas," she asks me, "how much you could lose at a cent a point, even?"

"Three for four dollars?" I guesses.

"A minute," she comes back. "If you

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I Loses All Commands to Myself and Flops the Cards Face Up on the Table

THE RUT

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

AS HE followed Jay Bowen out to the cold darkness of the front hall Webb Hammill was a little ashamed of his failure to dislike the older man. Somehow in his unwilling respect for Bowen he suspected himself of disloyalty to the father who lay dead on the other side of the closed parlor door, to the stepmother who had listened in grim-lipped silence to Jay Bowen's clumsy expressions of sympathy.

He waited for the other man to speak, aware intuitively that Bowen had something more to say. There was an uneasy silence, while Bowen fiddled with his gray whisker, as if embarrassed. Webb Hammill's mind moved backward to disconnected memories of the store, where Jay Bowen had always been a formidable figure to Loring Hammill's boy. He thought of the time when Bowen had given him a great lump of putty, delightfully plastic and aromatic; the smell of linseed oil seemed to lie in the flat closed air of the hall. There had been other occasions—the pocketful of shingle nails, the broken set of toy garden tools, the unforgetable pair of skates.

He was oppressed by these recollections now. They seemed to accuse him of having been cheaply bought away from allegiance to a family grievance. His father had resented the gifts, he remembered; had spoken bitterly about them at the table.

"That's Jay Bowen for you—kept me slaving for him for sixteen years without a raise, and thinks he can square it with a three-dollar pair of skates!"

It seemed to Webb Hammill that he ought to have shared in that attitude, even then, instead of thinking about the skates. He reproached himself for remembering them now, for that sudden sense of gratitude toward old Bowen that revived in him.

"Webb, I—I didn't want to say anything to her"—Jay Bowen jerked his head toward the sitting-room door—"but I thought maybe you'd be kind of short of cash and ——"

He brought an old-fashioned purse from a trousers pocket. Webb Hammill recognized it, remembering how he had stood expectantly before this man, watching him fumble in that very purse for a pair of nickels or even dimes, when George Bowen, swaggering a little, had led the way back to the rear of the store. Bowen had always given Webb as much as George, even though, afterward, George had successfully asserted his claim on a commission.

Queer, He Hadn't Noticed How White the Old Fellow's Hair and Whiskers Were Getting

"Sickness runs into money," Bowen was saying apologetically, "and I guess your father never made out to put much by, Webb. You better just take this. No need to say anything." Again he wagged his head at the sitting-room door as he put a tightly folded wad of bills in Webb's hand.

"I"—Webb's fingers closed on the money against his will—"it's mighty good—I'll pay it back as soon as I can."

"No hurry, Webb." Bowen buttoned his overcoat with a touch of relief. "Don't let it worry you." He hesitated a moment with a hand on the door knob. "Have you made any plans yet?"

Webb shook his head. "Not exactly, sir. Have to get a job, of course. No use trying to keep on at college, now."

For just a moment he managed to feel decently hostile. George Bowen wouldn't have to quit college; he'd go on through the three and a half years that were left, while Webb Hammill held his nose to the grindstone. It wasn't fair; Loring Hammill's phrase came back to him. Some people got more than their share, doing nothing to deserve it.

"Suppose not," said Bowen. "Too bad, Webb. He was set on making a lawyer out of you." He seemed to consider deliberately, turning the knob back and forth. "Might come down to the store and see me when you get ready. Be needing somebody now."

Webb understood the proffer of a job. For a moment it invited him; he seemed to catch the pleasing smells of the long narrow store—new rope and varnished wood and the queer scent of metals. Always the place had tempted him; his first impressions had gone deep; it was a fascinating, mysterious treasure cave, inexhaustibly stocked with delightfully forbidden things—a whole counterful of jackknives, shining new saws and chisels and axes, bins overflowing with bright nails. Even his later enlightenment had not effaced its appeal.

He had been disturbed by the prospect of seeking a job, ever since the telegram had called him home. Bracing some stranger for work; taking blunt refusals; attacking some unfamiliar business, at the bottom, of course, if he was lucky enough to find an opening. It would be a lot easier to work for old Jay Bowen in the hardware store; he'd feel at home there.

He roused himself to reject the thought, as if he could hear his father's voice crying out at the suggestion. Always Loring Hammill had regretted the original mistake of getting into that rut. The word echoed in his son's brain. A rut, that got deeper and deeper as you traveled in it; doing the same things year after year, till you dropped in the harness, like Loring Hammill, no matter how you tried to climb out. He thought of his father's dogged efforts to escape from that deepening groove he had hated—the pathetic hopefulness with which he had snatched at anything that promised release. The oak bookshelves in the shabby sitting room were full of pamphlet lessons in uncrowded arts; there were still a few surviving relics of that course in taxidermy to confirm the assertions of the framed diploma that conferred on Loring Hammill the degree of D. S. T. And on the stand beside his father's bed he had found a gayly printed prospectus from a long-distance university specializing in the art of the screen drama. Loring Hammill had begun to fill out the blanks in a questionnaire devised to reveal latent talent. Upstairs, dusty and tarnished, he had come upon that brass plate that offered Loring Hammill's services as a Doctor of Naturopractic.

"I'll come down as soon as I can," he said, his voice dropping to a diplomatic whisper. Mrs. Hammill had keen ears and the sitting-room door was thin. No use letting her overhear.

"Don't want to hurry you, Webb. But I can use you any time that you're ready. Right busy at the store this time of year, and I don't get any younger."

Three Years of Close Association Hadn't Taught Him to Hate Old Jay Bowen

Bowen shook hands and went out. Webb Hammill stood in the hall, unconsciously postponing the interview in the sitting room. He couldn't think straight somehow. His mind strayed inconsequently from memories of his father, restlessly ambitious in his hand-smooth rut, to George Bowen, back at the fraternity house, secure against the malice of circumstance; to Effie Larned, laughing up at him as they danced at the high-school prom; to a fading vision of the law office that he and George Bowen were to share; and back to the long counters of the store, with old Jay Bowen pottering over his ledgers in the little cubbyhole at the rear. He could see Webb Hammill behind the counter, wearing black cuff protectors and waiting on people—on Effie Larned.

"Will that be all today, Miss Larned? We're selling a lot of these new electric toasters ——"

He'd call her Miss Larned, from the wrong side of the counter. Effie'd been democratic, all right, but there was a difference between Webb Hammill, halfback on the winning high-school team, and Webb Hammill, clerking in old Jay Bowen's store. And yet—he went back to the sitting room strangely reconciled to the prospect, his conscience reproving him weakly for the surrender it seemed to foresee.

"What did he want with you?"

Webb started almost guiltily at his stepmother's voice. He was suddenly aware of a new compassion for her as he met her eyes, saw the faded prettiness of her small face above the cheap ugly black dress. It was going to be hard on her if he slid down into that rut after his father; she'd always been eagerly ambitious for him, always intent on giving him his chance.

"Nothing much," he said, moving his glance away from her level, inquisitive stare.

She laughed thinly.

"No wonder you don't want to tell me," she said, her voice lifting a tone. "I know. He's after you! He wants to get you down there in the store, wasting your life for him, the same as your father!" She drew in her breath with a harsh, rasping noise. "That's Jay Bowen for you! Couldn't even wait till your father's buried before he comes up here after you!"

Webb shook his head. In the course of years he had absorbed the family conviction that his father was heartlessly exploited for Jay Bowen's profit, but somehow now he doubted it—doubted, at least, any deliberate cupidity on old Bowen's part.

"I don't know. Guess he means it kindly, ma. Not so many jobs going begging these days."

"I'd rather starve!" She came to her feet, her thin shoulders shaking with the sudden passion in her speech. "He's not going to get you in that rut, Webb! He shan't do it! I'll go out and beg first!"

"There, now, ma—it's all right." He patted her shoulder gently. "Don't you take on like that. I know what you mean. I'm going to get ahead, all right."

He saw a sudden opening before him. "I got it all schemed out, ma. I can study law at night—they've got a course that's just run for fellows like me. Takes a year longer, but that's nothing."

She straightened quickly, and he saw that the idea had caught her imagination. He elaborated it confidently. George Bowen was taking an arts degree before going to law school. Hammill would actually be ahead of him—be practicing before George was out of college. It was queer, he thought, that the prospect failed to invite; maybe, after all, he wasn't ambitious. He glanced almost furtively at his stepmother, half afraid that she might suspect. But she was already deep in the future; they'd move out on the Drive and have a car; people would see!

"So it wouldn't be a bad notion to take that job," he went on. "We could live on the pay, and ——"

"And it wouldn't tire you all out, so you couldn't study at night," she cut in. "Your father always said that for it—always said that it didn't take any brains, clerking. That was the main reason he hated it so. A smart man, just thrown away."

She dissolved in fresh tears. Webb comforted her awkwardly. It was a relief to have it settled with no more of a fuss. That was a good notion, the night-school scheme. A fellow wouldn't get into a rut doing that. In three years he could be as good a lawyer as if he'd had all his time for it. He thought of Effie again, with a sense of regained standing. Effie would look at it just as his stepmother did; she'd respect him all the more for making his way against difficulties.

But his conscience troubled him, in spite of his plausible reasonings. He didn't hate the idea of the store enough; he was actually glad that he'd hit on a way of taking that job without forfeiting his ambitions, glad that he'd spend the next three years down there behind old Jay Bowen's counter, in the very rut that had held his father like a trap.

II

OLD Jay Bowen was late again, and Webb Hammill, watching the clock, fought against a stubborn feeling of relief at the respite. He discovered a growing distaste for the coming interview, and as he proceeded methodically with his morning routine, rehearsed his prepared formula of resignation, softening the phrases that suddenly sounded harsh or ungrateful.

The slant of the sun seemed to give the store a new cheerfulness; there was a distinct pang of regret in the thought of leaving it; he caught himself surveying the new showcases with a sense of reproach; they'd been his idea, like the rearrangement of the wall cabinets. The remodeled show window, with its display of motor accessories; the new indirect lighting—it seemed to Webb Hammill that he would leave part of himself here when he went. He set his teeth doggedly on his resolves, fingering the pass book in his inner pocket by way of bolstering a fading ambition. Once he took out the book and consulted its inspiring figures. He'd been doing this ever since his stepmother's remarriage had deprived him of her moral support. His share of the money for the house and furniture had added over nine hundred dollars at one stroke, and the reduction in his fixed expenses had more than tripled his weekly deposit. There was money enough here to tide him over his apprenticeship in the office of Harvey, Colison & Schwarz, to leave a balance against the time when he'd be fitting up an office of his own. Somehow the figures had served as a sort of substitute for his stepmother's proddings. Now, as he studied them, they were remotely irritating. He put the book away impatiently as an early rising salesman carried in his sample cases. It was a relief to be interrupted.

He was still listening inattentively to persuasive tales of easy profits when the sound of the door drew his glance away from the samples. Hester Bowen came toward him with the store books. He made short work of the salesman.

"No. We don't believe in these goods ourselves and we can't make our customers believe in 'em. We never buy stock unless we can back it up with our own say-so."

The man argued the point. The device would sell itself, he declared; naturally it wouldn't give the service of a motor-driven device, but ——

"Nothing doing," said Hammill curtly. "We're in the business of relaying belief, here. Our job is to choose stock that we think is worth its price and to hand our faith in it along to our trade. We may be wrong, but that's how we do business. Sorry. Good morning."

He turned quickly to Hester. "Where's Mr. Bowen?"

"The doctor thought he'd better stay in bed awhile. I've brought you the books."

"Serious?"

Webb Hammill's concern was honest. Three years of close association hadn't taught him to hate old Jay Bowen decently, even when his stepmother had been by to remind of family wrongs. He saw the girl's brows draw together.

"I think not. The doctor says he'll be all right in a few days if he's careful. But at his age, of course ——"

"Of course. You tell him not to worry about the store. I'll manage all right till he gets back."

She smiled faintly. "Oh, he knows that. He—he thinks a lot of your—your ability, Webb. He often says that you've a natural gift for running a store."

Webb Hammill shrugged. A natural gift for this sort of thing, eh? Another way of saying he wasn't good enough for anything else! A sudden resentment woke in him under the girl's even glance. She was patting him on the back, trying to jolly him, now that the store needed him. He thought of George Bowen's later manner toward him affably jocular, as always, but touched now with a hint of conscious patronage—as if George had said, in words: "Nothing snobbish about me—perfectly willing to talk to you, even if you are nothing but a drudge for my father." There had been no mention, for a year or two, of that partnership scheme.

Webb felt the same condescension now in Hester. Always, till today, he had rather liked her, found something restful and pleasing in her calm, even though he compared it unfavorably with Effie's vivid eagerness and vivacity.

"I couldn't help hearing what you said to that salesman," she was saying. "I liked it, Webb. It sounded as if—as if you were proud of the store the way father is."

Again he felt a sting in the speech. She took it for granted that he could afford to be proud of being a clerk in a dinky little store! Impulse prodded him to frankness.

"Of course I'll stick around till your father's back," he heard himself saying, in a tone that reminded him agreeably of George's expansive good humor, "but it's sort of inconvenient. I was going to tell your father this morning that I wanted to get through the first of the month. No need to bother him now, but ——"

He enjoyed the dismay in her look. For the moment he was really glad that he was going.

"Oh, I'm sorry." Her voice was different, somehow. "I thought—I got the idea from father that you—that you liked it here. I know he wants you to stay. If"—she hesitated—"if it's a question of money ——"

He shook his head. "No. I'm quitting the game, that's all. Finished my course at the law school this month, and I've got a chance with Abe Schwarz."

"Oh." She seemed to reflect deliberately, her eyes holding his. "I didn't know you had kept on with that idea I thought—you mustn't stay if it will interfere."

"Oh, that's all right. There's no rush. I'd just as lief stick around awhile, especially the way things are. Don't have to start in down at Schwarz's till next month, anyway. Just thought I better tell you."

"Yes, of course." She laid the books on the counter. "I—I'd rather not tell father just yet, if you're quite sure it's not necessary. He'd fret. But he wouldn't want to stand in your light, of course, any more than I would. I—I hope you'll do awfully well, Webb."

"Thanks."

He was ashamed, unreasonably, of his haste. It was only fair to tell her, give her all the warning he could, and yet he felt mean; he might have waited till old Bowen was back on the job. Hester must be worried about her father—too bad to bother her with the business too

"I'll hang on as long as I'm needed," he said. "Don't let it make any trouble for him—or you, Hester. I just wanted you to know, that's all."

She nodded and went out. He wondered why he had never noticed how well she walked. There was something—something proud about her. He thought of Effie Larned. Effie would clap her hands and tell him that she just couldn't bear it! He grinned at the remembered phrase—Effie always said that of anything that pleased her. He'd tell her about Schwarz tonight.

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"I—I'd Rather Not Tell Father Just Yet, If You're Quite Sure It's Not Necessary. He'd Fret"

MISS VANDERPOOL

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

A Man's Hand Pointed a Short Empty Tube, She Thought, at Her. "Well?" Said the Man, in a Low Grating Voice

SCATTERED all over this extraordinary world are people so ignorant of it, so remote from its practical methods, so out of touch with its ways and means, that for all purposes of daily existence they might as well be living on Mars or Aldebaran. You think they are in circuses, perhaps, or insane asylums or monasteries. Not at all; one may be in your own laundry in the basement! You think they will wear fantastic garments, have odd expressions of countenance, shriek out compromising and telltale phrases. Far from it; they are more probably dressed in tailored shirts or worn derby hats, like your own; their faces are almost certainly the tight-closed shutters of the most jealously guarded houses in the world; their words are few and dull—for they scorn to speak or have lost the power. That is why you don't notice them, you see

Had the late and never-to-be-sufficiently-regretted Mr. Sherlock Holmes passed Miss Vanderpool on her lonely bench in the park, on that chilly October afternoon, he would have settled her case, from the outer fringes of his attention, in about seventy seconds.

A middle-aged—or nearly so, it might have been illness or anæmia—woman; spinster, assuredly; worn but thoroughly good clothes, three or four years behind the mode, gift of a rich patron, undoubtedly; roughened hands, hardly a stenographer; drawn face with black-ringed, dark brown eyes, hunger and depression; firm, tight-shut lips, pride and a pretty clear idea of where she stood; a good, even very good Gladstone bag of fine solid leather on the ground beside her, no money for the rent, looking for a job. You will find them, every October, and sometimes during the eleven other months of the year, in every large city in every country of this implacable old world

But Mr. Holmes would have been—though it seems almost blasphemous for me to say so, who rank among his most fanatic admirers—quite wrong in almost every point of his diagnosis of Miss Vanderpool. Beyond the facts that she was unmarried and very hungry and not a stenographer—and all these statements are surely rather negative—Mr. Holmes wouldn't have placed Miss Vanderpool at all accurately. And he would have rubbed his hands with glee and put away his hypodermic syringe and telegraphed to Doctor Watson instantly if he had had any idea of what Miss Vanderpool had come from and what she was moving toward. As I think you will admit later.

To her, sitting thus beside her bag, staring at the fallen leaves about her feet, there bounded suddenly out of nowhere a magnificent blue Angora cat of vast size and beautiful proportions. Waving its plumy tail the creature fawned about her, purring and nuzzling. Mechanically she reached out her hand and patted it.

Now if you know anything about Angora cats you will know that there is only one way to pat them—as if you cared nothing about them. Invited, they scorn you; tolerated and comprehended, they respect you, even admire you. Miss Vanderpool's casual caress expressed just the exact amount of interest required and appreciated by an Angora cat, and this one recognized a fit mistress. It jumped into her lap. She continued to stroke it mechanically, and the animal curled itself into comfort and snored loudly. The leaves whirled about them.

Suddenly a hoarse coughing voice neared them.

"Queenie! Come, Queenie!" the voice called, and in a moment more, heavy difficult breathing filled the air.

A large, fattish woman hurried, panting, toward them, a shallow basket on her arm, her feathered hat askew over a flushed, excited face. Her breath came in rasping, choking gusts; she could hardly walk.

At sight of the group on the bench she almost sobbed with relief.

"Queenie, I thought I'd lost you, sure!" she cried, strangling. "Just—just hold her, will you, a minute for me? I'm all in!"

She sank on the bench and struggled with her breathing.

"She seems t'—t' take t' you," she got out huskily. "Hang on t' her, will you?"

"She'll stay," said Miss Vanderpool quietly.

"Used to 'em, aren't you?" the woman asked, more easily now. "I c'n see that."

"Yes, I'm used to them," said Miss Vanderpool.

They sat in silence. The early stars of October began to peer out. The great park stretched out beyond them, curiously empty.

"It's gettin' easier now," said the woman, "t' tell you the truth. I d'know what's the matter with me! A cold on your chest's one thing, but this is fierce. S'pose it's the flu?"

"I hope not," said Miss Vanderpool.

"I had to get her to the vet, anyhow," said the woman. "I tried castor oil, 'n' everything, and it wasn't any good. Hair in her stummick, I guess. What d'you do?"

"I think butter is best," said Miss Vanderpool.

"Ah," said the woman respectfully, "so he said. Well, I'm much obliged, I'm sure. I guess we can get along now. It hurts me t' breathe outdoors. Come on, Queenie!"

She rose heavily, but the cat refused to leave her elected lap and spit at the proffered basket.

"What do you know about that?" the woman cried. "Come here, you crazy thing!"

Queenie snarled and spat again.

"Oh, Lord!" the woman groaned. "I swear I ain't got the strength t' lift her! And I left her collar at the vet's. Say, I just got t' get that cross-town car are you goin' uptown?"

"I'm not going anywhere," said Miss Vanderpool.

Now this she meant literally But the woman, naturally enough, construed her to mean that she was, for the moment, at leisure, and jumped at the chance.

"Then would you mind to walk over a few steps t' the car?" she asked eagerly. "I'll take your bag for you if you'll take her. She's an awful valuable cat and I d' know what I'd do 'f anything happened her. You know how it is!"

Without a word Miss Vanderpool rose, holding the cat, and the woman, carrying bag and empty basket, panted beside her toward the street.

The car was crowded, the animal restless and suspicious; they hung on the step. The conductor urged them in angrily.

"You've got a right to put that animal in the basket, lady!" he shouted.

"Here, help me!" she begged, and between them they crowded the protesting animal under cover and struggled into the car.

"I've put in your nickel!" the woman assured her huskily.

It was well that she had, for Miss Vanderpool's pocket had been picked that morning, and she had not a penny in the world.

She sat in silence, the cat, apparently satisfied, quiet in her basket, its owner swaying from a strap some distance away. She looked quietly at the negro laundress opposite and the Czecho-Slovak workman oscillating on his strap against her knees. She seemed very much the type of woman that goes home on a cross-town car every night of her life. And yet Miss Vanderpool had never seen a negress or a Czecho-Slovak in her life, and had never been in a street car! When the woman got out, with a warning backward glance, at her, she followed, and at her request released the captive Queenie

"I feel kind o' dizzy," said the woman, turning haunted violet eyes that must once have been very beautiful upon her silent assistant. "D'you mind just keeping her a minute more? It ain't far."

"I don't mind," said Miss Vanderpool, and they jogged on. The woman sighed heavily. Her gait was the uncertain, irregular stroll of the fever victim.

They were in a dingy, not too dirty side street, with a certain air of down-at-heel respectability, fast fading, but not quite gone. Few shops, and those small ones, broke the dull brown line of boarding and rooming houses; their shabby signs were on every wrought-iron portico and in every window. Some children played a last game in the cold wind; papers and other refuse blew about the street; poorish women and slouching men passed them. It was not a very savory side of New York, but as Miss Vanderpool had never been in New York before she was not in a position to institute comparisons.

Before one of the dingiest of the houses, whose iron portico was badly broken, the woman stopped, laid down

the bag and the basket with a sigh of relief, and found a key, after some difficulty, in the bottom of her wrist bag. She tugged up the steps, oblivious apparently of her companion, and tried to fit the key into the lock, but with poor success.

"It's m' hand shaking," she called down fretfully. "The blame thing slips on me! Come and try, won't you?"

Obediently Miss Vanderpool mounted the steps, abandoning the bag and basket until her hostess' shrill warning taught her that she must manage them both, as well as Queenie. Then easily fitting the key she flung open the door. The woman staggered in and sank in plain exhaustion on the lowest step of the oilclothed stairs that ran up out of the dark stale entry hall

"I just about made it!" she gasped, and dropped in a heap on the stairs.

Unconsciously Miss Vanderpool closed the door, and they were in the dark

"Gas! Light the gas!" said the woman in a hoarse whisper. "Matches near the door. I s'pose you d'know how to work it though."

But Miss Vanderpool was quite accustomed to gas, never having seen an electric switch, and she found the box affixed to the wall very easily and lit the spluttering hall burner.

The woman recovered herself quickly, as she had in the park, and rising, led the way slowly upstairs and down the hall to the middle one of three doors. She found matches quickly, lit a burner on the side wall, and dropped upon a stained-leather sofa.

"Just a minute," she whispered. "I feel like a fool, but I'm afraid I'm going to be sick and no mistake this time! If I only had some tea! I'm dead with thirst, but I'm so awful cold too. Don't go off, will you? I'm all alone and I never felt so rotten in m' life! Don't go!"

"I won't go," said Miss Vanderpool. "Can I get you some tea?"

"Kitchen," the woman answered dully, "back there. Plenty of everything. Darn good sport. Never forget it. As much for you some day."

She leaned back drowsily and Miss Vanderpool went into the third room, a kitchen. It was in fair order, not so dreary and clumsily furnished as the sitting room she had left, which had a dismal secondhand atmosphere. There was a full set of aluminum cooking utensils, a polished gas range, a certain efficient completeness about it that would have surprised a close observer of the old house and its street. But Miss Vanderpool was not a close observer

She boiled water and made tea, quickly and easily. She cut a fresh loaf and made toast and buttered it, her mouth working oddly as she did so. Finding a completely laid tray on a table, she added her work to it, and carried it in to the sofa. The woman stirred at the strong odor of the very excellent tea, gulped down the cup handed her and drew a long breath

"That goes to the spot!" she sighed. "You're a first-rate chum, aren't you? Where's your cup? Aren't you hungry?"

"Thank you," said Miss Vanderpool gravely, and getting a second cup she ate and drank for the first time in twenty-four hours.

At the second piece of toast she grew nervous and devoured the rest brutally. The woman smiled, with bright glassy eyes.

"Say," she began, "you wanted that, didn't you?"

"I had no dinner," said Miss Vanderpool.

"Ah," said the woman, "that so? Wait a minute."

She went, with a firmer step now, back into the kitchen and could be heard moving about there. Presently she returned with a plate of cold ham and a large helping of potato salad.

"This was left," she said. "The party it was got for left in a hurry, and I don't seem to want anything but tea and a scrap o' toast these days. It's this cold on m' chest. Eat it to save it—won't you?"

And Miss Vanderpool ate it. The dark rings faded from under her eyes; a deep drowsiness grew over her.

The woman lit a gas log under the hideous wooden mantel and stretched out her feet to the warmth.

"Why not lay back on the couch a bit?" she said, coughing. "A nap'll do you good, dearie. I'll have some more tea and try to warm up. Here, Queenie, I'll get your supper."

Through a haze Miss Vanderpool watched her moving slowly about, pouring something into a saucer, cutting something with a knife that slipped and clattered. With her hat still on she sank against the leather sofa and slept heavily.

The intolerable stuffy heat of the room woke her in the morning. The gas log still burned and the woman sprawled heavily in the big chair in front of it. She had moved the chair away slightly, and put her feet up on another; her face was flushed and mottled. She muttered in her sleep.

Miss Vanderpool rose from the couch, picked up her hat from the floor, and with one appraising glance at the woman, turned out the gas log, turned out the gas burner in the wall, opened the one window. A gray steady rain was falling. The window had an odd architectural effect; there was, indeed, no original plan for a window, as the room was the middle room of a narrow city house, built close against its neighbors. But a little jog or bay in the end of it had been knocked through, and the double doors between it and the front and back rooms fastened solidly together. The back room, sunny and human, was the original New York dining room, changed into a practical modern kitchen. But this anomaly meant nothing to Miss Vanderpool, who had never been in a New York house

She approached the woman and touched her gently on the shoulder.

"Wake up," she said in a firm low voice. "Where is your bedroom? You must go to bed."

The woman rose like a somnambulist, and, half supported by her guest, got herself somehow up the dingy stairs, opened the door of the room over the sitting room, and fell limply on the bed. The same odd-looking window gave a little light and air to a bedchamber curiously unlikely for that house. But Miss Vanderpool saw nothing irrelevant in the heavy brass bed with its rose-colored silk quilt, frayed and not too clean; the mussed pink draperies of the toilet table, covered with heavy silver utensils; the fringed and faded rosy chairs; the thick scrolled Turkey carpet, where stained roses twisted and clambered. Foolish, simpering photogravures of Watteau belles and beaus were framed in deep gold against the spotted gilt wall paper: it all created a factitious luxury, a crippled elegance, that showed, suddenly, the woman on the bed for what was left of an opulently handsome creature

As Miss Vanderpool undressed her deftly and slipped a nightgown from the crowded closet over her head, her hands caught the feel of fine lawn; the lace on the shoulders was never made on a machine. She loosened and combed out the thick auburn hair, which would have been lighter and streaked with gray if left to itself, and washed the flushed face skillfully with water from an old-fashioned piece of plumbing masked with black walnut. It did not seem old-fashioned to Miss Vanderpool, as it was the only

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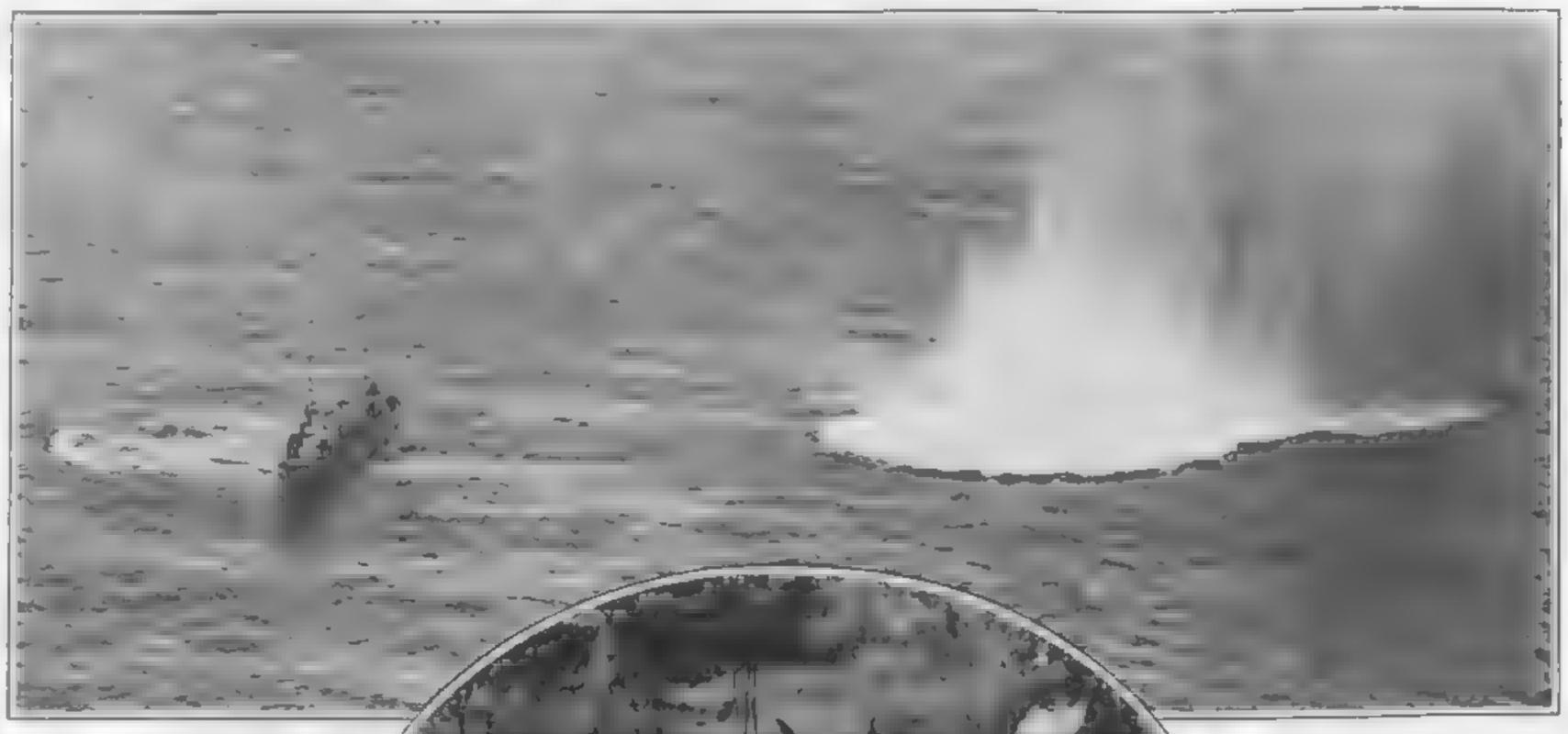
"It's Gettin' Easier Now," Said the Woman. "I' Tell You the Truth. I d'Know What's the Matter With Me!"

AIR TO LET

By Lieut. Col. W. Jefferson Davis, O. R. C.

War Department Legal Adviser at the Congress on International Aviation Legislation at Prague

and William H. Hamby



Above—Bombing the G-102 by Martin Bombers

At Left—Mummert "Coatie," 98 H. P., 2-Cylinder Engine

IN THE sixteen European countries that have entered into the international aëronautic agreement the rule has been laid down that the owner of the land owns the air only so far as is necessary for the convenient conduct of his activities. All above that belongs to the government

At the time this article is being written there is a bill—The Civil Aeronautics Act of 1923—well advanced in Congress, which probably will and certainly should pass, giving our Government jurisdiction over the air. Under this enactment the courts will undoubtedly hold that the man who owns the land is entitled to enough air room above it to carry on his usual occupation—room for his barn weather vane, his hay stackers, his windmill, and perhaps for the boys to play Anthony over, but all space above that belongs to the Government. The Government will thus come into possession of more blue sky than all its citizen promoters have ever sold, and it will be of far more value.

What is it doing, and going to do, with this vast new possession—this continent upon a continent? Use it? Rent it out? Or turn it back to the buzzards and the solitary gray eagles?

In May, 1917, one of the writers prepared for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST one of the first articles on aëronautics published after our entry into the war. We have just been checking over the situation at that time with the latest reports of the air service to note what actual progress America has made.

At that time we had one elementary training school for flyers, at North Island, San Diego; and in the whole Army just one small, poorly equipped flying squadron, with about fifty-five airplanes, and only thirty-five men who could fly.

On the signing of the Armistice we had actually at the Front forty-five squadrons, 767 pilots, 481 observers and 740 airplanes. But this represents only a fraction of the real advance we made during that time. At the close of the war there were perhaps fifteen thousand men who could take a plane into the air, and the poorest of them could do infinitely more with it than the best of our flyers in 1917.

Commercial Air Lines

SO MUCH had been learned, and so many men trained, that the feeling was strong that this new continent of the air was almost conquered. We expected that not only would the air branch of the Army and Navy be built up and kept at the highest point of effectiveness for future defense but that it was only a matter of months, or a few years at most, before chartered lanes for passengers and commerce would be more numerous in the air than the rail right-of-ways on the ground.

The military department has kept its tryst with the air as faithfully as possible, considering the clipping of its wings by the shears of economy. At the beginning of 1922 the Army had a total enlisted strength in the air service of 8308 men. About 1300 of these men were in the balloon and airship companies; 240 in attack squadrons; 652 in bombardment squadrons; 838 in pursuit squadrons and 1271 in observation squadrons. The rest were distributed in the various departments.

But commercially our progress here in America in the use of the air has been disappointing. There has been some advance, of course, and there are a number of commercial air lines in daily operation. One may take regular passage from Port Washington, Long Island, to Florida. He may get out of New York in a number of directions through the air to Atlantic City, Bar Harbor, Boston, Newport—or he may fly from almost anywhere in Florida over to Cuba.

One of the most successful of the commercial ventures is a company that operates a fleet of flying boats between Florida and the adjacent islands

This company has twelve machines chartered, and often relieves the strain on two score or more throats a day by dropping them in Havana. It is only a seventy-five-minute ride from Key West to the city of lovely colors. Besides regular lines there are several hundred flying stations at various points throughout the country, where passengers are carried on special trips. These machines are usually owned by some ex-service man, who rents his machine by the hour or by the trip.

And other and more ambitious projects are on foot. A large company was recently organized with a view to establishing airship service between America and all other parts of the world. The first line proposed is from New York to Chicago and the Pacific Coast. This company plans to operate huge flying ships of approximately 4,000,000 cubic feet each, which will carry 100 passengers and thirty tons of express, and make Chicago in ten hours from New York, and the Pacific Coast in forty.

Our Slump in the Use of Aircraft

BUT this is in the future; and when we come right down to comparing our actual accomplishments in the commercial uses of the air with the hundreds of craft flying every day between the various countries of Europe our achievement seems disappointingly small, so small, indeed, that it gives the impression of a general slump in the use of aircraft. And that this slump should occur in the homeland of the airplane, the country of mechanical wizards where this man-bird was hatched, seems all the more curious

What is the matter? Have the manufacturers of flying machines struck a snag? Has the air game proved too dangerous? Is it difficult to get flyers? Have airmen discovered that air lines for passengers and freight are impractical?

No. Inventors and manufacturers have gone right on improving the air machine. Safety devices have been added, speed and carrying power developed. Flying has never been so safe, and a very large per cent of the men who once win a license want to continue in the game. And never have the airmen been more confident that our future transportation lines will be up in the air.

This slump—or perhaps we'd better call it slack—in the air has resulted from the reaction in our military enthusiasm. The flying

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The U. S. S. Shawmut and the Airship D-4 Observing the Bombing of U-117

MOUNTAIN-LYING-DOWN

By Hal G. Evarts

TEMPE, Two Springs, Locust and Parshwampus cañons were visited and we rode the plateaus between to their uttermost points, from which the rims dropped away into sheer gorges that opened into the mighty Cañon of the Colorado. Frequently we halted on these points and trained our glasses on distant rims and hidden valleys buried there among inaccessible cliffs, timbered flat tops of buttes that no human had ever scaled, rising apart from the vast sweep of the painted walls that buttressed this greatest of the world's cañons

Each of the valleys we visited was watered by one or more springs, some six or eight miles apart. The water was clear and cold, but every such spot was tramped into one continuous mudhole for as far down the valley as the water of the spring stayed above the surface, a wallowing place for stock. The Grand Cañon National Park includes a slender strip along the north rim; but the line has never been blazed, so it is difficult to determine whether or not any certain point is in or out of the park; which in this instance would not make the least difference, since the stockmen have been issued drift permits under which any stock that drifts across the park line will not be looked upon as trespassers. Now, the closing of a country to grazing except by drift permits is equivalent to throwing it wide open.

The Favorite Haunt of the Buck Deer

IF THERE is any feed in the area the cows will drift there and find it; or, failing this, they will drift there with a little persuasion by some rider. In this particular case it makes small difference, as virtually the whole of the park on both the north and south rims is grazed; and this instance is cited merely to throw a trifle of light on the way in which the average drift permit operates.

These filthy water holes constitute another valid reason why every park should be closed to grazing. Those of the 110,000,000 owners who would visit them are entitled to clean camp sites as against the asserted rights of a few stockmen to run their herds on the public domain. This, too, is merely cited as an instance in the general chain and is by no means intended as an indictment of those whose cows now graze on the Kaibab and the north rim of the park. At the present time these isolated spots are visited by less than a dozen outsiders a year, so the grazing works no hardship on the public. Furthermore, the outfits whose interests are chiefly concerned have proved themselves public spirited to the extent that they have volunteered to vacate the upper strip of the Kaibab if it is taken in as a pack-trail park provided that their improvements be appraised at a fair valuation.

Bill Vaughn eventually rode to Quaking Asp Spring, his eye somewhat improved but still in bad shape, and the following day we packed fifteen or eighteen miles in a northwesterly direction to Indian Hollow. The aspen thickets and scrub-oak side hills of the hollow seem to be the favorite haunt of the old bucks of the Kaibab. I saw between thirty and forty bucks in a distance of less than half a mile up one of the draws. The antlers carried by some of those old fellows eclipsed anything I had ever seen worn by a deer in the past. It is only natural that there should be some fine heads in a country where bucks are almost as common as jack rabbits in Kansas; but the frequent occurrence of this massive growth of antlers must be chiefly attributed to the ideal winter-feed conditions.

The only water in this camp was supplied from a pool that the stockmen had fashioned by throwing up a dike across a shallow draw, forming a little reservoir that stored the surface water that collected there when it rained. Stock had pawed down a section of the pole fence round the pool and trampled it into a soupy mixture of somewhat the consistency of thin flapjack batter. Its odor was distinctly unappetizing, and a steer had become bogged down in its edge and had there perished miserably. I was thirsty after a long, hot ride; but after surveying that reeking reddish liquid I felt much fresher and decided that I would not care for a drink for at least another week. Still, the human body needs moisture.

Cliff Dwellers' Residence Under the Rims of the Grand Canon of the Colorado. In the Oval—A Cut of the Kaibab Forest

Sandrock Benches Under the Rims of the Grand Canon, Showing the "Rag Fence" Where the Mustangs Broke Through

Well Settled Before Taking

IT SEEMED possible that by dipping a panful and allowing it to settle for an hour the top layer might prove sufficiently clear to serve for coffee; which, after being allowed to boil for an hour, might prove more or less fit to drink; and I set to work on this basis. McNaghten, however, decided that straining the compound through a flour sack might help it. I felt that this course would prove futile, and stated as much; but McNaghten persisted.

"You can't always tell," he predicted. "A man might seine almost anything out of that puddle. There's some elements that'll seine but won't settle."

He demonstrated the truth of this with his cloth sieve.

"Seining is good," I admitted, and sought Bill. "How long are we slated to camp by yon slimy pool?" I asked.

"Three days—mebbe four," Bill estimated. "I'll carry up a pail of that water directly and settle it some."

"Why exert yourself to carry water when you can lead it?" I asked.

"Will it lead?" Bill inquired hopefully.

"Ask McNaghten. He holds the evidence," I told him; and we strolled down to watch Mac at his work He had strained off possibly two gallons of the fluid and had salvaged therefrom perhaps half an ounce of live matter of a pulpy consistency beside which the slender and graceful larvæ of the mosquito, commonly known as wigglers, would appear almost edible.

(Continued on Page 94)

OLD SHARLEY

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Lines Flew Out From the Rail as They Entered the Radius of Light Cast by a Dangling Ship's Lantern

"I been a wild rover for many a year,
An' I spent all me money on wimmen an' beer.
But now I am hard up, an' all on the rocks,
An' I got no tobacker in me old bacca box,
Singin'
'Nay, no never—never no more
Will I play the wild rover; no, never no more!'"

OLD SHARLEY grinned brokenly as he heard that ancient ditty bellowing up from the fore hold. In his youth he, too, had sung that song at times, with no more regard to its message than was shown now by the singer. But there was this to be said for old Sharley: Whereas once he used to sing the song without caring for its meaning, now he was not singing at all, but was actually living up to the resolve expressed in those lines:

"Nay, no never—never no more
Will I play the wild rover; no, never no more!"

Sharley was going home. Home at last, after more than half a century of playing the wild rover through the Seven Seas. He was not sure he would find anybody he knew when he got there. He was not sure they would want him around if he found them. He was going home, that was the thing. Home.

He had never seriously wanted to go home before. Sharley had been a stout lusty man with a stout lusty joy of living, and he had lived, sailorman fashion, to the limit. His sojourns in any port of discharge had been lurid rather than long, pleasant rather than profitable. And always more or less of a kind. A drink or two, a woman or two, perhaps a fight or two—then off to sea, God knew how, and God knew whither at times.

Perhaps all his habits of life took their toll at once. Anyhow, Sharley suddenly found old pleasures turning to aloes in his mouth. In Frisco, that was. True, it was illicit rum he had to drink; but that was no worse than they served to sailors all the world over. Very little of it he took too. But he wanted to lie down and sleep, instead of wanting to dance, upset a policeman or carry off the plumpest, reddest-cheeked Judy from the dance hall, from under the nose of the biggest bully of the crowd, as he would have tried to do before.

So he had concluded, waking in his unlovely lodging with a splitting head and rebellious stomach, that it was high time he tried a spell of virtue. His first steps took him to the mission, where he heard talk of homes and kindred and ties that bind. His next steps were bent towards the ships bound home. He scarcely expected to find a ship actually going to the little village on the steep shores of Hardanger Fjord, but at least he could ship to some port near home: London, Hull, Hamburg would serve nicely. But now, when he really wanted to choose his ship, he found that others had apparently made the same discovery he had made. Mates told him he was too old. And ships bound homewards were strangely few. Never before had he cared where a ship was bound for. He had sought a ship when his money gave out; and all he ever asked was, "When do I sign on?"

Then luck had come his way at last. He heard of a notorious hell-ship sailing for Sydney to try for a wool cargo against the British clippers. That she was a hell ship of the worst type mattered nothing. That she was so hot a hell ship that she could not get a crew mattered much. That she was ultimately bound for the British Isles meant everything; for that was near home.

He had gone down to the hangout of the crimp he had heard was to scramble up a crew for the Kindly Light. He might have gone aboard and offered himself for a job, but Sharley was tired of rebuffs from sneering mates because of his age. He would take no such chances. He knew no crimp would care what his age was. To a crimp a man was a man, alive or dead, if he could get away with the blood money. Sharley had found the place, and edged himself into a corner. Other men had come in by ones and twos, and the crimp and his runners gave them surreptitious whisky. Old Sharley had ventured out and secured a drink when a dozen men had come in and still remained.

Now he was in Sydney, aboard the Kindly Light, sore of body but unshaken of spirit, for the ship was nearly laden with wool for Hull, and Hull was near home.

"Nay, no never—never no more
Will I play the wild rover; no, never no more!"

The song of repentance seemed always the choice of the most unrepentant, the hardest of hard cases. The passage from San Francisco had been a thing of stark horror. The Kindly Light lived up to her reputation thoroughly, if not to her name. Her skipper had the cold eye of a fish, the thin lips of a pike, the heart of a shark. The mates took their pattern from him, and seemed to emulate each other in striving to secure an icy gleam of approval from those cold fishy eyes. Their emulation was always put into practice on the bodies and souls of the unfortunate crew. Old Sharley and the songster down the hold were the only real sailormen in that crimp's crew. They were the only two of the crew left an hour after the Kindly Light dropped anchor in Sydney Harbor. The rest had scuttled for cover like scared rabbits, beaten heart and soul by the terrors of that hideous passage through the smiling Pacific.

Old Sharley stayed on because the Kindly Light was going home. Young Skimps stayed because, by good work and cunning, he had contrived to evade a lot of the bitterness dealt out to others. And as he said to old Sharley: "I got money comin' to me, ain't I? Fat chance I should jump ship an' give up my pay t' that fishy-eyed swab aft!"

That remark touched on the germ of reason underlying all the studied cruelties of most hell ships. If a crew were forced to quit the ship without the formality of discharge, through sheer misery, the ship was the profiteer to the extent of their wages due. And those hardier spirits who were willing to face another spell of similar treatment, and dared to remain in the ship, were legitimate prey for the mates to exercise further ingenuities of torture upon. Few seamen survived a real campaign of working out.

Old Sharley put a creaky leg over the hatch coamings and went back to his job. After a full day of hard labor helping the stevedores screw wool into the clipper's hold, the bright inspiration had come to the mate to have the deck beams painted, and young Skimps and old Sharley had sweated and stifled with red-lead fumes in the narrow space between the top of the cargo and the beams. Sharley had been up to refill his paintpot. He was hungry. It was long past knocking-off time. It was getting dark.

"Wot, down again?" cried Skimps, breaking off his song. "Ain't we never going to have no supper tonight? Me belly's hollering for tucker. Didn't you see the mate?"

"We'll be knocked off when the mate says it's time," old Sharley said, and patiently plied his brush overhead.

"He's forgot us. I'm going to remind him," stated Skimps rashly, and crawled to the hatch.

In five minutes Skimps was back. He came down on all fours, like a goatskin waterbag. He was cruelly knocked

about. And the second mate followed him down, by the ladder, bringing a lantern.

"Hey, you!" the second mate snarled at old Sharley. "Are you kickin' about your workin' hours too?"

"No, sir, I ain't kickin'," grinned old Sharley, trembling.

"Get a move on, then. You'll finish this hold before you knock off. You"—kicking viciously at Skimps as the lad struggled towards his red-lead pot and brush—"get over in the wings and take the light. Watch yourself, me son. I'm after you!"

It was nine o'clock when the cramped, half-blinded, hungry painters slapped the last brushfuls on and emerged on deck. The second mate scrutinized their work with the lantern before letting them go to their long-cold supper and foreshortened rest.

When the watchman put his head inside the forecastle door next morning only old Sharley answered the call to turn to. Young Skimps had fled. There was another item of cash to be entered to the ship's savings. The mates looked curiously at old Sharley as he came from his interview with the skipper, who had tried to scare him into saying that he had known of Skimps' flight. Not that the skipper cared for the flight; but to have the old man admit such knowledge would be a fine excuse for such legitimate punishment as must indubitably force him out of the ship too. And he was the last of the crew. He had wages coming to him.

Since he knew nothing, there was no punishment due. It was up to the mates to complete the cleaning-out process.

"Come for'ard with me," the second mate said grimly. He led old Sharley to the forecastle head and gave him a handy-billy tackle, a chain hook and a chipping hammer. "Unshackle the port anchor, and begin at the shackle end of the chain," said the officer. "When you've hauled up all the chain and chipped it, let me know. And no sojerin', mind you, or you'll smell hell."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered old Sharley.

What he had to do was full work for a whole watch of sturdy young seamen. His back was almost broken; his hands were soon raw; legs and arms quivered with sheer muscular overload. He labored every day until black dark for a week, while the wool came in and the ship settled deeper. Sometimes he painfully raised his head to steal a glance aft; and his dry lips would draw back from his broken old teeth in an agonized grin. But he hauled and chipped, and hauled and scoured, and never once let a murmur escape his tortured breast. "Soon be home now, Sharley," he would say aloud to himself every night when he eased his racked body into his comfortless bunk.

The day came at last when a new crew had to be shipped. The Kindly Light was ready. She was bound home. And the skipper and mates were forced to notice old Sharley. They had failed to work him out. They talked it over. The mates thought they might get even with the old shellback on the Horn passage.

"Tell him to take on lamp trimmer," the skipper said. "If you mean to kill him he might as well have more money to leave behind!"

It was the skipper's idea of a good joke. The mates laughed at his humor; but they made old Sharley lamp trimmer, at increased wages, and old Sharley only partly believed in the unbelievable piece of good luck. Not until he was sent into the cabin to fill the steward's oil can could he realize it. Then, in the seclusion of the lamp locker, he indulged in three stiff-jointed steps of an uncouth caper.

"I'll show 'em!" he babbled joyously. "I'll have a pay day, I will. I ain't goin' home no busted bum, I ain't. And they can't work me out, neither. I've stuck, and I'll stick, and I'll have money in me sock when I land home."

He trimmed his lamps—the great heavy copper side lights that shone so brilliantly on the outside and burned so dimly within. "Chee! Me a lamp trimmer!" he chuckled over and over. It was old Sharley's first, very first and only promotion.

Then the Kindly Light lay in the harbor to a short cable, her snowy topsails loosed, her towline ready. She waited only for the tug to pluck her outside the Heads. The tug was already in sight; a big, powerful, brand-new oceangoing tug. Old Sharley rubbed his toil-worn old hands and licked his dry, pleasure-bled lips.

"That's some tug!" he muttered. "In no time she'll have us to sea!" Unconsciously he began humming:

"No more I'll haul on the lee-fore brace,
Or at royal halyards stand;
No more with a cry up aloft I'll fly
With a tarpot in my hand"

"Ahoy, the tug!" bawled the voice of the skipper on the poop. "Where in hell you coming to? You gone crazy?"

The two mates added their bull voices to the uproar, and the tugboat men joined in too. The ship's crew stood paralyzed into speechlessness. Old Sharley's mouth hung open. The big tug came storming along, heading straight for the Kindly Light, blowing her whistle with a grand flourish as if to call all men to witness the splendid sweep around she was about to make to bring her alongside the ship that lay helpless for want of her power.

"Sheer off!" roared the mate, shaking his fist from the forecastle head.

"Back up!" bellowed the second mate, almost weeping on the poop.

Then the tug's men took up the chant, and the tug's engine-room bells jangled for full speed astern. It was obvious that something had gone amiss with the tug's steering gear. Her powerful engines responded, but too late. She smashed her sharp unfendered stem full into the quarter of the Kindly Light, and staggered back.

The deep-laden ship listed over and began to fill. Her men were taken off or fished out of the sea by the tug's men, and two subdued deckhands clambered aboard the sinking ship to drag off a bewildered, open-mouthed, unbelieving old man.

"She ain't sinkin', I tell you! She's bound home, ain't she?" old Sharley kept repeating all the way from Mosman's Bay to Circular Quay, where they landed him.

Getting home became an obsession. Old Sharley haunted Circular Quay, ever seeking that homeward-bound ship which was to fill the place and purpose of the sunken

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When Decks and Rigging Were Ice Clad, and Canvas Crackled Like Boston Tin, a New Zealand Steamer Passed Them, Steaming Close to Look Her Over

THE CLOAK OF ST. MARTIN

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Saint Martin of Tours, best known for having given his cloak to a beggar, is also the patron saint of reformed drunkards. This is due to the accident of his having been born upon the eleventh of November, the vinalia, or Feast of Bacchus, which is in consequence now known as "St. Martin's Day." From his name is derived the old French verb "*martiner*," to be drunk, and the English expression "to be Martin-drunk."

MR. EZRA SCRAGGS, the antiquated scrivener who occupied the wire cage in the outer office of Tutt & Tutt, glanced up at the clock over Willie Toothaker's desk, sighed, laid down his pen and turned to put on his fur-trimmed coat. Scraggs and his coat were equally ancient, equally decrepit and both inseparably connected with the past of Ephraim Tutt, for even before Samuel Tutt was, Scraggs had been.

The coat, now a patched and shiny garment of a vaguely green color with a collar of spiky reddish-brown fur, had in his police-court days been the pride and glory of young Ephraim Tutt, marking him out, together with his tall stovepipe hat, from the vulgar herd of criminal practitioners who swarmed in the Essex Market Court.

That was thirty-seven years before. Scraggs, even then not so young as Ephraim Tutt but thirty-seven years younger than he was now, had been haled one cold winter's afternoon to the bar of justice charged with being drunk—Martin-drunk.

"Please be easy with me, judge!" pleaded the half-frozen Scraggs. "I know I'm drunk. But I'm down and out. I've no place to sleep. I've had nothin' to eat for two whole days. I pawned my overcoat a week ago. A man threw me a dime and I bought a drink just to get warm."

"No defense!" snapped the judge. "Three dollars or three days."

The officer was about to lead Scraggs away when the young lawyer laid three dollars upon the desk. Something of refinement in the prisoner's face had appealed to him.

"I'll pay your fine. Come along with me," he said; and when they were once outside, "Tell me the truth. Are you actually down and out? And do you want a chance?"

Scraggs nodded, shivering, tears in his weak eyes. Mr. Tutt took off his fur-trimmed surtout and threw it over the derelict's shoulders. "Well, I'll give you one!" he declared, clapping him upon the back.

That was thirty-seven years ago, and since that day Scraggs had never been separated from Mr. Tutt nor the coat from Scraggs. In some strange, mystic way the coat symbolized to the drunkard the new life opened to him through his employer's sympathy. In it he not only felt protected from the scornful and accusing glances of those who had known him before he had met Mr. Tutt, but shielded as by an armor of righteousness from temptation. Somehow it seemed to carry with it Mr. Tutt's influence for good, strengthening Scraggs' feeble resolution. Wearing it he realized that any unbecoming or ungenerous act would be a reflection upon the giver and a betrayal of his confidence. It was indeed a wonderful coat, and it was quite a long time before Scraggs succumbed to the lures of Satan.

But as the years went on, and the coat, in spite of every care, became spotted and frayed and worn, it seemed to lose something of its virtue. The irresistible craving, which had been his downfall at college, reasserted itself, and Scraggs, leaving the coat carefully hanging in his wardrobe, would disappear for a few days, to return pale, bleary-eyed and repentant. His career was marked like the course of a boat race—with a succession of empty rum kegs each flying the white flag of surrender. But by that time he had become a fixture. Tutt & Tutt would no more have thought of closing the door of Scraggs' wire cage against his return than Noah would have considered fastening the shutters on the outside of the ark to deny admittance to the homing dove; and the junior partner asserted that when Scraggs died, although he might look forward to being pickled, they were going to have him stuffed.

"I Got Something Particularly Good," He Said, Tapping the Package. "The Real Thing"

When prohibition came he still managed to get it, somehow.

He was bent, bald, bleary-eyed; capable, when sober, of toting up columns of figures accurately and copying in an uncannily neat if slightly tremulous script such documents as the purse and station of the firm's more favored clients might justify.

He also kept the books—as well as he could, in view of Mr. Tutt's outrageous carelessness in failing to make any record of the many loose vouchers he was accustomed to carry around in his pocket, and filled out and cashed wherever he happened to be. Yet even this serious failing did not diminish Scraggs' adoration for Mr. Tutt, who, in return, had a great pity for the old fellow's moral struggles and a whimsical appreciation of the influence the coat exerted over him.

Whenever the scrivener was unaccountably absent Mr. Tutt would glance into the cage and if the old fur-trimmed coat were not there would remark reassuringly, "Scraggs is all right. He's got his coat!"

Whereas the sight of it hanging there, in its owner's absence, inevitably aroused fears as to his condition; like a storm signal indicating the imminence of wet weather.

As Tutt had once put it rather neatly: "Scraggs' coat on that peg is the crape on the doorknob of his sobriety."

And he wore it winter and summer—his magic coat that made him invisible to the powers of evil.

But, having upon this occasion, as we have already said, looked at the clock, laid down his pen and turned to put on the coat, he now thought better of it and decided that, on the whole, there was no particular use in going outside for his lunch when he could do just about as well at the cafeteria in the basement.

Accordingly he left the coat on its peg, and, having locked the door of the cage, put the key in his pocket, and fixing his eye severely upon Willie Toothaker said, "Don't you dare go out until I come back!"

"Don't you worry 'bout me!" retorted Willie. "I can take care of myself all right—and a good deal better'n some. Have you got Mr. Tutt's checks ready for him to sign?"

Now it so happened that the scrivener had been engaged in making out Mr. Tutt's personal checks at the very moment he had looked at the clock, and that they were not quite done. Scraggs therefore did not reply. It was none of that boy's business whether he had them ready or not.

"Better take your coat with you!" warned the annoying urchin.

Scraggs glared at him, turned his back, and made his way to the door. There was no need for him to take his coat with him, for he was only going downstairs in the elevator to take a quick snack at the luncheon counter, with maybe a glass of malted milk. Malted milk! "Milk for babes!" "A little wine for thy stomach's sake" would be more like it. Involuntarily as he closed the outer door behind him he ran his tongue around the inside of his mouth.

How long was it since he'd had a drink? Let's see—three weeks! And then only a glass of lager. That didn't count anyway, and it had been home-brew at that—less than 5 per cent. The one overpowering emotion that ever swept over his old body, the one irresistible lust of his desiccated flesh, unaccountably possessed him as he stood there, tingling at his fingers and toes, drying his throat and mouth.

Suddenly he sniffed, stiffening like a pointer dog.

"Mr. Scraggs, isn't it? Remember me? I was just comin' in to see you. My name's Gill; the firm used to be Annis & Gill. You did quite a lot of business with us at one time, I believe."

A thickset man was standing before him, one hand extended in fellowship, the other holding by the string a paper-covered parcel. A subtle, soul-satisfying odor seemed to emanate clandestinely from the stranger and to impregnate the circumambient atmosphere.

"Yes, yes!" answered Scraggs tremulously. "Of course I remember you very well!"

"Ever need anything in our line now? Are you all looked out for?" inquired Mr. Gill amiably, as if not desiring to intrude himself upon the preserves of others.

Scraggs' tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. His throat seemed to be on fire. Where, oh, where, was his magic coat? He steadied himself with a hand against the door jamb. Then he made a heroic effort and shook his head.

"No, thank you. I don't need anything!" he answered feebly.

Mr. Gill nodded affably.

"I got something particularly good," he said, tapping the package. "The real thing—Teague and Teague. Got fourteen cases off the last liner that came in. I can let you have it—delivered in your house or office—for one hundred and twenty dollars."

Scraggs' head was swimming.

"No!" he protested thickly. "Really ——"

Unconsciously he moistened his lips. Mr. Gill saw it.

"Listen," said the bootlegger. "Tell you what I'll do: I'll slip you a sample pint right now for nothing. And then, in case you decide you'd like a case, I'll be around later in my car—say at half past five—with the goods. Anyhow I'll drop in here just to find out. If you don't want anything it'll be all right. No obligation at all!"

He had backed Scraggs into a corner, and before the scrivener quite realized it had forced a small flat bottle into his not unwilling hands. A case? No! But this was a gift! After all, Gill had taken enough out of him in past years to warrant that slight deception. Besides possibly, sometime he might ——

"All right," he answered. "If you shouldn't find me here when you come you'll know I don't want anything."

"Righto!" agreed Mr. Gill. "Well, see you later, maybe!"

The elevator picked him up and he was gone. Scraggs stood motionless and ecstatic, with the bottle in his hand. Then he walked slowly down the hall towards the back stairs. He returned to the office shortly before two o'clock, elated, transfigured and trailing clouds of alcoholic glory. An hour before he had been depressed and disgruntled, had felt old and tired Now everything was completely altered. The short pint had done its work. Thirty-seven years had dropped off him in almost that number of minutes

It was a new Scraggs entirely who sauntered back into his cage—debonair, nonchalant, witty; or so he seemed to himself.

"Life in the old dog yet!" He'd take no lip from that young jackanapes! No, sir! He fumbled the key to the cage, finding it a trifle difficult to focus his vision through the golden nimbus of happiness surrounding him, and at first, after he had climbed up on his high stool, there seemed to be many more papers and one or two more pens on his desk than before lunch. But presently he was hard at work again, filling out Mr. Tutt's checks. He hummed softly an ancient melody vintage of 1857

"Woof!" sniffed Mr. Bonnie Doon, coming in to make his afternoon report to Samuel Tutt, who had charge of the accident cases "There is a peculiar odor of sanctity in this office!"

"So I have observed!" replied the junior partner, eying Scraggs sternly, "if 'observed' is the proper verb under these circumstances"

"If I hadn't heretofore acted as Scraggs' attorney and the Court of Appeals hadn't expressly held that for a lawyer to disclose the fact that his client had a whisky breath was revealing a confidential communication, and hence a violation of Section 835 of the Code of Civil Procedure"—he winked—"I might say something."

"And you'd say a noseful'" remarked Tutt disgustedly "By the way, has any fool court actually gone so far as to hold that an alcoholic breath was a confidential communication?"

With a Sob Scraggs Dropped His Head Upon the Moth-Eaten Collar of the Surtout

"It has," answered Bonnie. "'Any fact ascertained from or regarding one's client in the course of one's professional employment.'"

"That's on a par with their refusing to allow a layman to testify that in his opinion another man was drunk," snorted Tutt. "As if anybody needed a medical license to find that out!"

"Your nose knows," agreed Bonnie, wrinkling his.

"Anyhow, I'm willing to take judicial notice that Scraggs is brilliantly illuminated," said Tutt. "If he gets too gay tell Willie to turn the key on him."

II

"OH, JEHOSHAPHAT!" exclaimed the Honorable Ephraim Tutt an hour and a half later, hurling his stub book across the room and through the door leading into the outer office, and strewing a hundred or so of canceled vouchers over the floor. "O temperature! O Moses! Oh, hell!"

He leaned back in his swivel chair and shook a scrawny fist at the dingy bust of Plato in the corner

"You never had to balance a check book!" he asserted. "Only that fact could account for your monumental calm!"

The exit of the stub book was followed by the immediate advent of Miss Minerva Wiggin, holding the missile in her hand.

"Why this display of temper?" she inquired reprovingly. "You don't wish me to infer that you can't add, do you?"

"I decline to incriminate myself!" he answered with a wry smile. "Isn't it nearly tea-time?"

"Wil-lee!" called Miss Wiggin over her shoulder. "The tea things!"

"The trouble is," confessed her employer, as Willie wheeled out the old gate-leg table from behind the screen, "that half the time there aren't any figures there at all!"

"Honestly, that old man's carelessness in regard to money matters is enough to bring down a bank president's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave," declared Tutt, strolling in.

Mr. Tutt sipped the tea handed him by Miss Wiggin, and then fumbled in the long coffin-shaped box for a stogy

"You haven't enough faith," he asserted, "in either the honesty or the accuracy of mankind. Therefore you make

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"Why This Display of Temper?" She Inquired Reprovingly. "You Don't Wish Me to Infer That You Can't Add, Do You?"

LEAVE IT TO PSMITH

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

CHAPTER VIII Continued: IV

PSMITH was the first of the little group to recover from the shock of this unexpected encounter, the Honorable Freddie the last. That unfortunate youth, meeting Eve's astonished eye as he raised his head, froze where he stood and remained with his mouth open until she had disappeared, which she did a few moments later, led away by Psmith, who, as he went, directed at his young friend a look in which surprise, pain and reproof were so nicely blended that it would have been hard to say which predominated. All that a spectator could have said with certainty was that Psmith's finer feelings had suffered a severe blow.

"A painful scene," he remarked to Eve as he drew her away in the direction of the house. "But we must always strive to be charitable. He may have been taking a fly out of her eye; or teaching her jiujitsu."

He looked at her searchingly.

"You seem less revolted," he said, "than one might have expected. This argues a sweet—shall we say angelic?—disposition and confirms my already high opinion of you."

"Thank you."

"Not at all. Mark you," said Psmith, "I don't think that this sort of thing is a hobby of Comrade Threepwood's. He probably has many other ways of passing his spare time. Remember that before you pass judgment upon him. Also—young blood, and all that sort of thing."

"I haven't any intention of passing judgment upon him. It doesn't interest me what Mr. Threepwood does, either in his spare time or out of it."

"His interest in you, on the other hand, is vast. I forgot to tell you before, but he loves you. He asked me to mention it if the conversation happened to veer round in that direction."

"I know he does," said Eve ruefully.

"And does the fact stir no chord in you?"

"I think he's a nuisance."

"That," said Psmith cordially, "is the right spirit. I like to see it. Very well, then, we will discard the topic of Freddie, and I will try to find others that may interest, elevate and amuse you. We are now approaching the main buildings. I am no expert in architecture, so cannot tell you all I could wish about the façade, but you can see there is a façade, and in my opinion—for what it is worth—a jolly good one. We approach by a sweeping gravel walk."

"I am going in to report to Mr. Baxter," said Eve with decision. "It's too absurd. I mustn't spend my time strolling about the grounds. I'm not a guest; I'm an employe. I must see Mr. Baxter at once."

Psmith inclined his head courteously.

"Nothing easier. That big open window there is the library. Doubtless Comrade Baxter is somewhere inside, toiling away among the archives."

"Yes, but I can't announce myself by shouting to him."

"Assuredly not," said Psmith. "No need for that at all. Leave it to me." He stopped and picked up a large flowerpot which stood under the terrace wall, and before Eve could intervene had tossed it lightly through the open window. A muffled thud, followed by a sharp exclamation from within, caused a faint smile of gratification to illumine his solemn countenance.

"He is in. I thought he would be. Ah, Baxter," he said graciously, as the upper half of a body surmounted by a spectacled face framed itself suddenly in the window, "a pleasant, sunny afternoon. How is everything?"

The Efficient Baxter struggled for utterance.

"You look like the Blessed Damozel gazing down from the gold bar of heaven," said Psmith genially. "Baxter, I want to introduce you to Miss Halliday. She arrived safely after a somewhat fatiguing journey. You will like Miss Halliday. If I had a library I could not wish for a more courteous, obliging and capable cataloguist."

This striking and unsolicited testimonial made no appeal to the Efficient Baxter. His mind seemed occupied with other matters.

"Did you throw that flowerpot?" he demanded coldly.

"You will, no doubt," said Psmith, "wish on some later occasion to have a nice long chat with Miss Halliday in order to give her an outline of her duties. I have been showing her the grounds and am about to take her for a row on the lake. But after that she will and I know I may speak for Miss Halliday in this matter—be entirely at your disposal."

"Did you throw that flowerpot?"

"I look forward confidently to the pleasantest of associations between you and Miss Halliday. You will find her," said Psmith warmly, "a willing assistant, a tireless worker."

"Did you ——"

"But now," said Psmith, "I must be tearing myself away. In order to impress Miss Halliday, I put on my best suit when I went to meet her. For a row upon the lake something simpler in pale flannel is indicated. I shall only be a few minutes," he said to Eve. "Would you mind meeting me at the boathouse?"

"I am not coming on the lake with you."

"At the boathouse in say, six and a quarter minutes," said Psmith with a gentle smile, and pranced into the house like a long-legged mustang.

Eve remained where she stood, struggling between laughter and embarrassment. The Efficient Baxter was still leaning wrathfully out of the library window, and it began to seem a little difficult to carry on an ordinary conversation. The problem of what she was to say in order to continue the scene in an agreeable manner was solved by the arrival of Lord Emsworth, who pottered out from the bushes with a spud in his hand. He stood eying Eve for a moment, then memory seemed to wake. Eve's appearance was easier to remember, possibly, than some of the things which his lordship was wont to forget. He came forward beamingly.

"Ah, there you are, Miss—dear me, I'm really afraid I have forgotten your name. My memory is excellent as a rule, but I cannot remember names. . . . Miss Halliday! Of course, of course! Baxter, my dear fellow," he proceeded, sighting the watcher at the window, "this is Miss Halliday."

"Mr. McTodd," said the efficient one sourly, "has already introduced me to Miss Halliday."

"Has he? Deuced civil of him, deuced civil of him. But where is he?" inquired his lordship, scanning the surrounding scenery with a vague eye.

"He went into the house—after," said Baxter in a cold voice, "throwing a flowerpot at me."

"Doing what?"

"He threw a flowerpot at me," said Baxter, and vanished moodily.

Lord Emsworth stared at the open window, then turned to Eve for enlightenment.

"Why did Baxter throw a flowerpot at McTodd?" he said. "And," he went on, ventilating an even deeper question, "where the deuce did he get a flowerpot? There are no flowerpots in the library."

Eve, on her side, was also seeking information.

"Did you say his name was McTodd, Lord Emsworth?"

"No, no! Baxter. That was Baxter, my secretary."

"No, I mean the one who met me at the station."

"Lin," Said Mr. Coates, Lost in Admiration, "When It Comes to Doping Out a Scheme, You're the Snake's Eyebrows!"

"Baxter did not meet you at the station. The man who met you at the station," said Lord Emsworth, speaking slowly, for women are so apt to get things muddled, "was McTodd. He's staying here. Constance asked him, and I'm bound to say when I first heard of it I was not any too well pleased. I don't like poets as a rule. But this fellow's so different from the other poets I've met. Different altogether.

"And," said Lord Emsworth with not a little heat, "I strongly object to Baxter throwing flowerpots at him. I won't have Baxter throwing flowerpots at my guests," he said firmly; for Lord Emsworth, though occasionally a little vague, was keenly alive to the ancient traditions of his family regarding hospitality.

"Is Mr. McTodd a poet?" said Eve, her heart beating.

"Eh? Oh yes, yes. There seems to be no doubt about that. A Canadian poet. Apparently they have poets out there. And," demanded his lordship, ever a fair-minded man, "why not? A remarkably growing country. I was there in the year '98. Or was it," he added thoughtfully, passing a muddy hand over his chin and leaving a rich brown stain, "'99? I forget. My memory isn't good for dates. . . . If you will excuse me, Miss—Miss Halliday, of course—if you will excuse me, I must be leaving you. I have to see McAllister, my head gardener. An obstinate man. A Scotchman. If you go into the house my sister Constance will give you a cup of tea. I don't know what the time is, but I suppose there will be tea soon. Never take it myself."

"Mr. McTodd asked me to go for a row on the lake."

"On the lake, eh? On the lake?" said his lordship, as if this was the last place in the neighborhood where he would have expected to hear of people proposing to row. Then he brightened. "Of course, yes, on the lake. I think you will like the lake. I take a dip there myself every morning before breakfast. I find it good for the health and appetite. I plunge in and swim perhaps fifty yards, and then return." Lord Emsworth suspended the gossip from the training camp in order to look at his watch. "Dear me," he said, "I must be going. McAllister has been waiting fully ten minutes. Good-by, then, for the present, Miss—er– good-by."

And Lord Emsworth ambled off, on his face that look of tense concentration which it always wore when interviews with Angus McAllister were in prospect; the look which stern warriors wear when about to meet a foeman worthy of their steel.

V

THERE was a cold expression in Eve's eyes as she made her way slowly to the boathouse. The information which she had just received had come as a shock, and she was trying to adjust her mind to it. When Miss Clarkson had told her of the unhappy conclusion to her old school friend's marriage to Ralston McTodd she had immediately, without knowing anything of the facts, arrayed herself loyally on Cynthia's side and condemned the unknown McTodd uncompromisingly and without hesitation. It was many years since she had seen Cynthia, and their friendship might almost have been said to have lapsed; but Eve's affection, when she had once given it, was a durable thing, capable of surviving long separation. She had loved Cynthia at school, and she could feel nothing but animosity towards anyone who had treated her badly. She eyed the glittering water of the lake from under lowered brows, and prepared to be frigid and hostile when the villain of the piece should arrive. It was only when she heard footsteps behind her and turned to perceive Psmith hurrying up, radiant in gleaming flannel, that it occurred to her for the first time that there might have been faults on both sides. She had not known Psmith long, it was true; but already his personality had made a somewhat deep impression on her, and she was loath to believe that he could be the callous scoundrel of her imagination. She decided to suspend judgment until they should be out in midwater and in a position to discuss the matter without interruption.

"I am a little late," said Psmith as he came up; "I was detained by our young friend Freddie. He came into my room and started talking about himself at the very moment when I was tying my tie and needed every ounce of concentration for that delicate task. The recent painful episode appeared to be weighing on his mind to some extent." He helped Eve into the boat and started to row. "I consoled him as best I could by telling him that it would probably have made you think all the more highly of him. I ventured the suggestion that girls worship the strong, rough, dashing type of man. And after I had done my best to convince him that he was a strong, rough, dashing man, I came away. By now, of course, he may have had a relapse into despair; so if you happen to see a body bobbing about in the water as we row along it will probably be Freddie's "

"Never mind about Freddie."

"I don't if you don't," said Psmith agreeably. "Very well, then, if we see a body we will ignore it." He rowed on a few strokes. "Correct me if I am wrong," he said, resting on his oars and leaning forward, "but you appear to be brooding about something. If you will give me a clew I will endeavor to assist you to grapple with any little problem which is troubling you. What is the matter?"

Eve, questioned thus directly, found it difficult to open the subject. She hesitated a moment and let the water ripple through her fingers.

"I have only just found out your name, Mr. McTodd," she said at length.

Psmith nodded.

"It is always thus," he said. "Passing through this life, we meet a fellow mortal, chat a while and part: and the last thing we think of doing is to ask him in a manly and direct way what his label is. There is something oddly furtive and shamefaced in one's attitude towards people's names. It is as if we shrank from probing some hideous secret. We say to ourselves, 'This pleasant stranger may be a Snooks or a Buggins. Better not inquire.' But in my case ——"

"It was a great shock to me."

(Continued on Page 126)

"He May Have Had a Relapse Into Despair; So if You Happen to See a Body Bobbing About in the Water as We Row Along it Will Probably be Freddie's"

THE CINDER BUGGY

A Fable in Iron and Steel—By Garet Garrett

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"She Won't," He Said. "That's All There's Into It. She's as Proud as That Bar of Steel"

XIV

FOR twenty years the social life of New Damascus had been as an untended orchard, shapeless, perfunctory and reminiscent. Its estate was a memory running back to the old Woolwine mansion and the days of Aaron. It had no rallying point. There was youth as a biological fact without gayety, sparkle or sweet daring. Quality Street lived on its income. Young men succeeded their fathers in business. The girls, after music and finishing at Philadelphia, returned to New Damascus and married them.

The Gib mansion might as well have been a mausoleum. Life was never entertained there. It did not expect to be. Jonet was nobody until Gib married her. After that she was the community's commiseration. She died when Agnes, their only child, was ten. The obsequies were private. At the grave, besides the sexton and the minister, and Gib holding Agnes by the hand, there was one other person. That was Gearhard, the father of Jonet, who stood with his feet crossed and his left forearm resting on the sexton's shoulder as on the bellows sweep, in a contemplative attitude. People spoke of it with cruelty. There, they said, was another thing Enoch had broken and cast away. No wonder he wished to bury it privately.

Agnes was sent off to school. She had lately returned and was now living at the Gib mansion alone with her father. But she was as invisible as her mother. Nobody knew her. There was some mystery about her. A story of unknown origin, and unverified, was that she had been found out at school in an unchaperoned escapade, which so enraged old Enoch that he brought her home and deprived her of liberty. It would be like him to do that. Moreover, in the iron age such discipline was feasible. Youth had not yet delivered itself from parental tyranny. That was reserved to be one of the marvels of the steel age. In 1870 a girl of seventeen was dependent, and one in the situation of Agnes Gib was helpless.

John's advent on this iron gray scene produced a magical change. He was rightful heir to all the social tradition there was in New Damascus. That would have meant nothing in itself. But he liked it. He was not then nor did he ever become the kind of man who must renounce life to reach success. That is a matter partly of temperament and partly of capacity. Knowledge necessary to his ends he acquired easily, seemingly without effort, even technical knowledge. His imagination worked with the ease of fancy and knew no fatigue. Business was a game at which he played. Therefore it could not devour him. Without a moment's notice he could turn from one kind of play to another and back again. He would dance all night and come with a crystal mind to the day's work. Frivolity seemed to stimulate or recharge his mind.

The youth of New Damascus adored him. A group spontaneously formed around him. He kept large rooms at the inn, where he entertained. More than half his time was spent away from New Damascus, but the new social order adjusted itself to his movements. When he was at home there were parties, dances, suppers, excursions, flirtings and episodes. All this took place on the plane of Quality Street. But his liking for people neither began nor ended there. It knew no petty distinctions. There were two kinds of people in the world—his kind and others. And his kind were all the same to him no matter where he found them. He had friends among the mill workers, big, roystering fellows with whom he often went reveling to fill out a night. One of these was Alexander Thane, the splendid puddler who had spoken to him that first night in the mill. They became fast friends.

He had a way of scandalizing people without shocking them really. Whatever he did, that was John. He did anything he liked and it was forgiven beforehand. There were those, to be sure, who viewed his errancies with extreme disapproval and judged him accordingly; but his character was so much superior to his follies, and these so clearly represented an overflowing of his nature, that narrow verdicts broke down. His personality achieved in its own right a kind of moral immunity.

People began to say, "Well, that's one young man Enoch Gib won't break."

Enoch regarded him with a feeling of wonder, turning to misgiving and bitterness. His impact on the business had been phenomenal. No one else could have done it, and no one else wasting so much of himself in ways for which Gib felt the utmost contempt could at the same time have attended to business at all. Yet his way with it grew steadily stronger and more remarkable, no matter what else he did.

The bitterness in Gib was from a sting of memory. And he had a vague awareness of something recurring. As New Damascus had idolized Aaron, so now it idolized John. Was that because he was Aaron's son? No, it had not that aspect. Then why? The old man came to this question again and again. It tormented him far more than a year of nights, and implanted the seed of a monstrous idea. Suddenly he had the answer. It came to him in a flash. New Damascus idolized this person, not because he was Aaron's son but because he was—Aaron!

Once this thought had occurred to Enoch it expanded rapidly, filling his whole mind, and became an obsession. Aaron lived again! He had returned with youth and strength restored. The physical resemblance was in fact very striking. Enoch began to study it surreptitiously. The sight tortured and fascinated him. He could not let it alone. He decided he had been mistaken about that look of Esther which at first he had seemed to see in the young man's eyes. It was not there. Thank God for that! This youth was Aaron himself.

From the moment of perceiving this truth with hallucinated clarity Enoch hated John and arranged his thoughts to dwell against him dangerously. How should he deal with the situation? It had no tangibility. If he spoke of it people would think he was crazy. Yet there was the fact. Aaron by foul strategy had entered the business again. The circumstances of his entering it in the guise of a son were extraordinary. As the old man reviewed the incident it assumed a flagrant, preposterous aspect, and crystallized his obsession. How could he have been so taken in? Now merely to put him out would be neither quittance nor justice. Moreover, it was wise to keep one's enemy inside the gates and watch him unawares.

XV

THERE was much talk about Agnes Gib, whom nobody knew and few had ever seen, living alone with a terrible father in that gloomy mansion on the west hill, a prisoner there. How did she live? Had she any freedom at all? What was she like? Why didn't she take it into her own hands and escape? Then what would she do?

It had been rumored that she was queer, like her mother. The mill workers, who passed the house at all hours, were said to have seen her walking in the landscape at twilight, but not alone. There was also a legend that she was beautiful.

The young Quality Street set with whom John played and danced talked itself into a state of romantic feeling about her. There was competition in fanciful suggestions.

One was that twenty of them should become a committee and move in a body on the mansion. What could the ogre do then? Only of course nothing so overt could really be done.

Besides, that would be too serious, not mad enough, and the prisoner might turn out badly. Nobody knew what kind of person she was. Whatever they did should be something to which she assented beforehand.

The suggestion that did at length unite all silly young heads was this: They would give her a party. That was a natural thing to do. She was a New Damascus girl, wasn't she? There was no reason in the world why they shouldn't give her a party. It was perfectly feasible in social principle. The difficulties, as an engineer would say, were merely technical. They were awkward nevertheless. How should they ask her? And if she were unable to bring herself, as would certainly be the case, how should they get her? They appealed to John. He was responsive. It appealed to his spirit of reckless frivolity. He undertook offhand to bring Agnes Gib to a party. It might take some time. He would tell them when and where.

First he made a reconnaissance of the enemy's position. It had its vulnerable points, one of which was an Irish gardener with a grouch on the place. Beginning with him and working in, John proceeded to corrupt the Gib ménage. He learned that Agnes was confined to that part of the mansion in which her mother had been immured. She was not permitted to go out, except to walk in the grounds with a woman who was Gib's servant, not hers, and performed the office of a jailer.

In time he succeeded in getting a note to the prisoner. In it he said simply that she was desired to come to a party. There was no answer.

He sent a second note. The party he had mentioned before was one proposed to be held in her honor. There would be introductions, then supper and dancing, informal but all very correct and duly chaperoned. Still no answer.

He sent a third note in which for the first time he recognized deterrent circumstances. However, all difficulties should be overcome. She had only to consent; then a way would be found. The young set of New Damascus was very anxious to get acquainted with her, hence this friendly gesture. To this was returned a note, unsigned, as follows:

Miss Gib thanks Mr. Breakspeare and his friends and regrets to say she cannot come.

That was more or less what John by this time was expecting. He was not discouraged, but he needed light on the young person's character, and it occurred to him in this need to explore Gearhard, the blacksmith, her grandfather. He melted the hoary smith's ferocity of manner, which was but a rickety defense of the heart, by taking him headlong into the plot with an air of unlimited confidence. Gearhard at first worked his bellows furiously and stirred the fire in his forge, pretending to be angrily absent. But the strokes of the sweep pole gradually diminished, the fire fell, the bellows collapsed with a rheumatic commotion, and he stood in his characteristic attitude of contemplation, listening. When he spoke his voice was remote and gentle.

"She won't," he said. "That's all there's into it. She's as proud as that bar of steel."

Youth understands its own. It knows the chemistries of impulse and how to challenge them. Curiosity is an impulse that overcomes pride, shyness and fear; and if it be touched through the arc of vanity all else is forgiven, for the desire of youth to be liked for itself alone, in the sign of its personableness, is a glowing passion

What followed was absurd. Youth delights in high absurdities and has a way with them that wisdom pretends to have forgotten. Away wisdom! You spoil the cosmic sorceries.

John sent another note. It was to this effect: At the south boundary where the boxwood grew he would be waiting Thursday evening. She would have only to come straight on fifty paces more instead of turning in her walk at that point as her habit was, and the frolic would begin

There was no answer. He expected none. But on Thursday evening he was there. From where he stood behind the boxwood he could see all that part of the grounds in which she walked, though one inside could not see him. She appeared at the usual time, attended by a powerful-looking woman who disliked exercise and made it heavy work. Their relations were apparently hostile They never spoke. The girl was supercilious; the woman grim. After a while the woman sat on an iron bench. The girl walked to and fro. Twice she came within a stone's throw of the boxwood and turned back. Once she stood for several minutes, looking slowly up and down the boundary line of hedge and stone, and at the sky and all around, with a willful blind spot in her eye. She did not for an instant look seeingly at the spot her mind was focused on. Yet John, who watched her, knew she sensed his presence there.

That was all that happened. She presently went in without notice to the woman, who saw her going toward the house and followed.

John sent another note. A second time he waited. This time she changed her walk in oblique relation to the boxwood and finished it without the slightest glance or impulse in that direction.

There was a third time. And that was different. On the first turn she came closer to the boxwood than ever before, closer still on the second turn, and then, when the jailer woman had become inert on the bench, she came within speaking distance and sat on the grass.

"We are here," said John.

"Who are we?" she asked.

This was parley. He knew at once she had no thought of coming—not then.

(Continued on Page 112

"Not Unless the Girl Wants It," He Added, as a Disastrous and Extremely Complicated Afterthought

MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

It Appeared to Me Then Just as Much a Part of Old Spain as It Ever Had Been

Havana—By Norval Richardson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

IN SPITE of the disappointment over my first assignment in the diplomatic service being second secretary of legation at Havana, I found the experience extremely interesting; in fact after many years in the service I have come to the conclusion that it is much better for a young man starting out in the foreign service to have his first experience in a Latin-American capital; it obviates the contrast with the more delightful European life which, if a man has spent many years in it, unfits him for the somewhat dull—at least socially—existence of South America; and, also, in a simpler place he has the advantage of learning all the routine and protocol—that vague word which diplomats use so elusively—without the embarrassments and gaucheries that might occur if he went straight from American life into that of an Old-World capital. No matter how cosmopolitan we may pride ourselves upon being, we must admit—if we are frank about it—that it is rarely possible for an American-bred man to find himself at once at home in a group made up of older civilizations. Traveling in Europe is very different from settling down and living in a foreign community; even a year or two spent in study there is very far removed from having an official position which makes you at once conspicuous and a target for not always friendly eyes.

Foreign Life Near Home

I NEVER realized until I lived away from America how little form enters into our daily lives; even in official Washington it is treated a bit casually; the theory of all being equal abolishes its inhibitions at once. Form is one of the first and most important phases of European life that one comes up against. Everyone has his place and rarely thinks of going out of it; one is born into a family of butlers and consequently centers his ambitions upon becoming the best in that profession; one learns to be a cook and is satisfied in being considered the best cook in that community; one is born a count, a baron, a lord, is content at being that and never dreams of becoming king. But with us! Every American-born boy is told that it is possible for him to become President of the United States; it all depends upon him; there are no class distinctions; he can go as far as his energy and cleverness carry him. Many people claim that just this unlimited possibility is what has made us the great success we are—and such a belief may be correct; but sometimes I am inclined to think that it may not lead towards contentment. How is it possible for a parlor maid ever to be happy when she is always dreaming—dreams not so fantastic when actual instances exist to prove their possibility—of a time when she will have a box at the opera and a motor just as her mistress has! Unlimited opportunity has some disadvantages; it sometimes makes the ultimate goal disturbingly high. I wonder if I am arguing from an un-American point of view!

Though I was fully convinced—a foregone conclusion—that Havana would offer nothing useful in the way of diplomatic experience, it was not long before my opinion was completely changed; and my surprise at its extraordinarily foreign aspect, in spite of being only a few hours away from Florida, and completely foreign life increased as I grew to know it better. As a matter of fact, I don't think I have ever been in a place of its size that showed less evidence of the influence of so-called modern civilization. Of course I am speaking of thirteen years ago, before Cuba had been facetiously described as a mahogany island surrounded by a brass rail. It appeared to me then just as much a part of old Spain as it ever had been—and this after ten years and more of American influence and after the influx of American business had begun.

When I got on the boat that was to carry me from New York to Havana I felt at once a noticeable difference from those steamers that go to Europe. There were very few Americans on board; most of the passengers were Cubans; Spanish was heard on all sides; dark skin predominated; and a difference in the dress of passengers was striking. I missed that gay, well-dressed, carefree attitude which distinguishes most American tourists. Ladies appeared, even before the boat sailed, without their hats and with shawls draped over their shoulders in a way that at once suggested mantillas. An old lady with gray hair looked exactly as though she had just stepped out of a romance of old Madrid. Her hair was piled high on her head, a large comb was thrust through it, a vivid shawl with yards of fringe dangled about her trailing black silk skirt and a cigarette was held in one hand while a fan fluttered in the other. There was something entirely unfamiliar, intriguing, a bit exotic—even before the boat left the dock at New York; and this became accentuated as the voyage lengthened out into four days.

I had never met any Cubans before; and I was surprised to find them rather informal, pleasant, and speaking a sort of American that was hardly impressive in its suggestion of culture. A somewhat casual young lady, wearing a shawl in mantilla fashion and no hat, had a steamer chair next me and, seeing me struggling with a Spanish grammar, immediately attempted to explain its intricacies to me. She was the first Cuban I had ever spoken to, and I was particularly interested in obtaining from her an impression of the people among whom I was going to live.

A Cosmopolitan Cuban Lady

SHE was pretty, in a dark undistinguished way, dressed badly—at least indifferently—and had a sort of good fellowship that almost amounted to familiarity; and her use of English was amazing. It was a bewildering combination of slang and bad grammar.

When she found out—by asking a series of personal questions—that I was to be in the legation, she informed me that she had known all the American diplomats very well and that the present minister was a great friend of her family.

This led me on to asking where she had learned to speak English so fluently—I put it that way—and she confessed that she hadn't known a word until she began to meet Americans; as a matter of fact, she had learned it entirely from talking to the secretaries of the legation. I found out after arriving in Havana that she was of one of the oldest and most distinguished Cuban families and was considered one of their most cosmopolitan products—this latter quality having been achieved at some place in the Catskills, where she spent each summer. Her appetite and choice of food also appeared to me to throw some light on Cuban habits. She devoured quantities of Bologna

sausages, raw onions and beer—even at breakfast; and in her attempts to teach me the proper pronunciation of such simple Spanish phrases as "I want two poached eggs and a slice of toast" she would grow violently angry at my stupidity and often throw the book across the deck. I am not picturing her as the most distinguished representative of the Cubans I was to know later—she was not that by any means; she was just the first Cuban I met.

Havana came up out of the blue sea like a sparkling jewel. It is very white and shining and clean—when seen from a ship; and it has an extraordinarily romantic suggestion; in fact, it is one of the most picturesque and unusual cities of the world—in spite of its nearness to us.

Of course I was on deck early in the morning, on the lookout for the first glimpse of Morro Castle; and Donna Maria—that is what she told me to call her—was there beside me.

As we entered the harbor she was quick to point out to me a small launch that was flying the American flag and making straight for our ship.

"That's for you!" she exclaimed.

"I think not," I replied. "I am not expecting anyone to meet me." Yet I was hoping all the time the launch was for me; it looked so official and important. And they had told me at the department in Washington that my arrival had been announced to the legation by telegraph.

"But of course it is for you. That is the launch the legation sends to meet all diplomats. See that little nigger in it? I know him. He's the legation messenger. Everybody in Havana knows him. He brings round all the invitations to dinners and parties."

I was rapidly coming to the conclusion that this lady knew much more about diplomacy than I did.

When the launch reached the side of the ship the little negro caught hold of a rope ladder and swung himself swiftly up on deck. He stared about a few moments and then came directly up to me, took off his hat, bowed profoundly, said he had been sent to meet me and had arranged for the free entry of my luggage. He explained later that he had recognized me from a photograph he had seen in a Washington paper—a group taken of the sixteen before we separated.

This evidence of his efficiency was only the beginning. Almost before I knew it he had my bags and trunks on deck and being lowered to the launch. It was very pleasant, being met this way and taken care of—even by a very small negro porter who appeared to have the open sesame of the country. It was the first time I had ever arrived in a foreign land without the usual struggle of landing and having everything I possessed hauled about and ransacked. After all, diplomacy was looking up a bit—even if it was only in Havana.

Disappointment

WE LANDED, were most courteously passed by customs officials—trunks and bags going right along with us—and before I knew it we were driving up the Calle Obispo, my guide and courier and intimate friend sitting on the seat with the driver and turning to me every other moment to show me points of interest. The streets were very pretty with awnings stretched across them, the pavements appeared to have been recently watered, there were strange and intriguing scents everywhere, many fascinating shops and a general air of gayety. On the whole, those first minutes in Havana were entirely satisfactory.

But most enthusiasms are usually so short-lived. I took a hasty glance at the room reserved for me in the Plaza Hotel, found it satisfactory and told my new friend—Lawrence Taylor was his name, of Barbados ancestry—that I was ready to go at once to the legation. Our journey was resumed, down the Prado—a charming broad street bordered by spreading laurels and lined with two-story houses painted every color under the sun and protected by handsome iron grilles—until La Prunta was reached, that point which is directly opposite Morro Castle and which is the popular gathering place for all Havana in the evening. Here we turned into the road that lies along the sea front—the Malecón—and soon stopped before a rather shabby two-story building.

Lawrence pointed to it with pride and announced that we were at last before the American Legation. It was so entirely wanting in any dignity that at first I was inclined to doubt him until I saw the shield of the United States shining a bit somberly at the side of the door. My disappointment increased when I found that only the second floor was occupied by the legation; the ground floor was apparently filled by a large and noisy Cuban family.

The first secretary, who was acting as chargé d'affaires in the absence of the minister—who was in America—welcomed me heartily, complained bitterly of having been left without anyone for several months, and said that there was a tremendous amount of back work to be done. He showed me over the three rooms that composed the chancery—mind you, no one in the diplomatic service ever speaks of the offices in any other way—and pointed out the desk where, to all appearances, he expected me to begin to catch up on the back work immediately. I was determined to make a good impression, and began work at once, for I had been told in Washington that the chargé d'affaires was considered one of the most capable secretaries in the service and that he would be of unusual help to me in starting off in diplomacy.

I remember finding his somewhat severe manner rather oppressive at first. After I had taken a seat at the desk he remained there a few moments looking down at me

"Are you going to take diplomacy seriously—or have you just gone in for it to have a good time?" he asked without the least hint of a smile. "I put the question seriously, because so many men think it is only a sort of continuous tea party. I might as well tell you at the beginning that I look on it as one of the most serious and responsible and interesting professions an American can follow. I hope you will agree with me."

I glanced out of the window at the dreary patio on which my room gave, and thought that there was nothing suggestive in those surroundings of a continuous tea party—far from it. Then I looked back at my very serious companion.

"Suppose I let you judge what I think of diplomacy by the way I do the work assigned me. Wouldn't that be the best answer?"

There Was Much About the Scene That Was Suggestive of the Real Heart of Havana

Office Work

I HAVE often been asked what a secretary in the diplomatic service does, what his work is like, what sort of matters he has to handle. My work that first day appears to answer some of these questions. My room was furnished with a desk, two chairs, and rows and rows of cabinets that contained old legation files of correspondence. The more recent and important documents were kept in safes. The work that was given me to do was the indexing and filing of the correspondence of the past month.

Nothing could have given me more opportunity to find out at once what the business of a legation was. There were large ledgers in which to record incoming instructions—all communications from the State Department are called instructions; those from the legation to the department, dispatches. Each is given a number, the date showing when it was received is stamped on it, and then an index number is also affixed which shows under which subject it is to be filed. After this record is made the letter is placed in a *dossier*—a French word which signifies jacket—which contains all the correspondence relating to that subject.

I saw at once that there was work enough to keep me occupied for many weeks, for as I indexed the correspondence I read it and thus became familiar with many subjects. And there were constant interruptions. I soon found out that the work was entirely different from any office routine that I had known at home. It is much more diversified and the personal element is constantly creeping in. A great number of traveling Americans look on a legation as a sort of tourist bureau. They come in all the time to ask about the hours trains leave, how much they ought to pay at the hotel and whether this place and another one are considered healthy at that season. Almost every day a passport has to be renewed or a visa given. Then there are numerous cases of people getting in trouble, losing their money and falling into all sorts of difficulties, some even going so far as to have themselves locked up in prison for neglecting to observe obvious laws of

(Continued on Page 61)

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 3, 1923

A Daily Dozen for Legislators

GIFFORD PINCHOT'S first weeks as governor of Pennsylvania have brought a slight flush of returning health to the taxpaying or earning part of the population, and there is now some hope that it may put on a little flesh during his administration. At the same time there is despondency and that dragging-down sensation among the tax raising or spending contingent, for the governor has recommended a daily dozen for the departments and requested the legislature to provide less greasy and fat producing provender for them. In short, this Muldoon of governors has begun his administration by finding out about what the income of the state will be and by drawing up a budget under which it can live within its income.

Long live Governor Pinchot, if that is his idea of governing, and may his tribe increase! Many legislators will howl like curly wolves over this outrage, and refuse to do their daily dozen; but the governor has at least prescribed the proper regimen. It is a prescription that is needed by the whole country. It is time to call a halt and an about-face on all these free-taxing, easy-spending gentlemen who are so tirelessly increasing old and searching out new sources of taxation.

A progressive program of confiscation is operating in America under the guise of taxation. Increasing burdens are being added year by year to real estate, to productive capital and wages. Slacker wealth alone is escaping, hiding in the tax-exempts provided by these same legislators. Much of this money is wisely spent, much of it is wasted in worse than unnecessary extensions of government powers and in foolish paternalistic schemes, and some of it goes up in smoke between jealous and rival departments.

Everyone who has had experience in private business knows how every new department that is started tries to magnify its importance and to increase its personnel. In government there is the same tendency, a hundredfold stronger. Swelled head and swelled expenses are quickly deflated in private business. If the boss overlooks them competition does not. But in government the heads and the expenses have a tendency to keep right on swelling.

At this time every executive, city, state or national, who has the will to check the tax raising and the hell raising that have been going on is a great asset to the country. We have been talking of dollars as if they were rubles and spending them as if they were marks. Wasteful executives with the current spending mania and half-baked legislators with a passion for fool laws can easily give us a nice start toward Russian and German conditions. So we welcome the signs of sanity in spending that Governor Pinchot is exhibiting, and we are hopeful of corresponding common sense in his recommendations for legislation.

A fool legislature and the taxpayers' money are soon parted.

Whose the Blame?

THE relation between employer and employe has been gradually modified as the result of education, legislation and agitation. The mere ability to employ workingmen or clerks is not in itself a certain proof of beneficence of character and intention. Labor maintains that the employer or capitalist does not give work, and that the workingman who performs his duty well need return no thanks for what he has earned. Certainly the tendency is away from condescension on the employer's part, from any attitude of lordly satisfaction in the mere fact of his own existence.

But social well-being suffers just as much from the attitude of many employes, who act as if a favor were being conferred upon a company by remaining in its service. Power and wealth are supposed to breed arrogance, but inflated, mistaken pride extends all the way down. Anyone who has worked in any kind of organization knows that boastfulness, conceit and a generally swelled ego are not confined to the manager's office. If all the time wasted by subordinates in telling their fellows what they would do if they were the bosses could be devoted to hard work, many a concern would show a stronger balance sheet at the end of the year.

So many men are enemies of everything but their own defects. Failure or a lack of marked success is blamed on others. In some parts of the world it is quite profitable to lay it all off on the other fellow. In one country where revolutions are common a bandit chief rode up to a town and begged permission to recruit within its borders.

"But are you not in favor of General Blanko?" asked the headman, referring to the then president or dictator of the republic.

"Yes, I think he's the greatest man who ever lived," replied the rebel, "but I'm against the government."

Whereupon with loud shouts the villagers joined his banner.

But in an industrial and commercial world this attitude does not get men far. It is what employes are for, not what they are against, that opens the doors of opportunity. It is the positive, constructive, affirmative attitude of mind that alone carries the worker forward. It is the man who takes hold, who builds, who steps in where he is needed, that wins the coveted promotion, never the critic and faultfinder.

Young men constantly praise their own individual qualifications, and in the same breath cry because they have no opportunities. We blame others for not giving us more opportunity. But if we cry out our grievances until the end of time it does not change the fact that man's only mainspring is within, not outside.

Another Record Broken

THE competitive spirit of America takes delight in making new records. As a people we made a new statistical record in 1922. We ate more than 100 pounds of sugar per person. The exact figure is apparently about 103 pounds. The highest previous record was less than 90 pounds. The nation in 1921 consumed practically 4,100,000 tons, in 1922 roughly 5,100,000 tons, an increase of more than 20 per cent. Certainly we have a sweet tooth. The full meaning of our sugar consumption is grasped when we recall that we have a pound of sugar for each two pounds of flour.

What is the cause of this? Many will say prohibition. In the direct sense, this can hardly be true. The toper does not run to sugar when he fails to get whisky. But in the indirect sense, prohibition may have contributed to the high sugar consumption. When the man of the family cannot spend his earnings on booze there is more money for the family, and quite likely some of it goes for sugar, just as some of it goes for shoes.

The real explanation must lie largely in price. Sugar has been cheap; compared with other foods, one of the cheapest. It is clean, portable, nonperishable and uniform in quality. Sugar lends itself to a thousand uses in the kitchen and on the table. A huge public trade in eating and drinking revolves about sugar. We like it, it is cheap—and two and two make four.

Incidentally, the consumption of sugar does not seem to have been retarded by the tariff on sugar. More than half the sugar came from Cuba. If we had free trade in sugar, how much would we eat?

How to Lose Money

A VERY pretty little argument is put up by the friends of Wall Street to show that the chances of losing money in the stock market are not so much if any greater than in the business world at large. If anything, the trying industrial, commercial and agricultural experiences of the last few years would appear to bolster their line of talk. The stock exchange at least presents a fairly continuous market for many if not most of the securities listed there. Most such stocks can be sold at a price and the debt liquidated, whereas there are times when such basic commodities as cotton, cattle, apples, potatoes and a thousand others can hardly be disposed of at all and the banks alone are able to carry the load.

The stock market in Wall Street is certainly not the only place where money is lost in large sums. Real estate, unlisted oil and mining stocks, mines in toto, manufacturing, export trade, retailing, and every known variety of agriculture take an appalling toll from the income and capital of those who enterprise. But in one important respect the organized Wall Street stock market is the premier instrument for losing money, or at least it shares this superiority with the larger grain and cotton exchanges. It reigns supreme in the apparent lure that it holds out to those who have already accumulated a competence and have attained a fair measure of success in other lines.

The little fellow, the man with a few hundred or at most a few thousand dollars and with no great measure of business prestige or reputation, falls more often probably for an ill-advised homestead or farming venture and for swindling oil and mining stocks, which are wholly unrelated to the market. But the man who has made anywhere from twenty-five to a couple of hundred thousand dollars in a garage or a commission firm or a haberdashery store or any other business enterprise is the real victim of Wall Street.

The man who has made a moderate commercial success by the time he is thirty-five or forty or forty-five yearns as a rule for larger fields to conquer. Unremitting toil, combined with good fortune in the location of his store, has favored him. He tries his hand at the big financial game, and far too often they take away from him the results of toil. Such a type of man cannot be protected by district attorneys, newspaper investment departments or benevolent government functionaries. He is no widow or orphan. He must obtain his education at first hand.

The friends of Wall Street say that the same amount of toil, study and judgment that was put into the garage, commission business or haberdashery store would produce an equally fair return in the market. There are no statistics or data to prove or disprove their statement. The obvious and undeniable fact is that the successful man, so called, who takes a considerable flyer in Wall Street and loses the savings of twenty years, does not want to work. It is inconceivable that the same slow, painful methods that win in other fields would not in many instances at least succeed in stock speculation. Those who try their hand at that particular game, however, are there to beat it, not to work.

If there should be a sudden influx into the stock market of men determined to operate with the same patience and energy that they put into a paper factory or a seed store, then we might test the assertions of those who argue that there are even surer ways of losing money. Meanwhile one fact alone is certain: the crop of come-ons shows no signs of diminishing.

Helping the Man on the Job

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THIS article is built around and in the main depends upon the ideas, which through his efforts large numbers of men have put into practice, of John A. Stevenson, formerly director of the School of Life Insurance Salesmanship, Carnegie Institute of Technology, at Pittsburgh, and now a vice president of one of the large life-insurance companies. But though salesmanship has been the field where these ideas and their application have been tried out on the largest scale, they can hardly be inherently sound unless they apply to other types of workers as well, and unless other workers can see where they come in on them.

To plunge into the heart of the subject without further introduction, it may be said that Mr. Stevenson starts with the idea that the essence of every job consists of its difficulties, and his effort is to furnish the man on the job an actual procedure for overcoming these difficulties. One may use other words, such as "problems," or "obstacles," but it is hard to improve on "difficulties," for that is something all men understand and almost daily encounter in their work.

A bank clerk's difficulties may be largely in getting coöperation with his supervisor. A salesman's difficulties may be in getting in to see the prospect, in running out of something to say or in closing the prospect. A newspaper reporter may have difficulty in interviewing the man he is sent to see, or in expressing himself tersely and grammatically after he has secured the interview. The manager of a plant may have his greatest difficulty in keeping his men loyal, cheerful and industrious. There is one feature about his work that every man knows and is able to talk about fluently—namely, the difficulties involved.

The Way to Get Ahead

IT MAY be hard to say exactly what a salesman does, or a bank president, or the owner of a garage, or a hotel clerk, or a farmer. But there is nothing very hard in finding out what they are up against, what their difficulties are. Talk to anyone, and he will tell you what his problems and obstacles are. As Mr. Stevenson says:

"Every job has its difficulties. If it didn't it wouldn't be a job. It is not created or filled on the basis of how easy it is. The extreme difficulties are the essence of it. Lots of people can do the easy, mechanical, routine parts of a job. Naturally, the big opportunities lie in solving the difficulties. The way to success is not to dodge them, but to hunt them up. If there are no problems in your job you had better resign and find a place where there are some.

"If a man finds everything in his work easy, if he finds it a cinch, I should say either that he is so efficient that he doesn't need any help or else he is working far below his real capacity. There are people who say they have no difficulties, but the employer would tell you that these workers are unable to distinguish between what is important and what isn't. Such people are often described as careless and without judgment.

"The way to win promotion is to arrive at the solutions of one's difficulties as soon as possible. When that is done a man is free to think about other things, and that is the quick way upward. So many employes duck the unusual features of a job. When they first start in they quickly absorb the easy portion and then flounder when they come to the hard part.

"I priced two garments in a store, one for thirty dollars and one for forty. The one for thirty dollars really looked better, and so, naturally, I asked the clerk why there was such a difference in price. She said she didn't know. I asked her if it was because the design or quality in the higher-priced garment was better. She said she supposed it was, but when asked why, replied that it must be because the price was higher. I told her if she could give me a single reason for buying the more expensive garment I would take it, but she couldn't, and thus lost a commission on ten dollars of extra sale.

"Many salesmen and clerks get beyond their depth very quickly, and of course some of them resort to hot-air spieling to help them out. Yet the very essence of their jobs is these difficulties which they encounter all the time, without attempting to solve them and even without noticing that they exist.

"On another occasion I was buying a pair of trousers and when it appeared that they were too long, I asked if it would not spoil the fit to cut them off. 'We don't cut trousers off with an ax,' was the clerk's reply. Many people pass over a dozen opportunities a day to improve themselves on their jobs without a single dent being made in them.

"So many workers have no systematic way of attacking difficulties. If they did they wouldn't flounder like the girl who didn't know the difference between the two garments or the man who couldn't answer a simple question without being rude. They simply don't give any consideration to the problems involved in their work.

"Yet the higher the job the more difficulties there are to be encountered, and the fewer are the people who can overcome them. One position is rated higher than another because the problems are more intricate and require more ability to solve. The difficulties are more accentuated than in the easy job. There are more of them, or at least they are harder than in the positions below."

All right, you will say, this is interesting enough, but what of it? Some people just naturally have the initiative to overcome the difficulties that stand in the way of being successful waiters, glove salesmen, bank presidents, or anything else, and others have not.

No, this is certainly not the place to leave the subject, not by any means. It is primarily an actual procedure for overcoming difficulties that is wanted, not a mere statement that people who do overcome them are the ones who get ahead.

Mr. Stevenson gets at such a procedure by asking how a person learns to do anything. How do men learn to sell life insurance or silk stockings, or how do they learn to run an office? The commonest method, of course, is by trial and error. It is long and laborious, and the mortality is frightfully high. Most employes enter business in this fashion, finding their way as best they can.

Systematic Training

"THE next stage was when some bright chap came along and said, 'Why not train employes?' Suppose the idea was to train bank clerks. What did they do? They gave a course in banking, and another in economics, and so on. The courses were jammed full of information, all right, but mostly they had nothing to do with the subject. The course was probably taught by a professor who had never done the work of a bank clerk and he used as the content of his teaching a book written by another professor who had hardly ever been in a bank.

"Possibly nine-tenths of all salesmen today are untrained. They are employed and sent out on the trial-and-error method. The next higher step is a general course in the principles of salesmanship, which does not get down to the specific difficulties of selling the particular article. In some cases the salesmen are taken around to shake hands with the vice presidents of the company, and then the sales manager gives them a general hot-air exposition.

"Training courses probably raise the general intelligence of the students a little. It makes them more versatile.

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Song of the Wilderness

WE'LL go out to the open spaces,
Break the web of the morning mist,
Feel the wind on our unflung faces.
[This, of course, is if you insist.]
We'll go out in the golden season,
Brave-eyed, gaze at the sun o'erhead.
[Can't you listen, my love, to reason?
Don't you know that my nose gets red?]
Where the water falls, always louder,
Deep we'll dive, in the chuckling foam.
[I'll go big without rouge and powder!
Why on earth don't you leave me home?]

We'll go out where the winds go playing,
Roam the ways of the brilliant West.
[I was never designed for straying;
In a taxi I'm at my best.]
Minds blown clean of the thoughts that rankle,
Far we'll stray where the grasses swirl.
[I'll be certain to turn my ankle;
Can't you dig up another girl?]
We'll go out where the light comes falling—
Bars of amber and rose and green.
[Go, my love, if the West is calling!
Leave me home with a magazine.]

—Dorothy Parker.

First Dog—"He Hath a Worried Look"
Second Dog—"Sh-h-h! Don't Dare Say Watchful Waiting"

Macbeth

As Eugene O'Neill Might Have Written It

THE scene is in the front room of NELL MACBETH'S *Sailors' Lodging House near the water front. The room is squalid and dingy. A few battered chairs and a dilapidated table constitute all the furniture. A candle stuck in an empty whisky bottle on the table sheds its gloomy rays about the place.*

NELL MACBETH *is a big red-haired slatternly woman of about forty. She is seated at the table, and in her hand she grasps a half-filled bottle of whisky.* BILL MACBETH, *her husband, is a small, insignificant little runt. He has thin, unkempt sandy hair, and bleary, watery blue eyes. He is walking nervously about the room.*

EZRA DUNCAN, *a sea captain, has just gone upstairs to bed before the curtain rises. While paying* NELL *for some liquor he had incautiously exhibited a large roll of bills.*

NELL: Them knockout drops oughter be workin' by now.

MACBETH: Looka here, Nell. Why do we have to croak that bird? Can't I just sneak up an' lift his roll?

NELL *(sneeringly):* Cold feet, hey?

MACBETH *(plaintively):* No, I ain't got cold feet no more'n you have. Only looka here, Nell, you know the bulls have been spottin' this house, an' if that there guy croaks we'll be in a fine jam, we will.

NELL *(angrily):* Aw, be a man! You can use his own gat, like I told you, an' stick it in his mitt afterwards so it'll look like he done the dutch. Where's the chances?

MACBETH *(almost in tears):* Yeah! You got swell talkin', you have. I'm the bird what does the dirty work. You ain't takin' no chances, you ain't. I'm the goof what'll get the juice.

NELL *(rising from her seat):* Get me that gat!

MACBETH: Aw, looka here, Nell——

NELL: Get me that gat and I'll do it myself. You'll be glad enough to help spend the money, you dirty little rat. Oh, why didn't I marry a real man instead of a measly little jellyfish!

MACBETH *(frantically):* Gimme a shot o' that. *(Grabs the bottle from her hand and takes a long drink.)* All right, I'll do it. Gawd help me, Nell, I'll do it!

[He runs out of the room. NELL *sits at the table, listening intently. The muffled report of a pistol is heard off stage.* NELL'S *face lights up triumphantly. She raises the bottle to her lips and drains it to the last drop. As she puts the bottle on the table* MACBETH, *pale as a ghost, creeps into the room. He holds a revolver in his trembling hand.*

MACBETH *(hoarsely):* It's done.

NELL *(grimly):* Good.

MACBETH: He sneezed in his sleep an' I tried to say "Gawd bless you," an' it stuck in me throat. Then I plugged him. *(Whimpering):* Nell, why couldn't I say "Gawd bless you"?

NELL: G'wan, brace up.

MACBETH: It stuck in me throat when I tried to say——

NELL *(seeing the revolver in his hand):* You brung the gat back! For the love o' Mike, what's the big idea?

[Someone knocks violently at the door. NELL *and* MACBETH *stare at each other in fright.*

MACBETH *(terrified):* My Gawd, it's the bulls!

NELL: Shut up, you fool!

MACBETH: S'help me, you put me up to it. I didn't want to do it an' you put me up to it! I'll tell the judge, Nell, s'help me, I will. I knowed when I tried to say "Gawd bless you," an' it stuck——

NELL: Shut up! Gimme that gat an' I'll put it in his hand meself. You beat it upstairs an' get in bed. Quick!

[The knocking continues with increased violence as the curtain falls.

—Newman Levy.

More Memoirs

Memories of Ninety-Five Years. By Lord Fitzcure de Croop, K. C. O., B. P. O. E. London: Bloke & Cooe. 3 Guineas

LORD FITZCURE DE CROOP is now one hundred and ten years old and, like all Englishmen of advanced years, has given his reminiscences to the world. It is needless to remark that this book has been eagerly and anxiously awaited by the public. I myself have frequently noticed gentlemen in the Athenæum and the National Liberal anxiously gnawing their finger nails as they awaited the publication of Lord Fitzcure's memoirs.

It is the record of an extraordinarily full life. By turns soldier, diplomat, explorer, remittance man in the American bush, poet and proprietor of the great Auld Reekie Whiskies, his life is that of the nineteenth century *in petto*. Though winner of the Little Middle Greats Tripos at Oxford, he left the Tripos in his chambers in the Old Bailey and, buying a captaincy in the Coldwater Guards, went out to Swobodaland.

He tells an interesting story of the planting of the English flag in Swobodaland. At that time the partisans of the Mudwallah were instigating riots in the city, which resulted in the injury of several natives. To restore order the admiral of the British Fleet opened fire on the city. After three days' bombardment order was completely restored, "as there were no natives left," says Lord Fitzcure whimsically. It speaks well for the efficiency of the British garrison that has since occupied the country that their prompt punitive measures have kept the country peaceful and loyal.

The book abounds in good stories: How Margot Asquith, on being presented at court, stuck out her tongue at Queen Victoria; how Gladstone was hooted out of the House of Commons on confusing the dative with the ablative in a quotation from Tibullus; how the M. F. H. of Lord Everbroke's pack gave the view-halloo when he should have cried "Yoicks! Yoicks!"; how the author won his bride by laying at her feet the largest hippopotamus head in the world.

Instances of the author's own irresistible wit are numerous. Let him speak for himself: "When Mark Twain was visiting England, he said to me: 'Is any more recent philosopher the equal of Plato?' Quick as a flash I replied, 'Omar Khayyam (Oh, Mark, I am)!' Rather sick at having the palm of wit awarded to another, Mark sank into a chair with a look of pain."

All in all, it is a book to be put beside Cricket Memories of the Forties, Pantries of the Premiers, Random Recollections of a Fashionable Paper Hanger, Tea-Table Tittle Tattle, 1852–53, and the similar volumes which are appearing twice a week. Put it beside them, I say, even if you do have to poke around a good deal among the porch rocking-chairs in the attic.

—Morris Bishop.

Classified Advertisements

Situations Wanted

A BUTLER desires a situation in a Detective Story or Crook Play. Experienced in finding the dead body of his master in the library, as he opens up things at seven A.M. Accustomed to silent flitting in and out of the plot, eavesdropping, hiding behind draperies and, at the psychological moment, presenting himself, with a lighted match at the end of a guest's cigar. Understands the American version of English Butlerian dialect, and looks properly like a bishop.

A Footman and Maid, having half an hour's freedom every evening, desire a position (together) to open Society Farces. Will bring own feather duster and silver (plated) tray.

Ghost. Will go out by the night, waiting on Mediums. Experienced rapper, groaner and chain clanker. Will provide own costumes, luminous or misty, as preferred. References from Sir Conan Lodge and Sir Oliver Doyle.

Short-story Heroine. Ingénue exterior, with sophisticated works. Face of indefinable charm, queer little three-cornered smile, curls at nape of white neck, dimples as desired. Bread-and-Butter white muslin and blue ribbons or vampy Sport Togs, as preferred.

Caveman. Desires situation with wealthy and beautiful young lady. Can coal-heave or pile-drive. Experienced in knocking women down and dragging them round by the hair. Ungroomed, unkempt and uncommon. Gruff-voiced, grimy-faced, with Beaver effects. Object, Matrimony.

Sponge. Wants situation as guest at country house, or will attend occasional dinners in the city. Fond of Grand Opera and dancing. Never talks; possesses a fine appetite and is not a rabid teetotaler. Will sleep at home if desired.

Apartments to Let

Hermetically Sealed Room. Doors locked, windows fastened, no secret passages. Fine for an insoluble murder mystery.

Twin Bedroom. Suitable for modern play. Wicked wicker furniture, languorous lingerie pillows, shaded lights and scented atmosphere. Somewhat worn but very reliable and popular.

Guest Room. Oddly matched furniture. Shaving light, poor. Pleasant tidies and cross-stitch towels. Dinky dresser ornaments and curling-up card with poem, "Sleep sweetly in this quiet room," and so on. Elaborate vacuum set. Pillows hard, reading light missing.

Den. Furnished by a young woman decorator. Pipe racks of monks' heads, smoking stands like street hydrants;

(Continued on Page 87)

For the millions who love Tomato Soup!

Right from the heart of the luscious tomato comes Campbell's Tomato Soup! Just the pure delicious, tonic juices and rich "meat" from the flawless fruit, sun-ripened on the vines! Every tomato is washed five times in crystal-pure running water. Every trace of skin, seed and core fibre is strained out, leaving only the smooth, delightful tomato puree. This is enriched with choice butter and blended and spiced, after our own exclusive recipe, to as tempting a tomato soup as ever was placed upon a dining table! Just taste it!

12 cents a can

OLD SHARLEY

(Continued from Page 17)

Kindly Light. He had endured much in that ship, for she was to carry him home. Now his bitterly earned wages were dwindling grievously in his daily rounds of tall ships which never had a vacant bunk for an old man whose very smile of pleading only gave the impression of sheer senility. Two ships signed on one day as he hung about the shipping office, one bound for Liverpool, the other to San Francisco.

"Hey, you old mossback, you want to ship?" a red-faced mate accosted him.

Sharley's heart leaped hopefully. It must be the Liverpool ship.

"I want to ship for home, sir," he grinned.

"Sure. Able seaman? Discharges?" The mate was businesslike.

"Where's she bound?" demanded Sharley, showing uncommon caution for an outward-bound sailorman. Her name mattered not at all. Whither bound mattered everything. The mate glared at the curious old shellback.

"Partic'ler, ain't you?" he snapped. "Frisco."

Sharley licked his dry lips and thought of his vanishing cash.

"I want to ship for home," he muttered, and turned away from the desk.

He gazed wistfully at the newly signed crew of the big Liverpool clipper. Young, able, alert they looked. Their officers were young and neatly dressed. He thought of asking one of the hands to swap his chance for the Frisco skysail-yarder, until he remembered some of the rebuffs he had received from just such young well-dressed officers as those.

"'Tain't sailormen they wants no more; it's boys," he grumbled.

He wandered by the wharves again until dark. Out in the stream he could see those two big ships lying ready for sea—the Liverpool ship and the Frisco skysail-yarder; and right at the end of the quay another vessel, a little bark with painted ports, had cast off most of her shore fasts and seemed to wait for the tug. He drifted towards her. He saw the name on her stern. He turned hurriedly away.

"Back yer mainyard, Sharley!" he grinned bitterly. "You don't want to go no China v'yage!"

He knew that small bark. The Manxman hardly ever went home. She was a tramp in truth, plying to ports that other ships passed by; anywhere for a cargo.

Darkness reminded him that he had eaten nothing since morning, and he filled up frugally on tea and cold mutton at a small eating house. After that there was nothing left to do but to sleep the long night through in his bare lodging. But as he passed down the dim street he heard singing and saw a stream of light issuing from a half shut door. A southerly buster had been blowing, and the air was chilly.

"I don't care where they bury me
Swing those gates ajar!
Whether on the land or in the sea—
Swing those gates ajar!

"Swing them open, angels, swing them wide and far;
The bells do ring, and the angels sing,
Swing those gates ajar.
Swing them open, angels, swing them wide and far;
The bells do ring, and the angels sing,
Oh, swing those gates ajar!"

The voices rolled out in good lusty fashion. Sharley peeped in curiously. Then he experienced a new sensation. He walked into the Foreign Seamen's Mission.

A pallid young man standing on a foot-high platform held a book in one hand and beat time with the other, while his mixed congregation howled gleefully. Right in front sat half a dozen glossy negroes, and they sang with every fiber of their big bodies. Even the kinks of their wool seemed imbued with the rhythm of music. Old Sharley grinned. This was all very far from anything he had ever been used to. The pallid leader, without missing a beat of his time-keeping, stopped singing long enough to nod at Sharley and say "Sit down, brother," and Sharley cautiously edged towards a seat. His neighbor sat huddled up, with coat collar high and cap pulled down. As Sharley sat, a voice vibrant with nervousness issued from the cap and collar.

"'Strewth! If it ain't old Sharley! Here, let's mizzle outa here!"

The dirty face of young Skimps showed itself, but only for a brief instant. Without waiting for a reply Skimps got up, gripped Sharley's arm and hurried to the door.

"We are going to serve free coffee in five minutes, brothers!" cried the leader, beating time furiously to bring back the wandering attention of his flock, who were turning to watch the departing pair.

"Come on!" snapped Skimps, and dragged Sharley outside.

When he slowed down, old Sharley was breathless. He found himself in the back room of a pub, with a big glass of beer in his hand, before he really knew how it had all happened. Then he saw that the dirty face of young Skimps wore a worried look.

"'Strewth! but I'm glad to see you!" breathed Skimps, wiping the froth from his lips with his greasy cap.

Old Sharley's wits had gone too far afield to be recalled by one glass of beer. He let Skimps chatter on.

"Every face I've seen today looks like it was hungry after my liver an' lights!" vowed Skimps. His eye kept glancing to the door. His entire appearance was furtive, fearful. "Say, old Sharley"—he leaned nearer—"I got hunk wiv him! I did, no error, Sharley! You know who I mean, don't cha? That bloody second mate o' the Kindly Light. I copped him in Argyll Cut. Drunk, he was. Singin' like a bloomin' lark. I dropped on him as he come through the arch, and if he ain't singin' wiv the angels now it ain't my fault. Have a drink, old Sharley. Have a drop o' whisky. I got money, I have. The son of a swab booted me, beat me up, worked me out wivout no wages. Ain't I got a right to his bleedin' pocketbook? Come on, and have a snort o' steam. Hey, miss!"

Instead of the barmaid a man came in for the order. As he went out another man glanced into the room, and turned back. The whisky warmed old Sharley, loosened his tongue, made him laugh and chatter as he had not done for a long time. And Skimps was as pleased as if he had suddenly found untold riches. His furtiveness vanished; he bought drinks again, never caring, if he noticed, that old Sharley cannily kept his pocket tight.

Again somebody looked in. Skimps called to whoever it was to come in and have something. He never bothered to turn to look. But the stranger turned back again. Presently the barman entered with drinks on a tray, and set them on the table.

"A bloke outside says to have a drink on him. He's treating the house."

"A'right," muttered Skimps. "Tell him to come an' have a drink wiv us."

"He's coming in soon's he's given all hands a drink," said the barman. "Drink up, and I'll tell him."

"Tell him 'here'sh luck' hic!" mumbled old Sharley, and swigged down his whisky.

Old Sharley never knew how it all came about. He simply came to his senses with a wet rope in his fist on the dark deck of a ship, staring into the blackness at the lights of a circling tugboat speeding shorewards. From the sounds around him he knew the ship was making sail. From other sounds he shrewdly guessed that the ship was worked by five mates. If he had doubted, the fist that suddenly landed between his shoulders would have satisfied him.

"You sleeping on your feet?" growled the owner of the fist. "Haul that line in!"

"I ain't signed in this ship—" old Sharley began dazedly.

"You giving me slack, you old stiff?"

"No, sir! I ain't givin' no slack, sir!"

Sharley hauled manfully. A bent figure in front of him, hauling too, spoke backwards over his shoulder.

"'Strewth! You here too? How'd we get aboard this packet? Ow, me heart!" Young Skimps apparently found something amusing in the situation, after all, for he laughed presently. "This is all to the merry, ain't it? D'ye mind what I told you, Sharley? Well, I been scared to try for a ship since, 'cause I guessed the gangways would be watched. And here I am, all cushy, bound out wivout any trouble at all. Wonder what packet she is."

Back in the waist men stood at topgallant halyards waiting for the word. Then a lusty voice started a chanteyy:

"Ah doan' keer whar dey bury me ——"

And the chorus was like the roaring of bulls for volume:

"Swing dem gates ajah!"

Again the chanteyman:

"Whedder on de lan' or in de se-ea—
Swing dem gates ajah!"

"Sharley! Them's that crowd o' big niggers that was singin' at the mission!" cried Skimps, dragging the eye of the towrope through the fairlead and dumping it on the coil. "'Trewth! This suits me like rum in me cawfee!"

"Ho, swing dem open, angels," bellowed the chanteyman, "swing dem wide an' fah!"

"Suits you?" shivered Sharley, all sorts of fears assailing him. He knew, speaking for himself, it was not so simple a matter to find a ship that suited. "Where's she goin' then?"

"Don't you know this here bark? The Manxman? Sure you ——"

"It ain't!" cried Sharley passionately. "Manxman is bound for China. I ain't going there!"

Out of the gloom appeared the owner of the fist again. He owned two fists now. One each hammered old Sharley and young Skimps until they tumbled headlong down the forecastle head ladder onto the main deck; and the owner, doubtless the chief mate, finished with his boots what his hands had begun.

"Pair o' soldiers, are you?" he growled as he kicked and punched. "Old Stiff and young Slippery! Up with you! Loose the fore and main royals, and overhaul and stop the gear as you come down. I'll talk to you further when I get you into my watch!"

Old Sharley labored up the fore rigging in near panic. The vile stuff he had drunk still tasted like grave dust in his mouth. The hammering he had just received ached through his old bones. But the fact that he was bound for China stung him to the quick, stifled his breathing, clutched at his heart and filled his brain with ice. Skimps was jubilant because getting shanghaied had solved his problem of escape from the consequences of his assault upon the erstwhile second mate of the sunken Kindly Light. To old Sharley it meant only the shattering of his absorbing hope. The Manxman might have good mates or bad. She might be a hungry ship or a good feeding ship. She might be an easy ship or a hell ship. She was the Manxman, and the Manxman was China bound.

From the lofty perch of the fore-royal yard he scanned the darkened seas and the distant loom of the land. He looked wistfully at the vanishing light of the tug. If he had only come to his senses five minutes earlier! But he had not. He——

"Fore-royal! Gone to sleep up there?" came the angry hail from below.

He hurriedly cast off the last turn of the gasket.

"Sheet home fore-royal!" he quavered.

The sail was sheeted home, the halyards manned on deck, and he snatched desperately at the gear as the yard began to jerk aloft. Then, still half dazed, he started down; and at the topgallant yard he lingered again, for something had entered his field of vision. Right astern, and not very distant, two tall ships were casting off from their towboats. He saw their topsails as they swung across the stars. Tall ships they were in truth; skysail-yarders both, and he remembered them. One was Frisco bound. One was a Liverpool clipper. He thought his dimming old eyes could even pick out the slight differences in them and decide which was which. He gazed longingly.

"Fore-royal there! D'ye want me to come up after you?"

The threat came up from the noisy mate, floating upwards across the shadowy spaces of the murmuring sails like the croak of a crow through the song of thrushes. Old Sharley silently defied the raucous one. He was fascinated by a desperate thought that persisted in whispering at his brain. Those two tall ships astern were certainly much speedier than the little bark. They would hold the same course for a while. Soon they would creep up quite near.

The rigging shook. Somebody was coming up for him. Old Sharley clambered down, shivering with excitement. A brutal fist hit him on the ear, knocking him from the sheer pole to the deck. He uttered no sound. A heavy boot kicked him in the side, felling him again. He heard vaguely that somebody was calling him hard names. He only partly felt the blows. The curses passed over him like empty wind. His fuddled wits were beginning to work on his problem; his body automatically made the motions that presently gained him respite from the mate's abuse. As he turned up the gear and hung the coils he peered across the waters down the bark's wake. Aft he knew something else was happening. The voices of negroes filled the decks with musical tones; through them could be heard the pleading of a white man, the sound of savage laughter, the thud of blows.

Old Sharley shuddered. He edged towards the forward house. There was a big ring life buoy on a hook. For one brief moment he stood alone in a space of deck. On the other side of the house the negroes still sang that lilting song of the mission. They had already adapted it to chantey purposes. Now they carried it along out of sheer love of song:

"Swing dem open, angels, swing dem wide an' fah;
De bells do ring, de angels sing, swing dem gates aja-ah!
Swing dem open, angels, swing dem wide an' fah;
De bells do ring, de angels si-hing—Ho, swing dem gates ajah!"

Old Sharley gulped as a shivery suggestion came to him out of the motive of the song. But he was desperate. He unhooked the big ring buoy, slipped it over his shoulders, and climbed over the bulwarks into the lee fore chains. Then, with another gulp and something that was as near a prayer as he knew how to utter, he waited until the bark dipped to leeward, and slipped from the platform of the channels into the whispering sea.

"It's home or Fiddler's Green now, Sharley!" he sobbed, and struck off towards the Liverpool ship.

"Ah doan' keer whah dey bury me—
Swing dem gates ajah!
Whedder on de lan' or in de se-hea—
Ho, swing dem gates ajah!"

The sound was pleasingly fainter. But it sounded queer.

"That's a hell of a song t' sing!" Old Sharley shuddered. He tried to make out objects afloat. He could see the Manxman, but that was his idea of nothing to look at. What he sought was a clear glimpse of that tall Liverpool clipper. He fancied he could hear her tumbling bow wave. He stopped swimming. Surely there was a musical splashing of sea near by. But no ship could he see. Something appeared, though. Old Sharley almost sank. A man gripped his life buoy, and a choking voice spluttered in his ear:

"'Strewth! Why didn't I make sure I'd croaked him!"

The old seaman's lips drew back from his grinning teeth in a spasm of horrible mirth. As a meeting, this beat that other chance meeting at the mission all hollow. But old Sharley was so numbed in every faculty by the appalling sequence of devilish ill luck befalling him that he accepted the amazing advent of young Skimps as entirely a matter of fact.

"Croaked who?" he chattered.

"That hell-born second mate! Did he drive you overboard too?"

"No. I ain't goin' to China. I'm goin' home. What second mate, Skimps?"

"Didn't you see him? He spotted me in the dark. The second mate o' the Kindly Light didn't croak, like I thought. He takes more killin' than that. He's second mate o' the Manxman, he is, and 'twuz him as got you an' me shanghaied. Promised to make me jump overboard, he did. I didn't wait for it, Sharley. I see you sneak over, and thought he was after you too. Here! You gone loony?"

Old Sharley was striking out furiously.

"The Liverpool ship!" he gritted, and urged the buoy towards a vast black shadow that stole along like a swift ghost. A twinkling red light gleamed like a ruby in the night. Skimps saw it, too, and helped to urge the life buoy along.

"It ain't no Liverpool ship," he grunted. "Better'n that. It's that bloody big Frisco packet, Henry Clay. She's the only Yankee clipper that ain't hell afloat. Me for ——"

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Hupmobile

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Sharley stopped swimming in panic.

"Hold on!" he growled. "Hold on! I ain't goin' to Frisco! I'm goin' home!"

Skimps stopped swimming too.

"You're crazy," he said, spitting out brine. "The wages is twice as high out o' Frisco."

The tall ship swept silently past, rolling them jovially over in her swell. Her red light passed from sight, her cabin lights came and passed, and her black shadow was merged into the night.

"Come on!" old Sharley gritted again and struck out faster for another dim red light that grew fast out of the shoreward black. Now Skimps saw no need to hurry. He was sulky over letting that ship go. How did they know the other ship would pass near enough to hear them hail?

"Huh! There ain't no rush," he grumbled.

"There ain't no time to lose!" panted Sharley. "Listen!"

The chirrup of brace blocks and the squealing of trusses and parrels told of yards being swung. Voices sang out as men hauled, bracing up the yards as the clipper reached her desired offing and headed up to lay her proper course.

"Holler, Skimps, holler!"

Sharley raised his own rusty old pipes and yelled in desperation. He saw the red light slowly fade as the ship turned her side from him.

"Holler again, Skimps! Holler!"

"Listen," said Skimps, "we'll tell 'em you fell overboard and I come after you, see?"

"Holler!" replied Sharley grimly.

Together they howled. There was a sharp answer. The tall ship's red light slowly swung back into view. Other voices hailed. They answered. Lines flew out from the rail as they entered the radius of light cast by a dangling ship's lantern.

"Soon be home now, Sharley," the old wanderer chattered as he waited, dripping and shivering, on the clipper's wide deck. The skipper wanted to see the castaways as soon as he had his ship back on her interrupted course.

"Lay aft, you two!" shouted an officer when the ship was steadied.

Old Sharley pricked up his ears fearfully. That was not the voice of a Liverpool mate! He stumbled up the poop ladder in the wake of the jubilant Skimps. And as he passed the bucket rack to meet the captain a gleam from the companionway lamp touched the enscrolled name on a varnished wooden bucket:

HENRY CLAY—SAN FRANCISCO

As he had found himself on board the Manxman without knowledge of how it came about, so old Sharley came to full awakening in the forecastle of the Henry Clay, Frisco bound. He knew nothing of the interview with the captain. It remained for Skimps to tell him all about that. Skimps sat on a sea chest in a spotless forecastle, holding forth to a circle of clean-looking seamen who were as different as possible from the seamen of that other Frisco clipper, Kindly Light. There was not a black eye, a broken nose or a beaten expression among the crowd.

"So th' mate kicked old Sharley off th' sheer pole, an' he fell overboard," Skimps was saying, puffing on a borrowed pipe with full relish. "We wuz mates, y' see, so wot c'd I do? I come after him —— Hullo, old socks!" he suddenly broke off his yarn to hail Sharley, who was fully awake and on his feet. "You woke up at last, hey? Ain't that right, Sharley? I come after you, didn't I?"

"Sure you did," grinned old Sharley weakly. He gazed at the crowd, a light of half hope in his rheumed old eyes. These men didn't look like the crew of a Yankee hell ship. The hope leaped to full flame. He must have been mistaken about that name on the bucket rack. This must be the tall Liverpool clipper.

"An' when we git to Frisco ——" Skimps rattled on.

Old Sharley sat heavily on a bunk edge and the life went out of his face.

When the watch below were asleep young Skimps crept over to Sharley and told him the rest in joyous murmurings.

"She's a flash packet, all right, Sharley, and she's a new kind. See how clean she is? Don't see no busted snoots on the crew, do you? Run by discipline, she is, Sharley, an' th' skipper an' mates is genelmun, 'stid o' hard nuts. We're to go on pay tomorrer if we sez so. Or we can go shipwrecked mariners, jest as we've a mind. Chips is to put us up a bunk apiece too. I tell y', old Sharley, I'm goin' passenger! I had some hash while you wuz woozy. Some hash! Say, wot wuz wrong wiv y', aft there? Th' old man sed you looked half dotty. Soon's we git to Frisco ——"

Old Sharley stumbled on deck, muttering incoherently. Skimps rolled up in a borrowed blanket beside the heel of the bowsprit and went to sleep, fully satisfied that the skipper had been right.

Neither old Sharley nor Skimps went passenger, after all. The prospect of taking up wages decided them. Old Sharley accepted his lot with seeming resignation, and worked steadily and well in his watch. He gave no sign that he noticed any difference between his treatment aboard the Henry Clay and that meted out aboard the Kindly Light. He wore a perpetual grin. The men thought him a queer old fellow; always grinning. When the watch hung to lifelines about the mainmast in a screaming gale that filled the big ship's deep waist with vicious deadly seas old Sharley's grin was a thing to see.

"Guts, he's got, you betcha!" the boson told Chips. "I see the ol' fish up to his durn neck in a sea, wit' two men tryin' to drag him overboard wit' 'em, an' grinnin' all the time. Guts? I'll tell the world!"

Sharley's grin was a thing to wonder at, too, whenever he fixed his glance upon young Skimps. It was the grin that may be seen on the face of a plucky child of poverty when he gets a broken German whistle from the Sunday-school Christmas tree and sees the rich man's kid carry off a fifty-dollar train of cars.

It was piteous. And Skimps tried to capitalize it.

"Like a father to me, th' old boy is," he bragged. "'Course I saved his life, I s'pose, but, 'strewth! he goes th' limit, he do. See how he grins every time he sees me? Grateful, I calls it."

If he had ever thought of that moment in the water when his hasty assurance changed their course from the Liverpool ship to the Henry Clay he had given it no more than passing thought, and had long forgotten it. So far as Skimps was concerned, old Sharley ought to have forgotten it also.

What degree of forgetfulness old Sharley arrived at nobody knew. As the ship sped across the Pacific through fair weather and foul, making speed like the clipper she was, work going on in unheard-of harmony, the old chap at least outwardly showed that he had resigned himself to his fate. He had, in fact, made up his mind that it was inevitable that he must ship again from San Francisco. After that decision was made his natural pride as a fine seaman urged him to give of his best to the ship. And that best was very good. He was selected for many a bit of fine sailorizing by the mates. His Turk's headed and pointed manropes on the poop ladders were a thing of pride to the Henry Clay's skipper long after old Sharley had ceased to answer to his name at watch muster. There was a broken steel-wire hawser with one of old Sharley's long splices in it that was used alongside of new ones until the Henry Clay ceased to be a crack clipper.

And he took his part in other things too. In a spell of fine weather, when the lifelines were unrigged, and the dog watches were hours of tobacco-burning, yarn-spinning free-and-easies, young Skimps never waited to be called on for a song.

"Singin', 'Nay, no never—never no more
Will I play th' wild rover; no, never no more!'"

That song was sung until every man in the ship knew just what to expect whenever Skimps opened his codfish mouth. But old Sharley surprised them one fine evening when rain squalls marched along the distant horizons just imminent enough to keep the officers wakeful and the air deliciously cool. Perhaps the inner urge was traceable to a delectable hooker of Santa Cruz rum the skipper had given him not half an hour before, upon completing a pair of amazingly fine sea-chest grommets for him.

"Why don't you sing something lively, Skimps?" old Sharley grinned, edging into the circle on the fore hatch with a well-charred pipe a-burning. The pipe was also a gift of the skipper's. "Them wild-rover ditties isn't fast enough no more."

"That's you, Sharley!" roared the boson, thumping the old chap on the back so that he all but choked on his flavorsome pipe. "Show these young squirts a real song. H'ist yerself, old whale!"

And old Sharley carried the eager listeners round the wide watery world on the wings of a glorious old sea song almost forgotten to the oldest of them:

"At th' Blackwall docks we bid adieu
To Lovely Kate and Saucy Sue;
Our anchor's up, our sails unfurled,
And we're off to plow the watery world.
So sing we're outward bound, me lads,
Hooraw! We're outward bound!"

Through the voyage he carried them in song. And then his song ship was turning homeward. What a ring was in old Sharley's rather quavery voice as he roared out those verses! And what sly humor towards the end!

"And when we're back at Blackwall docks
Th' purty gals come down in flocks.
One to t'other you'll hear 'em say:
'Oh, here comes Jack wi' twelve months' pay!'
For they see you're homeward bound
Hooraw! You're homeward bound!

"But when your money's all gone an' spent,
And none's to be borried, an' none to be lent;
In comes th' landlord wi' a tarrible frown,
Sayin', 'Git up, Jack, let John set down!'
Then you knows you're outward bound ag'in
Hooraw! You're outward bound!"

As if even the ship's work had waited upon the song, the moment old Sharley ceased the second mate shouted the order: "Stand by royal halyards! Lively!"

One of those marching squalls had deviated. It came moaning down the swells, carrying a fringe of white foam, leaning black with menace above. It might pass by. It was near enough to demand notice. One part of the horizon seemed packed with squalls solidly. The second mate watched alertly. The tall ship leaned over, she began to rush through the water, spouts of brine spat in through the scuppers. Still she was in no danger. Then she dipped deeply, the squall shrieked.

"Let go! Clew 'em down!" yelled the officer above the whistling wind; and the three lofty royals sank thunderously.

The skipper came up and glanced around. His glance rested for a while at the point where the squalls seemed packed. There was no apparent danger. He ordered the royals set again. Old Sharley and Skimps pulled next to each other on the halyards.

"'Strewth!" grinned Skimps. "You give that old ditty wotto, didn't you, Sharley? Wot makes y' so chippy of a sudden? Feelin' quite good today, you are. Got a letter frum home?"

"Captain says perhaps the ship goes to Europe next v'yage, and I can stay wit' her if I like," replied old Sharley with utter serenity.

His hopes were reviving. Skimps threw him a grin.

"I betcha there wuz more'n that," he said. "Had some rum, I betcha! Goin' home never made an old grouch sing like you did. How d'ya get it? Come on! I treated you plenty times, Sharley. Wot's th' game? 'Strewth! I'd swap my only undershirt for a hooker o' rum right now!"

"Hey, you Skimps, up wit' you and overhaul that main-royal buntline!" yelled the boson.

Skimps flew to obey. From the lofty perch he commanded a wide view. Sailorlike he rested a moment and scanned the horizon before descending.

And soon his voice hailed: "Sail ho! Wreck, or ship in distress, or somethin'!"

"Where away?" the skipper demanded, getting his glasses.

"'Bout two points on th' lee bow, sir!"

The skipper signed to the helmsman to bear away, then went aloft to see for himself.

Presently he called out as he started to come down: "Clear away a boat. Stand by to go aboard."

The vessel Skimps had sighted soon came into view from the deck. The light was still good, though failing. She was a deep-laden, small square-rigged vessel, a ship or a bark. Only the foremast was standing, and on it the foreyard and double topsail yards jerked at loose braces. Whether the mizzenmast had been that of ship or bark would be seen when they approached near enough to see the chain plates.

"Pretty little hooker, ain't she?" remarked Skimps, sliding down a royal backstay. "Seems a shame to leave a ship adrift that way."

"Don't look in bad trouble to me, she don't," the boson said. He stood by the boat, ready to lower.

"I wonder what she's got into her," another said curiously.

"I wonder where she was bound to," said old Sharley wistfully.

She was near enough now for sailorly eyes to see that she had been bark rigged. She appeared undamaged except for the loss of main and mizzenmasts. Her bulwarks were intact; two pairs of davit tackles hung empty; otherwise she rode buoyantly and free.

"Tumble in, four of you," the second mate ordered as he motioned for the boat to be lowered.

Old Sharley and Skimps, nearest the rail, took oars, and two more followed.

"Take a couple more men, mister," the skipper said. "Might as well bring away anything worth while, since we're losing time over her." The boat shoved off, and he added sharply: "Get a move on too. Don't want to be caught by one of those squalls with you adrift and darkness on us."

The boat hooked on to the raffle of the derelict's main rigging and the men clambered aboard with the curiosity of boys in a strange attic.

"One hand stop and keep a lookout," the second mate ordered, and led the way to a swift search for causes of desertion, spare gear, spare stores, and anything else profitable.

The second mate went to the cabin to look for papers of identity. Two men visited the forecastle. Old Sharley and Skimps lifted a corner of the main hatch, while the other man not looking out entered the galley. The Henry Clay lay to with backed foreyards a mile to leeward.

A yell from the forecastle chimed with the second mate's startled oaths, and officer and seamen burst on deck simultaneously, wide-eyed and excited.

"Plague, by Holy Noah!" gasped the second mate. "The cabin's full of stiffs!"

"Fo'c'sle, too, sir!" echoed a seaman, making for the boat.

"The ship's signaling, sir!" the lookout hailed.

They looked towards her. Her royals were fluttering down; her topgallants started to crumple as they looked. Charging down upon her a succession of squalls whipped the sea to foam. The derelict rose and fell on the fore-running swell.

"She's calling us!" read the second mate.

The men tumbled over the bulwarks. They needed no second invitation to quit a wreck full of corpses. The officer halted them sharply.

"Hold on, boys! No use leaving this hearse floating to be a danger to others. Come with me, a couple of you. We'll set her alight before we go, anyway."

Old Sharley seized Skimps.

"Come on," he said.

"'Strewth! Wot if we ——" Skimps began to protest; old Sharley hauled him to the companionway.

"Carry on. Hurry up!" the second mate cried, pausing to note the ship's situation.

Another signal was flying—the urgent signal. The squall had almost reached the derelict, which lay to windward. Old Sharley and Skimps had gone below.

"Leave her! Get a move on! Come up!" roared the officer. The boat crashed heavily against the side; the men in her were fending her off in a frenzy of fear. Old Sharley appeared, alone.

"Jump, you old fool!" the second mate yelled. Sharley ran towards the boat as a huge swell lifted it with all the entangling wreckage and all but capsized it.

"Shove her off! Get clear! Jump, you darned old ——"

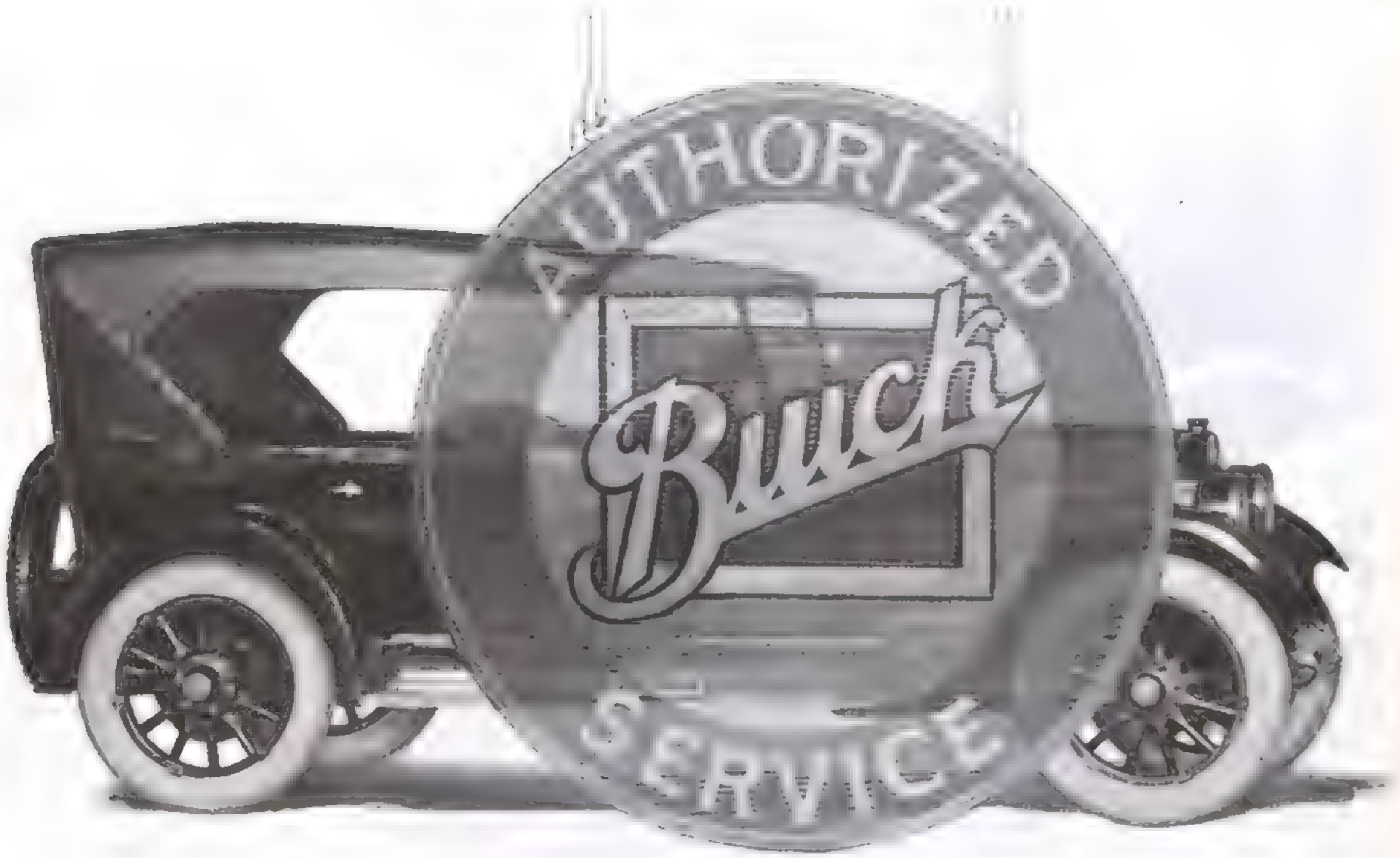
"Hey, Sharley! Old Sharley!" pealed the voice of Skimps from the cabin. Old Sharley ran back, gesturing helplessly to the men in the boat. Then the squall hit down with a roar and a whizz; it swept the boat away from the side and blotted her out in a fury of rain. The Henry Clay heeled over to the blast; then she, too, was hidden in rain and falling night.

Old Sharley stopped short at the companionway doors, staring dumbly after the boat. Then he went to see what had befallen his shipmate, young Skimps, who had yelled to him for help.

Young Skimps had found a bottle half full of brandy in a cabin. He waved it hospitably.

"'Strewth!" he yelled. "Look wot I found! Here, old Sharley, have a snifter! Kill th' plague, this will!"

(Continued on Page 34)



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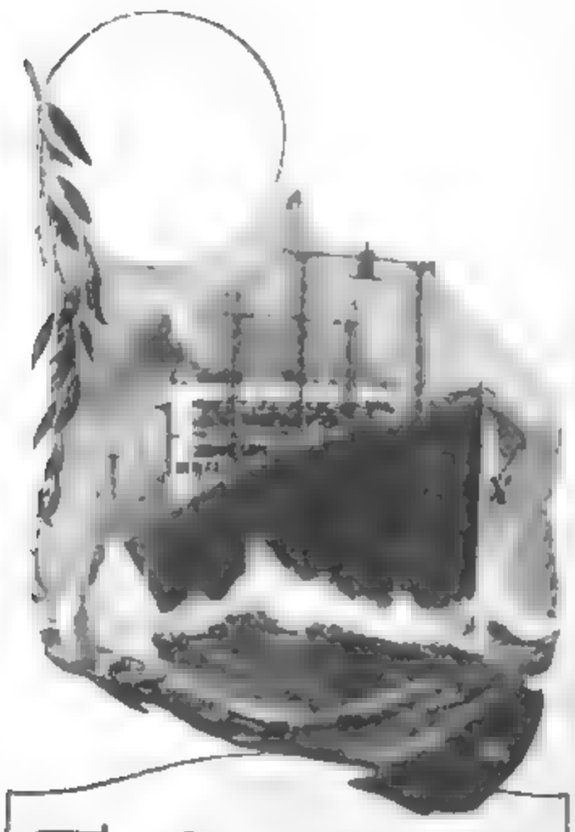

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Old Sharley cursed him; cursed him with the bitterness of accumulated years; cursed him coldly and thoroughly, his ancestors before him and his descendants unto eternity; and stumbled out of the cabin leaving Skimps aghast with open mouth and staring eyes. And corpses rolling on the floor to the rising motion of the bark seemed to grin at him as he went, and to say in dead dumb show: "Homeward bound this time, old Sharley!"

Heedless of the slashing rain and the bite of the wind old Sharley stood on the deckhouse roof gazing into the blackness that had swallowed the Henry Clay. The derelict bark wallowed and plunged unrestrained. The squalls ran into one, grew to a gale, blew with a bitter strength which made the fate of the boat and its crew doubtful, made the possibility of the ship's standing by a decided negative.

He stood there, drenched through and through, for an hour. Seas rose and dropped over the rails on the bark's decks, sullenly, leadenly. Once a blazing star shone through the overhead murk. The flying cloud wrack passing over it and blotting it out had a speed that gave warning of prolonged storm. The old wanderer was scarcely conscious of his surroundings. Rain, sea and wind passed over him unnoticed. He had even forgotten those dead things in the cabin, had forgotten that others lay in the forecastle, that the derelict had been a death trap to her crew. All he knew was that he was there, adrift on a hulk, thousands of miles from home, broke, perhaps doomed to die, to join that dead grinning crew below and sail the cruelly smiling ocean between storms to eternity. And he had so wanted to go home. The storm, the groaning of the bark, the sinister thrashing of the unbraced yards of the foremast meant nothing to him except that they might be the embodiment of the spite of the Fates, laughing at him. And all because of Skimps! Because of Skimps he had got shanghaied into the Manxman; because of Skimps he had let the Liverpool clipper pass by in the night; because of Skimps he had missed getting away in the boat. He had heard a cry, had gone to help, and Skimps only wanted him to drink brandy. Now he was finished. The sea had broken him. Old Sharley would never see that little village snugged away on the steep sides of Hardanger Fjord.

"I been a wild rover for many a year,
An' I spent all me money on wimmen an' lwer!"

Skimps was singing. Old Sharley's troubles meant nothing to him. He had found brandy. What if the gale did swamp the bark? It was snug in the captain's cabin, with the door shut on those rolling corpses, and brandy. Old Sharley saw flashes of red fire stabbing at him before his eyes. Something seemed to explode within him. He hurled himself down the companionway ladder and burst in upon Skimps.

"Here, hic, have a drink, ol' socks!" invited hospitable Skimps.

Old Sharley took the bottle, smashed it against a bulkhead, and then his gnarled old fingers fastened on the throat of the pop-eyed songster. Skimps fought, half sobered by the fear bred of old Sharley's terrible expression. But he was fighting a powerful old man rendered temporarily insane by his shattered dreams. As for old Sharley, he knew nothing except that once again he came to full awakening after a spell of blankness, gripping the rail of the bunk, with Skimps standing before him, humbled and fearful, asking him what he wanted done next.

"I chucked 'em all overboard; every one, I did," Skimps bleated. "I'll git th' plague now. Might's well croak me at once. 'Strewth! You hadn't no right to bust that bottle, Sharley!"

"Go for'ard an' get them other stiffs out o' the fo'c'sle," grinned Sharley evilly. "Ain't no use for two of us to watch it."

"'Strewth! Wot have I ——"

"You goin'?" Old Sharley crouched, with gnarled claws twitching.

Skimps departed, crying.

Old Sharley ranged the cabins restlessly. The giddy motion of the derelict sent him staggering, but he noticed none of it. He muttered to himself incessantly. At that moment he was bordering on real madness. A vicious sea hurled the bark's stern high, as the counter smashed back to the water the wreckage of the mizzenmast burst through a port glass and the brine poured in. Sharley laughed at that. He never troubled to stop up the gap.

"It will wash out the plague!" he cackled, and stumbled up the stairs to the deck.

Through the screaming spindrift flying athwart the main deck Skimps could be seen, dragging one burden after another to the rail. Only the water gleam of the hurricane lantern he had found and lit broke the murky blackness and gave him light to do his grim job. Aloft on the foremast the wind thrummed through the shrouds and stays. The slack braces twanged with every roll as the yards brought up on them. Seas poured over the bulwarks in a torrent; the rain swished through the wind and beat hollowly on the hatches. A blinding flash of lightning dazed Sharley for a moment; but in the flash he had seen the open corner of the hatch he and Skimps had uncovered. Seas were pouring down there. There was no need to wash plague out of the holds, where no plague was. He clawed his way forward. He would replace that hatch cover, anyway.

As he reached the after end of the boat gallows another flash of lightning lit every bit of the storm-torn vessel. It lit up the stern of the remaining boat on the skids. It lit up Skimps, midway to the rail with his last corpse; but Sharley saw nothing of that.

What he saw, blazing in the lightning flash like a fiery hand against the sooty sky, was painted on the stern of the boat:

SPERANZA—STAVANGER

Stavanger! That was near home! In an instant to the old man's tottering mind the vast Pacific dwindled to a pond; the great Atlantic to a puddle; the derelict bark became fully rigged and the winds blew only fair. Dreaded Cape Stiff vanished in the smoke of the gale; "Speranza" meant "hope"; the bark was manned with hope!

"Come on, me lad!" old Sharley shouted, plunging at Skimps and hauling at his arm. "Get a move on! Take in the slack o' them braces, me son. Hand aloft an' loose them tawps'ls!"

His laughter challenged the gale. It frightened Skimps. As Sharley hauled on the fore brace he yelled, "Hai, hai, hai, hai! Oh, hai! Take it in! Take it in! Turn that! Now the tawps'l braces, me sons!"

"'Strewth! He's gorn complete!" bleated Skimps, scared out of his wits. "All right, Sharley! I'm goin'! Don't maul me!"

"Loose them tawps'ls!" yelled Sharley.

Skimps hopped into the rigging, but paused to howl back: "We can't h'ist that upper tawps'l, we two can't!"

"Loose th' lower tawps'l! Git a move on!" screamed the old man crazily.

The lower topsail needed only to be loosed, sheeted home and braced. It might be done. The bark lay broadside to wind and sea. If Skimps could get back on deck to lend a hand on the sheets before the sail burst into shreds with its own flapping the thing could be done.

Soon the terrific thunder of loosed canvas shook the mast. Old Sharley cast off the coil of the clewlines, but kept the turns fast. The buntlines overhauled themselves by the thrashing of the sail. And Skimps almost fell to the deck in his anxiety to get off that violently shaking spar.

"Here!" howled Sharley. "Ease away th' clewline! Watch it!"

He hauled in the slack of the sheet until he felt the pull of the topsail clew.

"Ease away!" he yelled.

Skimps let the clewline out as the sheet was hauled in; and by inch and by inch the narrow topsail was set. Then Sharley ran to the brace, panting too hard for words. The sheeting home of a topsail single-handed had been a sore tax on his old sinews. Skimps, convinced of his madness, went to the other brace and helped to square the yard, determined to humor Sharley awhile, and to overpower him when the chance offered.

"That'll do the watch!" old Sharley bawled, as if the decks were crowded with men. The bark was already tearing through the seas under the hard-pulling sail. The old fellow stumbled aft, bearing Skimps' lantern, and peered into the binnacle. He gave the helm a few spokes until he had the little bark dead before the wind; then took the binnacle lamps out one by one and lighted them in the shelter of the companionway.

"East by sout', sir!" he announced gravely, and took up his stand on the steering gratings heedless of the chill rain, feeling none of the stinging sprays, grandly contemptuous of the roaring seas that followed fast astern like wolves licking slavering chops in expectancy of a meal. What he did see was Stavanger over the bows. That made him look again. Then he saw that the bark steered badly under the single sail. He lashed the wheel, fought his way forward, and aroused Skimps out of a wet cold corner to loose the foretopmast staysail.

"Come on! We can run her up!" he bawled.

And they set the headsail, one half crazy with hope, the other half mad with fear. They set the sail. And old Sharley steered, through the night and into another noon of storm, ever steering east by south, ever seeing Stavanger over the bowsprit.

Skimps fell asleep while waiting for a chance to crack Sharley on the head. Sharley awakened him out of a dream of cold fishy-eyed corpses with seaweed in their hair.

"Take the wheel," he said quietly. "I'm goin' to hunt for some grub. The course is east by sout', an' she's steerin' easy."

"Aw, 'strewth! Wot's th' use?" whined Skimps. He was still shivering from his dream. But when last he had seen or heard his old shipmate he had thought him tottering to craziness; now old Sharley's voice was cool and even. It encouraged him to try further protest. "Wot cha think us two can do wit' ——"

"Take th' wheel!" snarled Sharley, turning upon him, terrible with fury. "Steer east by sout', I said!"

Skimps steered. The seas were stupendous; they tore after the little bark and threatened to fall like watery cliffs on her stern. She needed more sail to keep her ahead of those graybacks. But the way she *had* herself spoke eloquently for her model and her loading. Skimps noticed that, and wondered why she had been abandoned until he remembered the grisly task he had been forced to perform. He shivered pitifully; but he steered, east by south.

Old Sharley was in the galley. Every now and again the speeding bark in her heavy rolling dipped up a sea that filled the main deck to the rails. It poured clear through the galley, in by one door, out by another, and some bit of galley gear departed with each clearance. Now a pot, now a pan. Old Sharley seemed to be oblivious of the storm. Presently he emerged, carrying a saucepan into which he peered

Continued on Page 36

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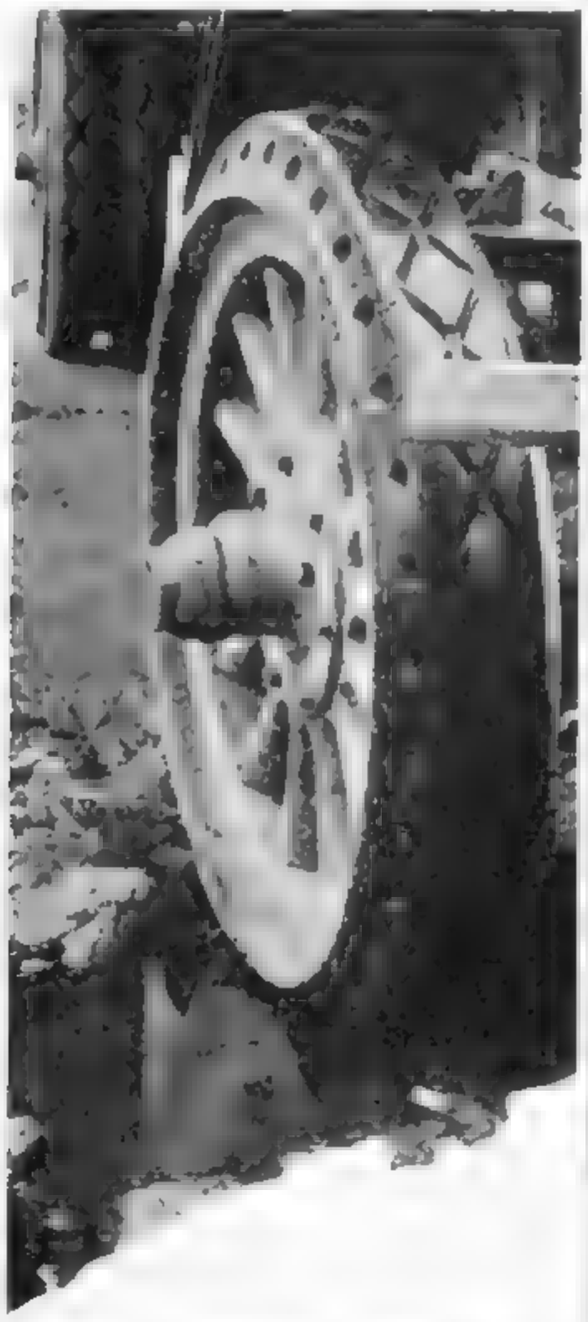

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(Continued from Page 34)

curiously. He glanced aft at Skimps, then went back and brought out an empty meat tin. With these things he went to Skimps, and there was a light of hope in his face.

"Hey, Skimps, look here," he said.

Skimps looked. He saw only a nondescript mess of stale food. It was green. It made him feel the same color.

"The grub's bad, Skimps!" old Sharley said. "Fair green, it is. Out o' this tin, I bet. S'pose them stiffs wuz poisoned?"

"Wot if they wuz?" bleated Skimps. "They're good an' dead, ain't they? An' so'll we be, too, in ——"

"If they got poisoned, then it wasn't no plague, Skimps. I guess the rest got scared an' beat it when she was caught in a squall an' dismasted. An' we won't catch no plague, see, Skimps? Steer east by sout'. I'll find some other grub."

Skimps steered for six hours. Sharley brought him biscuit and salt beef and water, telling him that the green preserved meat was in the forecastle kids, the cabin pantry and the boson's room.

"No plague!" said Sharley. "Steer east by sout', Skimps."

While Skimps steered, Sharley stopped up the broken port in the cabin. At evening, when the gale moderated, they lashed the helm and set the upper topsail. That was a bigger job than the setting of the lower topsail. Though the sail was already sheeted home, the yard had to be hoisted. They got it up by taking tackles to the halyards, and leading the falls to the windlass. There was no singing

"Ship the pump brakes!" old Sharley said, when the upper topsail was braced and the inner jib set. A lot of water had got in by way of the broken port. Skimps scowled, but obeyed. Even old Sharley must fall asleep sometime, and then ——

"C'm on, pump!"

They freed the bark. Then it was midnight. Skimps watched until old Sharley curled himself up beside the wheel to doze, then stepped softly around him with a bit of rope, meaning to tie him up and dictate terms of reason to the madman.

"Go for'ard, Skimps!" old Sharley said quietly, his bright eyes meeting Skimps' astonished glare. "Go for'ard, me son. You don't live aft."

Sharley rattled a metallic something on the deck. Skimps caught the gleam of an ax blade, and took himself off to a safer part of the ship.

The next day they set the big foresail. It took them all the forenoon, fighting with the heavy sheets that threatened often to drag them bodily through the port. In the afternoon they set the outer jib. The gale died, and a sweet westerly wind blew. Old Sharley got preventer sheets on the two topsails; then he sent Skimps aloft to put in new earrings and rovings.

"Put 'em in good," he grinned. "We got all our canvas set now, an' it stays set till it blows away!"

Skimps was careful during the days that followed; days that became weeks; days when he wondered whether old Sharley were really crazy or not. The bark sailed ever on the same course; the wind stayed in the western quadrant; sometimes the seas grew heavy, the wind blusterous, but old Sharley never let his gaze wander from the mark he had set himself. He never permitted himself to look at his lashings when canvas began to crack. Skimps kept rough track of their course, and guessed they must be somewhere near the Chilean coast. Old Sharley kept the reckoning in a fashion of his own. Then, one windy evening, land loomed ahead. Skimps was jubilant. It was all clear.

"Good f'r you, old socks!" he yelled. "Goin' to bring her into port, hey? Nice bit o' salvage, hey? 'Strewth! I never give you credick. Wish we had a drop o' rum to celebrate!"

Old Sharley altered his course to the southward, lashed the wheel and left it.

"Come on," he said grimly. "Take in the port braces!"

Skimps dumbly did as he was bidden. Sharley watched the bark for a while, doubtful whether she would steer. He checked her course a trifle less southerly until she seemed to hold without sagging to leeward; then he went below and brought up two glasses half full of rum.

"Here, young Skimps," he said, "drink to the westerly wind, me son. You'll get another snort when we sight Cape Stiff, an' another when we make th' African ——"

"You're mad!" screamed Skimps, choking on his rum.

"An' if th' west wind holds, Skimps, an' the fo'mast don't foller the others, you'll get another drop o' rum when we enter th' Channel, an' you can finish th' jug when th' pilot boards us outside Stavanger. If th' west wind holds we'll make it, young Skimps!"

Before Cape Horn grinned at them anticipatively old Sharley had to beat Skimps into submission with a handspike. Then they were forced to rig a jury mizzenmast to carry enough after canvas to hold the bark's head up. Once again, when the snow flew bitterly and the stinging seas froze as they boarded her, when decks and rigging were ice clad, and canvas crackled like beaten tin, a New Zealand steamer passed them, steaming close to look her over. Skimps saw that old Sharley was dozing in the companionway; and snatched up a bundle of flags from a locker and clambered aloft to fly them.

The steamer's answering whistle blast aroused Sharley. He saw the reason. Skimps was on the upper topsail yard, unbundling his flags.

"If you don't come down, young Skimps, I'll let go the braces an' spill you off!" he yelled.

Skimps came down. Sharley waved the steamer off, and she departed on her way, doubtless to report a resurrected Flying Dutchman who had mistaken his cruising ground.

That was the last trouble Skimps gave. He was cowed by the old shellback's uncanny vigilance. In the South Atlantic they brushed icebergs. In the Southeast Trades they blew along merrily to the northward. In the doldrums they waited for their winds. Their hair and beards grew ragged and unkempt, their faces hollow, their eyes hard and brilliant. But Skimps had his rum at the appointed places. Sharley kept schedule except that it was the Brazilian coast instead of the African coast he made. The Northeast Trades pushed him along briskly enough, but set him towards the west more than he had reckoned on. But then came the fresh booming westerlies in the North Atlantic, and away flew the Speranza, east again for Stavanger.

Among the shipping of the Channel the little bark created a sensation, flying before a hardening westerly gale under her queer rig.

"Go up and put new lashings on them heads an' clews," said old Sharley, watching the growing seas.

Skimps had ceased arguing. Eight bitter months he had endured; now he was bound to see it through. He expected any day to be their last, anyhow; he was willing to gamble on the result.

On the night, thick and blusterous with snow, howling with wind, that they swept past Dungeness a great fourmaster, beating down Channel outward bound, brushed past them. She just brushed by, and took with her the Speranza's jury mizzenmast and all its gear.

"'Strewth! Why don't y' run into the Downs an' anchor?" bleated Skimps.

"Wind's westerly," replied old Sharley.

A tug hailed them in the North Sea.

"Wind's westerly!" roared old Sharley.

Stavanger Light hove in sight. A pilot boat burned a flare. Skimps waited in pathetic patience.

"Don't want nobody to share in this," said old Sharley as the boat bobbed astern.

He steered his ship right into the harbor. The anchors had been got ready when sailing up the Channel.

"Let go tawp'al halyards, and give me a hand to haul up the fores'l!" cried Sharley, and his ancient voice rang with triumph.

The topsail came down. But all the sheets had been fast lashed. The big foresail was a fixture. And the bark stormed up the harbor, the gale whistling through her shrouds.

"Then let go both anchors!" roared old Sharley.

Both anchors caught the mud, the charging vessel dragged the cables out to their bitter ends, the flying links of chain knocked both men helter-skelter. The gale drove her on. The foresail split, the lower topsail went to ribbons; but the bark went serenely on, dragging her anchors behind her until she slid into the mud. Then the foremast went by the board with the shock of sudden stoppage, and the Speranza was at rest. Old Sharley was home.

"'Strewth! We made it!" gasped Skimps, dropping to the hatch and watching the shore boats speeding out to them. "How about finishin' off that jug, old Sharley?"

In a tiny village snugged away on the shores of Hardanger Fjord a white-haired old parson chatted with a white-haired old mariner. Of all his boyhood acquaintances Sharley had found only the ancient parson.

"An' Skimps he's hired him a house, and filled the cellar with beer, and got a housekeeper an' all," grinned Sharley. "The lawyers said we'd have got more salvage if we hadn't wrecked the ship in harbor. They said, too, we'd have got a lot more if we'd have sailed her into Callao, instid o' bringin' her right back where she started from. But I got a tidy bit, parson. I got enough. If I only see somebody I knowed! I ain't got nobody, now I got money."

"Why not buy a little farm?" suggested the parson kindly. "You could put a young couple on it, and let them work it. You'd always have a home then. If I can help you, tell me. I know of a nice place, and I know of a respectable young couple ——"

"All right," said old Sharley. "You do it for me, and I'll buy a new weathercock f'r th' church steeple."

In a month old Sharley entered into his new home. An apple-cheeked buxom young woman, carrying an apple-cheeked, fat, red baby, with a stalwart shy young husband standing by, welcomed him. They showed him the big armchair they had placed for him in the chimney corner; they showed him his private room, as big and lonesome as an empty forecastle, he thought silently; and they made him very welcome to his own.

"It's very nice," he sighed, and gave the parson the money for his weathercock, and a bit over, as he explained, for new tail feathers.

In two weeks he found he had business to attend to down in Stavanger. He slyly made his approach to the house Skimps had rented. It was empty. He felt lost, strangely. There was a fine big ship lying at the wharf. He drifted down towards her as the evening fell. Something that sounded familiar attracted him, and he stopped beside her forward gangway.

"But now I am hard up, an' all on th' rocks,
An' I got no tobacker in me old bacca box,
Singin', 'Nay, no never—never no more
Will I play th' wild rover; no, never no more!'"

He stole aboard and went straight to the forecastle.

"Young Skimps!" he grinned.

"'Strewth! You here!" cried the interrupted songster.

"What's come o' your salvage?"

"Th' woman run away wiv it," said Skimps carelessly. "I drunk up all the beer, though," he added with pride. "Wot have you done wiv yours? Thought you bought a farm."

"I did. I got it. But it ain't home without folks, young Skimps. Where you bound for this v'yage?"

"Frisco round th' Horn, old socks. Good ship. Plum soup an' stock fish an' everything. Ain't thinkin' o' ——"

"Not me!" said old Sharley. "I got a home now. I can come to it any time I like, an' nobody can say nothin' if I stay out all night, neither! You got a snug dry fo'c's'le here, Skimps. Where's the hands?"

"Ashore havin' fun. I should be there, too, only I'm broke.

"Nay, no never; never no more ——"

"Huh!" grunted old Sharley grimly. He commenced humming, himself, and presently broke into the old song:

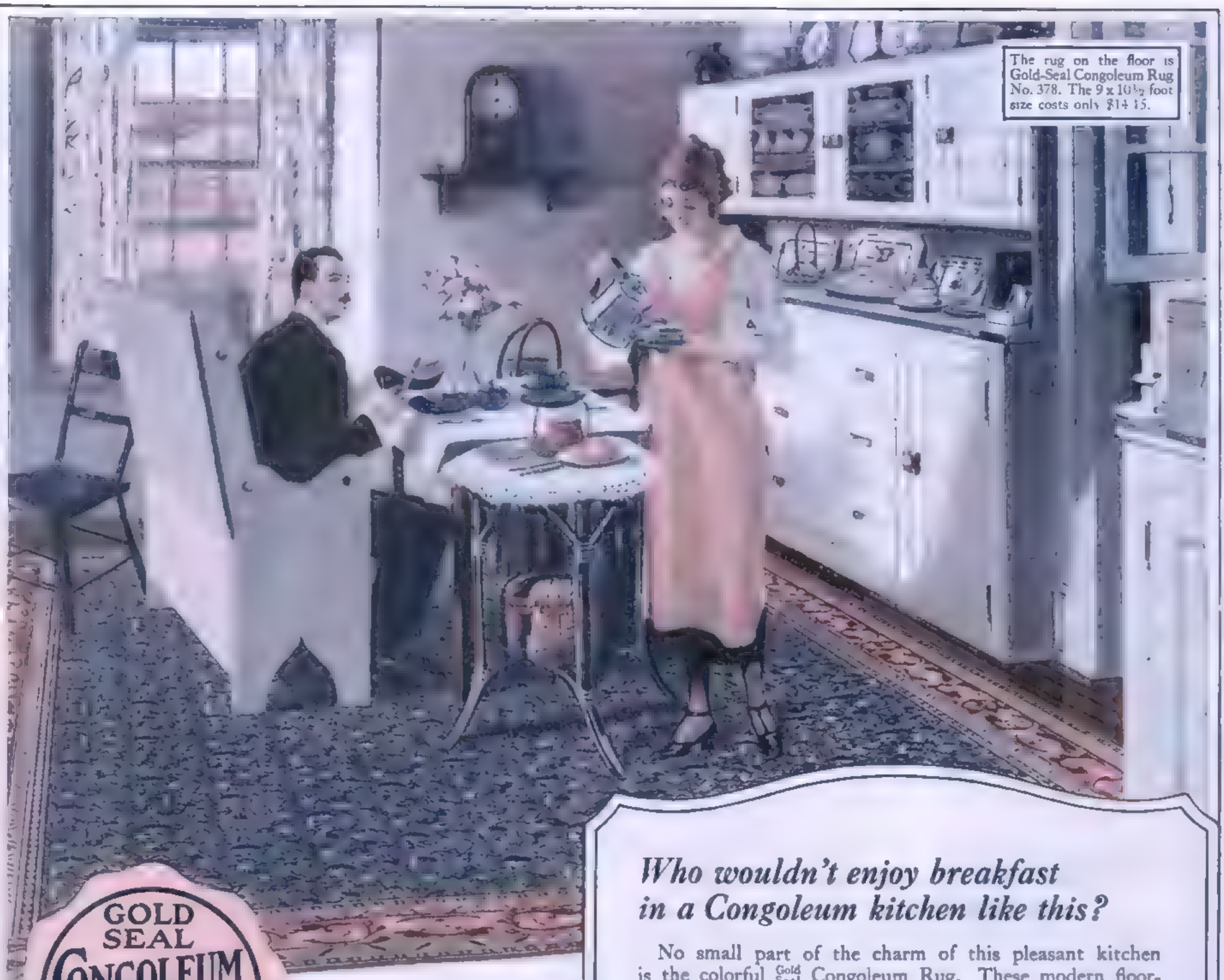
"An' when th' money's all gone an' spent,
An' none to be borried, an' none to be lent,
In comes th' landlord wi' a tarrible frown,
Sayin', 'Git up, Jack, let John set down!'
An' you knows you're outward bound, me lads,
Hooraw! You're outward bound!

"They seems to be nice an' roomy, them bunks, Skimps," he remarked. He peered into all of them. There were beds, donkey's breakfasts, in all except one. "Good an' roomy, I calls 'em. Have you signed on yet, young Skimps?"

"Come on," Skimps grinned, leaping up. "I'll take you to th' mate! He wanted to see you soon's he heard about bringin' in th' Speranza. Come on, you old farmer!"

"Farmer hell!" growled Sharley, following sheepishly. But he joined his rusty old pipes to Skimps' as they passed aft:

"Then you knows you're outward bound,
me sons,
Hooraw! You're outward bound!"



GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

Be Sure to Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one genuine Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum, identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal (printed in green on a gold background) protects you against imitation floor-coverings, and gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee. It is pasted on the face of every genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug and on every two yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard. Be sure to look for it on the floor-covering you buy!

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia, Kansas City, New York, Minneapolis, Boston, Atlanta, Dallas, Chicago, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Montreal

Who wouldn't enjoy breakfast in a Congoleum kitchen like this?

No small part of the charm of this pleasant kitchen is the colorful Gold Seal Congoleum Rug. These modern floor-coverings bring all the charm and artistry of woven rug design and coloring at real economy prices. And then too they are so practical.

To clean them—you just whisk a damp mop over their firm sanitary surface and in a twinkling your rug is as bright and clean as when new. And there's never the annoyance of a ruffled edge or turned up corner because Congoleum Rugs hug the floor tight without fastening of any kind.

The wide range of beautiful patterns—designs appropriate for every room in the house—are made in all the popular sizes. Among them you are sure to find just the rug you want.

6	x 9	feet	$ 8.10	The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.	1½	x 3	feet $ .60
7½	x 9	feet	10.10		3	x 3	feet 1.25
9	x 9	feet	12.15		3	x 4½	feet 1.75
9	x 10½	feet	14.15		3	x 6	feet 2.25
9	x 12	feet	16.20				

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted.

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM RUGS

TRUSCON STANDARD BUILDINGS

Avoid Spring Rush

Order Your Building Now

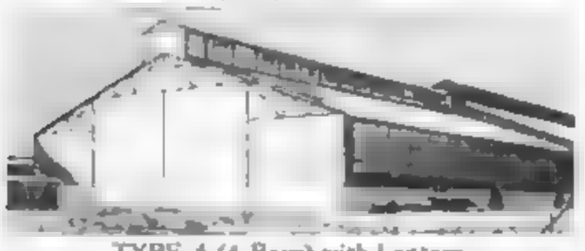
Take advantage of low cost and quick delivery. Have your permanent, fire-proof Truscon Standard Building ready for occupancy when others are just beginning to build. For all one-story and many two-story needs,—the permanent building that costs you least. Walls of brick, concrete or steel. You pay only one profit for building erected.

A Few Standard Types of Truscon Buildings
Lengths: Any Multiple of 2'0". Heights: 8'1" to 21'5"
Any combination of types Any door or window arrangement. Lanterns, canopies and lean-tos as desired

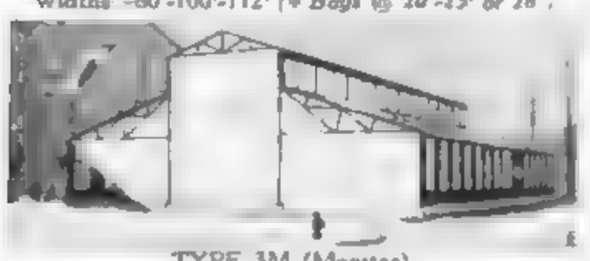
TYPE 1 (Clear Span)
Widths—8'-12'-16'-20'-24'-28'-32'-40'-48'-50'-60'-68'

TYPE 2 (2 Bays) with Lantern
Widths—40' 48' 56' 60'

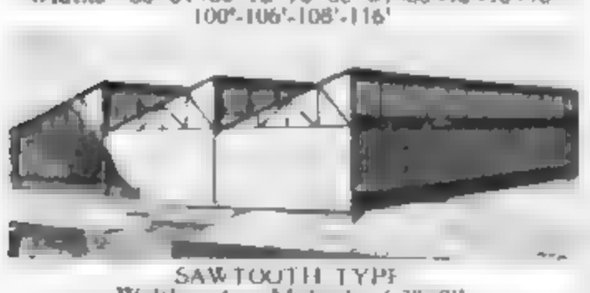
TYPE 3 (3 Bays)
Widths—56'-60'-64'-68'-72' 76' 80'-84'-88'-96'-98' 106'-108' 116'



TYPE 4 (4 Bays) with Lantern
Widths—80'-100'-112' *(4 Bays @ 20'-25' or 28')*



TYPE 3M (Monitor)
Widths—60'-64'-68'-72'-76'-80'-84'-88'-90'-96'-98' 100'-106'-108'-116'



SAW TOOTH TYPE
Widths—Any Multiple of 28'-0"

Standardized units make possible any size or arrangement. Also permit of dismantling and re-erecting building elsewhere with 100% salvage value. Over 10,000,000 sq. ft. in use by leading industries for factories, warehouses, foundries, shops, railroad buildings, garages, service stations, etc. Avoid spring rush. No matter what you need, write us today.

Send for Full Information

Learn how Truscon Standard Buildings can serve *your* needs. Return coupon or write us.

TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY
YOUNGSTOWN, O. Warehouses and Sales Offices in Principal Cities

Send useful building book and suggestions on building to be used for _____
Type ____ Length ____ Width ____ Height ____
Name _____
Address _____ (3-3)

HELPING THE MAN ON THE JOB

(Continued from Page 27)

But so much stuff is taught in the schools, in colleges, in business courses and training courses which is general in scope that the student fails to see what bearing it has on his job. He is still left to find himself. Everyone flocks to courses of one kind or other and a lot of information is given, most of which is of no use."

To understand the technic which is to be outlined in this article it is necessary to refer briefly to the experiment at the School of Life Insurance Salesmanship at the Carnegie Institute of Technology. When the school was projected many practical insurance men were not interested, because, they said, "We don't want to train a lot of actuaries"—that is, theorists. Their natural fear was that a literary bunch would run the school. Now a literary bunch might have a profound interest in insurance as a science or subject for study, but salesmen are not made that way. Nor are salesmen made by teachers who tell the students to do what the teacher thinks would be the ideal thing to do.

But this particular school was organized on a different principle. The actual problems and difficulties of a life-insurance salesman and the solutions of these problems and difficulties as employed by successful salesmen were carefully collected and organized, and that material itself was made the core of the curriculum used to train men for the job of life-insurance salesmanship.

In this particular case, by interviewing hundreds of successful life underwriters, by studying and clipping thousands of trade journals, by studying the reports of insurance conventions, and the sales bulletins of the different companies, by analyzing and comparing the textbooks on the subject, and by sorting and organizing all this material, it was possible to boil down, as it were, into a relatively small compass the chief obstacles the salesman meets and the best-known ways of meeting them. Of course it was a long, laborious thing to do, but there was nothing wonderful or mysterious about it.

To a beginner it seems as if there are thousands of objections to the purchase of life insurance. But if all the known objections are collected and sorted they boil down to a score at most, and there are probably not more than five or six effective ways of meeting each one. If it is found that the objection most frequently met is "I can't afford it," then the task of the educator in a school for life-insurance salesmen is to give that particular obstacle, and the best ways of meeting it, a prominent place in the curriculum.

Listing the Hard Ones

The point is that in a school for salesmen the curriculum should be derived from the experience of those who have already sold. The method is just as applicable to the sale of automobiles or silk stockings. Obviously if a guide or manual is prepared for salesmen along these lines the compiler would not say to the salesmen, "I have prepared a manual for you," after the fashion of the typical pedagogue laying down the law. He would say, "Would you like to know how successful salesmen do it?" In other words, it is a pooling of solutions.

But suppose a concern does not care to run a school, or suppose the clerk behind the ribbon counter has no time, money or strength to attend a school. Assume that he or she has no particular power of self-analysis. What then?

Now it is possible that the employer, the corporation which takes on employes, is morally obliged to afford them every facility and opportunity for development. But the employer may not recognize this obligation, or may not believe in training, or thinks he cannot afford it. There may be a hundred reasons why the individual employe has to shift for himself in understanding and overcoming the difficulties of his job. In any case the responsibility is fifty-fifty. The employe cannot shift it altogether any more than the employer can.

The girl who did not know why one coat was priced at forty dollars and another at thirty amazed or disgusted the customer with her stupidity and inefficiency. But what is that girl to do? If she already has had some education—say, the better part of a high-school course or even a good grammar-school finishing—she might be able to read a book on woolens or silks or whatever fabric the coats were made of. But she wouldn't get far that way.

What is suggested for that girl is first the keeping of a note or exact record of the questions asked by her customers. After a very short period of time, relatively speaking—a few weeks at the most—it will be found that the number of different questions or difficulties is not so great after all. Possibly in a month's time 90 per cent of all the questions that will ever be asked her in that job will have bobbed up.

Obviously the next and more important step is not to flounder around in books dealing in a general way with textiles. It is to find out from the more experienced saleslady at the next counter, who may act as a sort of sponsor for the newcomer, or from the department head, or from the buyer, the answers to the questions.

In any given job, unless it is brand-new, there is only one obvious place to get help for difficulties—namely, from those who already have successfully filled the job. It may be laborious for the individual, but there is nothing mysterious or wonderful about it, and one needs no education or knowledge to do it, except perhaps knowing how to read and write. Whether employed by an educational system, like a school for salesmanship, or by an individual employe, this manner of solving difficulties is practical and not theoretical or highbrow, because the solutions are the collected experience of practical men. The idea is not to find new answers or to make up clever highbrow answers, but to discover how other men and women have met the same issue.

Learning by Asking

It is all very well for a book on insurance to tell the young salesman that he must get in to see the prospect; it is far more practical to ask a hundred or perhaps only ten or five successful salesmen how they actually do get by the secretary. And if five or ten or fifty successful underwriters be asked what their ten greatest difficulties are and how they overcome them, there is at hand a whole curriculum, as it were, for the beginner.

It should be repeated that most people cannot take a general principle out of a book or course of lectures and apply it to their own situation. But if the principle can be given to them not as a principle at all, but in the form of a practical solution to their own difficulties, then it works for them. After this has happened a number of times people are able to recognize and understand the principle, as such, and on the basis of it perhaps invent new and further solutions for their own problems.

The question may be asked, How much will the more successful and experienced clerk or salesman or any other worker really help the beginner?

"Most people are delighted to give information"—and he might have added advice—was Mr. Stevenson's reply. "It is difficult, I admit, to get successful salespeople to write down their solutions to difficulties, but if a beginner will ask specifically how a given situation is met the verbal answer will be forthcoming.

"Suppose a young woman asks five more experienced salesgirls how they keep their temper with bad, disagreeable shoppers, or how they greet customers, or how they take care of two or three customers at once, or how to be courteous on all occasions, or how to remember names and faces, or how many questions to ask the customer before showing the goods. The girl who asks these and a few additional questions and gets answers to them will have given herself a valuable short course.

"Or the customers may want to know designs, dyes, lasting qualities, whether guaranteed, if the newest style, whether a French style, and the like. There may be only ten or twelve questions a day at the most. If the clerk goes to other people for help on these questions she would have a method, content and even devices for overcoming her difficulties quickly and efficiently."

"Yes, I can see how a salesperson could improve his or her technic very rapidly in this manner," said the writer. "But don't you leave out the tremendously important question of personality?"

"Of course personality is important," was the answer. "In dealing with insurance salesmen I always tell them that they can't hope to succeed unless they are men enough to share experiences with their clients. They must be big to succeed. No one can tell other men how to make good. Any method, any procedure, must be used within reason. There is no armor of Sir Galahad by which to conquer."

Before going into further practical applications of these very simple ideas it is essential to touch for a moment upon their development. The only important fact as regards Mr. Stevenson himself in this connection is that he has actually applied his ideas, first as a director of a school for salesmen in a recognized university, and then on a much larger scale as vice president of a big life-insurance company. But however practical the application of any idea, it cannot be thoroughly understood unless one goes back some ways along the line of its development.

Before heading a school for salesmen, Mr. Stevenson was a professor of education, his specialty being the content of curriculums taught in elementary schools—that is, the stuff crammed down the throats of millions of children. But while studying he had been a salesman also, and then sales manager for a school-supply concern, and had himself sold pencils, crayons, paper and the like in many parts of the country.

During his four years' experience as a sales manager and on his own selling trips he often wondered how much stuff the poor kids had to learn that would never be of any use to them. He was reminded of how Horace Mann, the great educator, had once heard a roomful of children recite correctly and in much detail on the subject of geography, but when asked by a visitor whether they had ever seen the earth that they were so glibly describing the children with one accord replied they had not.

Both through his own sales experience and his university work Mr. Stevenson became interested in the project method of teaching—that is, the effort to make the subject matter of a school course part of the student's life activities; to make the study of geography, as it were, bear some relation to the earth.

In the agricultural colleges, instead of teaching the principles of soil analysis and hog raising, advanced educators already had begun to give the students actual jobs on the farm. Instead of teaching children about living, those who advocate the project method of teaching say that as far as possible they should be taught to live.

Practical Methods

The idea is to bridge the chasm between school tasks and the activities outside, to give the student actual problems to work out in as natural a setting as possible, to lay great emphasis upon the manual act, to enable scholars to live their studies as far as possible, and to realize theories and principles through their practical application. Thus an engineering school puts its students into a real outside factory for two weeks and then brings them back to school to listen to lectures on the principles involved in the work outside.

A school class in civics, instead of being given a textbook on the Constitution, is sent out on a fly-swatting or clean-up campaign, and a class in arithmetic in a town where a street is being widened is sent to the property owners to discover how the value of their property is affected.

With this brief sketch of educational background and practical sales interest it will be seen that when Mr. Stevenson was asked to train insurance salesmen his first thought was to take their life activities as the basis for their educational curriculum.

How is a curriculum to be evolved anyway? If we start with the idea of social efficiency and break it down it will be found that a man must earn his living, which in turn means that he must do his job well, and that in turn in many cases means that he must be able to make change correctly. If in the experience of successful men it develops that large numbers of employes should know how to make change, it is easy to discover one item that goes into a useful school course and of what stuff arithmetic should consist.

If the question be asked whether arithmetic is a practical study in the public schools, the way to find out would be to see how much and what kind of arithmetic is

(Continued on Page 40)

FISHERBODIES

The greater sales significance now attaching to motor car bodies, and the more critical buyer attitude toward body design and construction, are the natural results of public appreciation of the higher standards assured by the symbol—Body by Fisher.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

BODY by FISHER

Bero
REG US PAT OFF
Sta-Shape
REG US PAT OFF
HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

They Retain the Style Lines Longer

CORRECT style plus a Berg touch of individuality that alert men like—*lasting* style because it's "built" in the hat by the Berg Sta-Shape process.

At men's shops the nation over

F. BERG & COMPANY
NEW YORK BOSTON SAN FRANCISCO
Factory: Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

Bero
REG US PAT OFF
Sta-Shape
REG US PAT OFF
HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

Continued from Page 38

used in the community itself where the children expect to live, and square that with the school course. Doubtless comparatively little use would be found for cube root.

If the teaching of spelling is up for consideration, what more practical way to go about it than to inquire of several hundred business firms which are the words their stenographers misspell most often, and then incorporate that material into the spelling course?

The natural outcome of these ideas is to base a course of study for a salesman or bank clerk or anyone else, upon the frequency with which problems and difficulties come up. It is not enough, of course, for the student merely to memorize the solutions. If he is in a school he must be given opportunity to practice. He must be farmed out and actually practice a while, if possible, and come back to school with his difficulties.

If he is a salesman who goes to school for only a few days or hours at a time, he has an earlier opportunity than the full-time scholar to try out what he has learned. The salesgirl behind a counter who has asked five more experienced girls how to handle a rude customer will have an almost immediate opportunity to practice what she has been told.

Speaking of his experience with life-insurance men, Mr. Stevenson points out that when the curriculum of instruction is arrived at from the actual cases of successful salesmen, it is possible to tell a beginner that if he will do what he is told to do, as shown by experience, he is pretty sure to be a success. Certainly the figures both as to amount of insurance sold and the reduced turnover among salesmen trained in this way would appear to bear out the statement.

"I have tried to give the employe in his early days, in his first week or month, the methods and facilities, the materials, that successful men have found successful and useful only after pursuing the trial-and-error method.

"There is no way to get such material except from men who have participated in the very difficulties which we are teaching beginners to meet.

"A speaker at a convention, a writer or a teacher tells the salesman he must interest his prospect. I try to give him something to say that practical experience shows does actually interest the prospect. To illustrate: Successful experience may show that if in trying to close a prospect the salesman asks him if he wants the policy or not, the prospect will probably say no, but is far more likely to close if the salesman asks him if he wants to pay semi-annually or annually."

"Does such a method apply to any except beginners?" I asked.

Dogmatic Instructors

"Of course there are men so filled with experience that they can handle almost any situation. Yet the best of them do not know it all by any means. How long do you suppose it would take a salesman to get all the experience there is to be had?"

"But doesn't every business concern use these methods?" I asked. "That is, don't they all seek to classify the obstacles all the way up and down the line and find the best answers? Haven't large organizations always gathered the answers to their problems, the good and the bad, and compared them? Haven't they always sought for such a correlation?"

"Too often an organization picks out a good sales manager who has been successful because of his personality or a rich territory," was the reply. "Then he tries to cram his own methods down the throats of all his men. He fails to give them alternative methods. He is dogmatic about how to pick new salesmen and other similar details.

"Successful administrators, successful individuals, are all right in themselves, they have their own successful methods, but other equally effective methods are not irrigated into their systems. They don't share other men's experiences. Most self-made men think they can pass judgment on everything. They have arrived by the trial-and-error method and are very good if they survive. Indeed their methods must be good for them to survive, but from the very nature of the case they have had little chance to share experience with others, for it has been devil take the hindmost."

"But does it pay to give away business secrets?" I asked.

"Each year has seen the life-insurance business sharing more experiences of every description than ever before. They exchange private sales manuals, conservation programs, data concerning risks, and much other valuable information, and yet each year they are selling more insurance than ever before.

"The greatest competition any business concern has is the competition of ignorance and inefficiency. Company A spends one hundred thousand dollars on a new merchandising scheme which does not prove profitable. It tells Company B all about it, and adds that it expects to try another scheme. 'Don't do that,' says Company B, 'we tried it and spent two hundred thousand dollars, only to learn that it was no good.' Of course exchanging information pays. Possibly when a business reaches the saturation point this general statement does not hold true, but there are not many industries there as yet. If each person were not such an individual explorer after the business truths we could get the cost of merchandising down a great deal.

"A lot of men get bitter at their competitors, especially when the competitor successfully employs methods which they have publicly denounced. Go to Manufacturer A and tell him that he should know more about the experiences of others in the same field. As like as not his reply will be: 'I couldn't run my factory the way Z does any more than the man in the moon. He's as crazy as a bug!'

"The trouble is that A has heard only the spectacular features of Z's methods. He has heard them from the outside only.

"Then go to Z and he will say of A: 'That man is running his bunch with the mailed fist. He's a menace to our industry. He'll run it into the ground. How can we be expected to carry on this business with that fellow acting like a Czar?'"

Mutual Helpfulness

"That is about as much sharing of experiences as you find in some industries. Then, too, when a new executive goes into a company, especially a new president, he often upsets everything because he does not share the other man's experience. Then you often find that department heads or vice presidents have discovered very effective methods, but are afraid to share them with other officers of equal rank in the same concern for fear of losing their edge.

"It is the duty of the president to insist upon having vice presidents and department heads who will help others with methods and economies. That is the type of man, the one who is not afraid to help others, that the chief executive must look for. A frequent attitude in business is that an improvement might well and indeed should be installed, 'but the expense must not be charged to this department.' That is certainly a rotten attitude.

"No idea or procedure for helping men to improve and advance carries much weight or goes far unless the head of the concern is for it. What he must have is not so much a plan or device to jolt his organization into as a point of view or mental attitude which will permit of the use of such efficient methods as the industry as a whole has already discovered. But if he won't take such an attitude the individual employe can be shown how to improve on his own job anyhow."

"But do these methods of improving on the job apply to any except salesmen?" I asked. "How about bank clerks?"

"No matter what a man's work may be, or its difficulties, there is someone who has solved them. It may be hard to send a man to a book or a series of books for an answer, but not to another person who has faced the same situation. The first thing for the bank clerk to think about is illustrated by the story you have heard, no doubt, of the three masons.

"One upon being asked what he was doing replied that he was cutting stone, the second said he was making ten dollars a day, and the third replied that he was building a cathedral.

"One bank clerk will reply that he is a clerk, another that he is working for a certain number of dollars a week, and a third will say that he is part of the financial system. Every man must decide what his job is to him. The insurance man may say he is selling insurance, or making so many dollars a day in commissions, or helping widows and orphans, raising funds to build schoolhouses, and teaching thrift. An insurance man thinks of himself in one case in terms of commissions alone, in another he thinks of his work in terms of men's needs, of financial programs and the economic value of the family. It is all in the point of view.

"But coming to the actual technic for the bank clerk. With most boys and girls, with most young men and women, one day's experience does not help toward the next day's except to the extent that they learn to avoid instead of overcoming difficulties. A few study at night and get a little vision and knowledge. But why don't they chart for themselves the things which the boss tells them four or five times before they remember to do them correctly?

"Every clerk does things the wrong way several times. He should ask why doing them wrong makes work for the man higher up. If possible he should get his boss to tell him the exact way to perform the task.

"Perhaps he can talk to the man next above him at luncheon and get his point of view. By knowing the difficulties of the man above, a worker is preparing himself to take the higher position when the boss goes on a vacation, is ill or needs a substitute for any reason. If a man knows the difficulties of the job just above him, it gives him confidence that he can do the work, and that makes for a different attitude. Sooner or later the job above, or a similar one elsewhere, becomes vacant, and he fills it because he has made himself invaluable.

"The surest way to get out of a blind-alley job, and the solution for the man who is bigger than his job, is to make himself invaluable for the position above while at the same time training the man below to take over his own position. A man is often kept below his real capacity because his immediate superior does not want the personal inconvenience of training him, but if he in turn will train his own immediate subordinate he will not be held back by a lack of material under him when his chance comes.

"His superior may have been unwilling to advance him because he had trained no one to take his place."

"All this sounds like bootlicking," I interjected.

"No, it is not bootlicking to go to any lengths to render service to the institution for which one is working. No one ever considers it bootlicking to render a service not now being performed, or even a spectacular service. Lots of people get the cart before the horse in this matter. They think they can get ahead by sticking around their supervisors constantly. You will probably find their real ambition is to win promotion without rendering the corresponding service. They are the kind of men who talk constantly and too much about getting ahead, instead of giving a better quality of service and more of it."

Wrong Technic

"Of course if the employer gets his people interested in self-development and in making themselves better fitted for the work they are in and that which lies ahead, he is under a strict moral obligation to notice and reward meritorious service. The whole morale is upset if grand-stand players, if make-believe workers, and those who kotow to the boss are promoted.

"The employer has no right to expect loyalty from his employe unless he makes every effort to show the employe that merit is recognized and rewarded, and that he has a real system for doing so.

"But on the other hand many men who do routine work and do it just passably are unable to see that one who is working alongside them is really better than they are. They think they should be promoted because they have been on the job three years longer or for some such reason, and make the charge of favoritism when, in reality, the better man goes ahead. But even in such cases these workers often do their tasks only passably because no supervisor has ever helped them with their difficulties."

"But is there not such a thing as being overambitious, or of being too eager?" I objected.

"Such people have the wrong technic. If a college professor wants to be a dean he doesn't go to the president and say 'Please, Mister President, I want to be dean.' It is wrong to call that ambition.

(Continued on Page 42)

See the Children Safely to School

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Why worry about the safety of your little ones on the highways or crossing city streets on the way to school?

The low price and small upkeep of a Chevrolet are cheap insurance against such risks.

Then too, driving the children to and from school gives mother or big sister pleasing relief from household duties, and shopping can be done at the same time.

Chevrolet 5-passenger Sedan is the ideal all-year family car, combining the comforts and atmosphere of home with high-grade body construction, mechanical reliability, ease of handling and low purchase and operating costs. Every home garage should house a Chevrolet regardless of whether or not another car is owned.

Chevrolet Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Division of General Motors Corporation

There are now more than 10,000 Chevrolet dealers and service stations throughout the world

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

2-Pass. Roadster	$510
5-Pass. Touring	525
2-Pass. Utility Coupe	680
4-Pass. Sedanette	850
5-Pass. Sedan	860
Light Delivery	510

"Funny way to spend his time," they said

"Yes, sir, he's a funny fellow," scoffed his neighbors in the little Swiss village, "puttering around his kitchen day and night." But Daniel Peter paid no attention to them; he was too intent on his idea. And he never stopped until he had perfected it.

And now after fifty years all the village knows that Daniel Peter was a pioneer, for he gave to millions throughout the world *milk chocolate*—one of the most popular and nourishing food-confections ever worked out.

By collecting and testing the choicest cocoa beans, he perfected the *Peter's blend*—the standard of quality for over 50 years.

Milch cows of highest grade—4,000 of them—supply the milk used in *Peter's*. Pure, fresh, rich milk every day.

Peter's is different—distinctive. It's *good*. You'll like the fine, rare flavor of it. Ask for *Peter's* today.

If unable to obtain Peter's promptly, write to Lamont, Corliss & Company, 131 Hudson Street, New York, sole selling agents

High as the Alps in Quality

Peter's
MILK CHOCOLATE

(Continued from Page 40)

That is trying to get ahead without rendering the corresponding service. In any honest-to-goodness job it is a man's business to attract the notice of those ahead of him and to study how other men get ahead. If a professor wants to be dean he should do the things he thinks and knows the president would want done, the hard committee assignments, the bringing in of reports promptly, and all the things so many professors don't want to do.

"To a considerable extent the way for a man to get ahead is to do as far as possible the things his superior would want him to do if he already were further ahead. My method is quite largely to do the unusual service. I say to my assistants, 'Think of ways of saving my time,' and to the boys who help the assistants, 'Think of ways of saving Miss A's time and Miss B's.'

"We are all saving the time of some superior. You are writing articles because the editor hasn't time to write them all. There is so much false pride among employes about this matter of time saving. Because a high official presses a button the clerk becomes offended and says his superior is not democratic. But the official is trying to save the president's time, the president is saving the time of the board of directors, and the board is trying to save time for the stockholders who make the business possible and who would otherwise have to carry it on themselves."

Taking Responsibility

The question was raised whether even in occupations where promotion appears to be slow, such as teaching, the slowness is not often due to the fact that when something special is wanted by those in authority many men are unwilling to perform the extra or special service. In the same way the point should be made that even when men are thrown into strange occupations they would probably have no great trouble in getting along if they hunted up the unusual difficulties at once.

"Real democracy in business life does not consist in slapping the other fellow on the back. It is to understand and appreciate the other fellow's point of view and of his longings to get ahead. The back-slapping business may be all right when orders are rolling in, but it doesn't get far when times are lean. Nor does democracy consist of cussing out one's subordinates or of giving them a few cents an hour more to keep them quiet.

"Often the worst thing to do for an employe is to give him more salary. What he probably needs is more opportunity. An employer often increases wages or salaries to save himself the trouble of thinking, when what he should do is to discover the difficulties which his department heads and their employes labor under, and lay the groundwork whereby they could make good more effectually.

"I am a great believer in employers' getting their employes to face and picture to themselves the worst that can happen to them. It is never so terrible, and facing it gives confidence. There are many oversensitive people who are never willing to take responsibility, who are afraid to make a move of any kind. Lots of that can be cured if there is a real boss who gets his people to take responsibility by picturing to them the worst that can happen even if they do make some mistake in assuming greater responsibility. Usually the worst that can happen is a calling down."

The writer then referred to the case of a youthful journalist in poor health, who had gone to a successful and experienced editor for advice as to the work best suited to the younger man under the circumstances. Instead of discussing journalistic work at all the older man lectured for three hours without stopping on the subject of diet, and the youth went home dejected and depressed to the last degree.

"That, of course, was the perfection of insanity," was the comment, "but many business heads have no more appreciation of the employes' practical difficulties than that. A man who really understands how to help younger men would have talked about their work in such a way that the younger man would have gone home without feeling sick at all."

As an example of the opposite thing, of personnel handling of the highest order because the employe was encouraged rather than discouraged, the writer then mentioned the case of a young newspaper reporter who in perfect good faith, but with lamentable ignorance, had perpetrated a piece of fake news which might have caused serious international complications, but fortunately did not. The next day the managing editor after inquiring the source of the news dismissed the subject for all time by remarking: "Don't let it happen again, but it was a corking good story anyway."

An incident told by a hustling, progressive bank president was mentioned next. One day when the banker was a clerk a big depositor shoved in a check for one hundred thousand dollars and asked for the cash. Other clerks were frightened at the size of the demand, but the one who is now president of the institution took the responsibility upon himself and without a moment's hesitation handed out the money.

This incident suggests a number of morals. If the check had been no good the clerk might have landed elsewhere than in the presidency, although he felt certain enough when he acted with such promptitude that the check was all right. But in any case it is well known that a major obstacle to promotion is the unwillingness of employes to take responsibility, and that a man who resolutely faces the worst that can happen and then goes ahead has won half the battle, because what he most dreads usually does not happen, and proves far more terrifying in prospect than in realization.

"But how about the great number of positions where there appears to be very little connection between work and rewards?" I asked. "There are many blind-alley jobs, there are many where the work is mere monotonous drudgery, like dish-washing or certain kinds of factory work, and there are millions where incentive is more or less deadened and the workers standardized by the regulations of powerful unions. How are all these people to be helped on their jobs?"

"To begin with, the strictly blind-alley jobs should be more carefully and widely distributed in the beginning than is now the case," was the answer. "Take three boys who start in business, one as an office boy, one as an elevator boy and another as a package boy. It may be that one or two of these jobs lead nowhere, and one or two may be good starting points. Employers should see more than now that boys do not get hooked or segregated in the wrong place irrespective of their mentality. It might be better if all boys in the beginning, irrespective of their apparent abilities, were given a try at what is known to be the blind alley.

"But one reason there are so many blind-alley jobs is because there are lots of people who are best adapted to mechanical work. They are happier in that type of work than any other. It is cruel to give them mental responsibility. If a man has no other kind of ability, then the job does not lead to a blind alley for him. Even if the machine is monotonous the operative may take more pride in it if he operates it well than he possibly could in any other class of work."

Bettering Poor Material

"In talking about getting ahead one must be careful not to dissatisfy the man who does manual work and is really happy in it. If an old street-car conductor is close to the age where he is due for a pension what could be more foolish than for the president of the road to tell that conductor how he, the president, rose from conductor to be head of the company?

"Because many people can't work out an original scheme in business, or originate a plot for a novel, or reason out questions of government, it is said they can't be educated. Now there is a limit to what might be called their vertical intelligence, but on the existing level of intelligence of these great masses we haven't even begun to touch the field of education. Such people can be given information and facilities along their own level. They should not be trained along the lines of conceptual, abstract thinking. Their training must be concrete.

"You speak of street-car conductors. They can build for themselves a whole book of solutions if they want to. One of their problems is to hold their temper, to keep calm when there is an accident of any sort. The beginner can find out how to do it from older men in the service if he will take the trouble. If he learns where the streets are and all the points of interest, if he can tell the old lady how to get to the art gallery, he will gradually accumulate a fund of knowledge that will not necessarily make him president, but it will make him happy in his work.

"If I walk up Fifth Avenue this afternoon and a dozen people ask me for directions I feel a great deal happier if I can answer them all specifically. Besides, people write in now and then to commend or criticize, and there are spotters and inspectors looking for good and bad service.

"Or take a case from a different industry, steam railroading. I knew a freight conductor who rose very rapidly, union or no union, because he made himself agreeable to shippers, station agents, yardmasters and all the other people he had to work with along the line. He tried to coöperate with shippers and station agents, and to get their point of view.

"Now just let the report get out that the conductor on the local freight is an old grouch and see what the company will do for him. The fact is I could name six conductors who were grouches on that line and six who were like the man I have been describing. The company fired the grouches when they found an excuse, and the others are way up in the service."

"An old and much-respected bank president once told me," said the writer, "that while he did not oppose the formation of the Institute of Banking"—classes for bank clerks—"among his employes, he did not sympathize much with the movement, because he believes and always has said that all any bank clerk needs to do to get ahead is to do his work just a little bit better than the average. What do you think of that?"

"I agree with the bank president," said Mr. Stevenson, "but there is one difference between us. I would try to provide facilities for helping and stimulating the weaker men instead of leaving it all to the survival of the fittest."

"On the other hand," said the writer, "another and younger bank president said recently that he was looking for a man to promote to an important position and in inspecting the records of the training classes for clerks he was struck by the very high standing of one young man. Ordinarily, he remarked, he would not regard high-class standing as worth more than about 2 per cent in his total estimate of a man, but upon investigation he discovered that this young fellow had horse sense as well as bookishness. So he promoted him, and the young man is doing well. What do you think of that?"

The Men at the Top

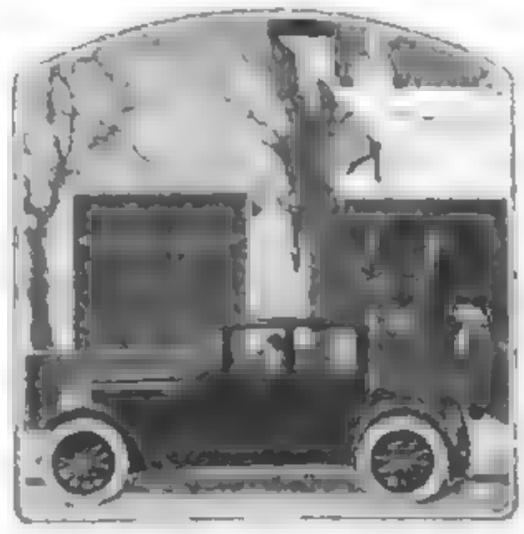
"That is a highly intelligent procedure provided it operates all through the organization, and is not an exceptional case," was the answer. "But I think for the best interests of the bank the president should look into the cases of the men who flunk and find out what's the matter with them."

"But aren't the men who stand very high in college classes, the Phi Beta Kappas, and those who stand equally high in training courses, likely to be freaks?" I asked. "At any rate, it is said that while big business organizations when picking college men rarely if ever will touch any in the lower half of a class, they are equally prejudiced against those in the upper 10 per cent."

"That may be, but if it is true it is because the business organizations will not take the time, or lack the facilities, to weed out the freaks from the upper 10 per cent."

"There is one final question," I said. "Do not many large business concerns make it almost impossible to assist men to make good on their jobs by the red tape and general waste and inefficiency which characterize such companies? For instance, I was told in one big concern that five officers, including one with a salary as high as thirty thousand dollars a year, spend hours at a time in conference deciding small questions that any clerk should be able to decide. In another place I was told that all the vice presidents have to go into conference to decide whether a department should employ seven or only six office boys."

"I do not know how many companies there are such as you describe, and hope there are not many, but concerns which are run that way are probably very prosperous and don't have to economize. If what you say is true, then the ideas which we have been discussing for helping the employe to overcome his difficulties are more needed higher up. Those at the top are the ones who need the education. Perhaps they should have a fire built under them."



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THE ERRING WIFE, OR LOVE'S SUGGESTION

Continued from Page 7

"Does Mr. Coué tell you all this? About the human affections? Or was it the sweet-minded Mr. Freud?" the young man now asked in a morose, depressed and sarcastic voice.

"Both do—in a way!" she replied with a high cheerfulness entirely unaltered by his mood.

"And you believe them, I suppose?"

"I don't believe them. I know myself—from my own experiments," she replied with undiminished confidence. "I have, in fact, right now a new working theory of my own that I am using in my clinics—a new departure of my own, that demonstrates exactly what I've said."

"What is that?" he asked. "If I may intrude so far."

"No intrusion," she responded very calmly. "It is very simple. I merely combine the discoveries and methods of Coué and Freud!"

"On the surface," he returned, "that sounds quite novel—one might almost say exciting!"

"It is," she told him unequivocally.

"Would you mind explaining it to me?"

"Certainly not," said the other with calm lightness.

Going on after a moment's pause, she sketched briefly the unusual and, she thought, as yet untried experiment by which she proposed to use the great major psychological discoveries of Messrs. Freud and Coué in conjunction. As she spoke, in contrast to her usually well-guarded manner, an earnest and enthusiastic light came into the eyes of the young speaker—the unquenchable enthusiasm of the scientist in her chosen work.

"I can demonstrate it," she asserted, "to any fair-minded person. I have a case right now!" She stopped abruptly, as if struck by a sudden thought. The fleet of clouds advanced several degrees eastward in her consideration. "I have a case right now," she continued finally, "that, if you really wish to be shown, would demonstrate to you what I mean exactly. And incidentally help me quite a bit. To save a life!" she concluded in a manner rather dramatic.

"Do you mean that literally?" her hearer asked.

"I do."

"Lead me to it!" said young Travers Overholt, the bright adventurous interest of the young in a sporting proposition rising suddenly to his keen blue eyes. "Tell me just how this will be done!"

She did so. As she progressed, the attitude and interjections of her listener showed clearly that she was interesting him greatly. The fleet of clouds had disappeared from the blue eastern sky when she had concluded.

"Will you help me," she asked frankly at her ending, "or doesn't that quite fit in with your present mental program?"

"I think, on the whole, it does, quite well," said young Mr. Overholt. "Yes. It seems, as you relate it," he said calmly but yet expectantly, "a sufficiently exhilarating form of amateur sport; and I am inclined, having a few spare hours at my disposal, to take a hand in it."

"Fine!" said his partner in the new undertaking. "Splendid! You'll help me out a lot. And I know you will be interested and diverted. I can promise you that."

"I can well believe you," agreed young Mr. Overholt.

They shook hands.

"But there is one question I would like to bring up in this connection," said the new partner, "before we find ourselves definitely infuriating your patient's unconscious mind."

"What is that?" asked Miss Isobel Strong, eying him closely.

"If I get you," he said, answering her, "coming down to practical details, this deeply dejected husband with a passion for firearms—this champion pistol shot who can snip the legs off of flies at a hundred yards—is to be subjected to this violent and unprovoked assault on his so-called unconscious through the savage and wanton attack upon this most ferocious of the emotions, which for purposes of parlor conversation we will call love."

"Yes."

"The power which, as Mr. Freud points out, is the main self-starter in Mr. Coué's power house—the so-called unconscious mind."

"Yes," she answered, disregarding his manner, searching his face for the meaning of the sincerity which she saw really lay behind his light speech.

"And if I get you correctly, these mad emotional stimuli—though acting ultimately upon him, through his subliminal power plant, his unconscious mind—will at first sharply involve another person."

"What," asked his partner, now grown impatient under his light tone, "are you talking about? Do you know?"

"Spencer," he reminded her. "Spencer!"

"But there is no Spencer—as I have already sufficiently informed you," she told him shortly.

"Well, what about you, then?" he inquired.

"You don't think he would shoot me?" she asked, sharply emphasizing the last word.

"Perhaps not," he answered after some reflection. "Perhaps not. Well, lead on. I am prepared."

"I'm glad you are at last!" she replied tersely but not ungratefully.

"As I understand it, my small speaking part in this, all I've got to do—whenever I meet him, in the club or anywhere—is to say casually, 'Martha seems to be having the time of her life, playing around with that young Spencer'—or words to that effect!"

"'In that young hectic sport car,'" added the proposer, the leading spirit in their joint experiment.

"Or something of that general tenor."

"Yes."

"Fine! Fine!" repeated her promised assistant a second time with much enthusiasm. "And then, before he has a chance to ask me the revolting details, I get out—flee—stand aside, and watch out for the kick—the reaction in his unconscious."

"Exactly. Yes," she confirmed him.

It being now too late, the sun being down too far for them to take up their projected game of golf, the two fine young figures turned back again toward the clubhouse.

From a little distance, seen side by side in their knickerbockers, it would have been not at all difficult to believe that they were a fine athletic young man accompanied by his fine athletic young brother.

III

IN A CHAIR in the center of a small room a youngish woman of full figure and florid face sat with a white covering over her shapely shoulders, fastened by her hair through a multitude of hanging wires to an overhead electrolier.

"How long will it take?" she was asking somewhat nervously of the carefully dressed and coiffured attendant in the black gown and white apron, who was attaching her to the last of the wires.

"It shall take some time—some hours, as yet," said the attractive young attendant. "Madame must more relax. Possess herself more patient."

"I know. I know," the other answered her uncomfortably. And as she spoke a tear—several tears, indeed—started to her light blue eyes and overflowed on her full flushed cheeks without the power of her hands, held beneath her covering, to check them.

"Is it—is it then paining madame?" asked the other solicitously, wiping them away. "I have then perhaps twisted some small little hairs too greatly in some place?"

"No. No."

"But then madame must not," said the other, gazing. "If we are to make madame more beautiful—even more beautiful than before—madame must positively not give way in such a degree. It is terrible, devastating upon the complexion," stated the attendant with authority. "Nothing indeed could be worse."

"I don't care a darn about my complexion. I don't want—want to be beautiful!" cried her unreasonable and excited customer tearfully.

Moved by these extraordinary and illogical words, the young attendant of the beauty shop stood back, speechless. But at just that moment the telephone in the larger outer room rang.

After a moment of indecision the young attendant stepped out toward it.

"Could mademoiselle," she asked of another person in the outer room—"could Mademoiselle Strong for the moment stop in with her friend to comfort—to reassure her, as I make answer to this message upon the wire?"

Nodding quickly and intelligently, the dark young woman spoken to moved into the small room, to where the lighter and more florid woman sat helpless, anxious, attached to the electrolier.

"Must I—must I go through with this, Isobel?" appealed the prisoner to the electric wires.

"Absolutely," replied her companion definitely.

"But why—why not something less striking than a permanent wave?"

"Because," replied Miss Strong promptly, "Lionel will notice it more—and more quickly. It will be a more violent contrast to the old Martha that he knows. As we have agreed before."

The tears again welled into the soft blue eyes of the inclosed and hopeless woman tethered to the electrolier—tears of sharp apprehension and anxiety.

"But will he love—love—like me just as much? He hates it. He hates permanent waves so terribly."

"Of course he does," responded her confronter sharply. "That's what we're doing it for?"

"I suppose so."

"Well?"

"Oh, very well, very well," the wife of Lionel Hetherington agreed at last, although still a little peevishly. "I'll do this if you say so. I'll go through with it. But I—I won't wait any longer about the other! I can't. I can't. I must know right now. Right now! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" she ended in a sudden access of physical agony. For, moving her head in her excitement, she had now quite evidently pulled violently and painfully upon her fastened hair.

"Sit still! Sit still, Martha!" said the younger, rather crossly. "What are you trying to do—scalp yourself?"

"But I must—you must—you've got to tell me what you're going to do to Lionel or I won't sit here another minute!" the wife of Lionel Hetherington cried, delivering a last and passionate ultimatum.

"Sit still! Sit still! For heaven's sake," directed her companion. "I'll tell you anything—anything you want to know. If you'll only not destroy yourself—snatch yourself baldheaded!"

Stepping forward she applied her handkerchief to the brimming helpless eyes before her.

"What do you want to know exactly," she now asked their tear-stained owner.

"Well—well," the latter stammered, when her speech was sufficiently controlled—"I want—to know about—about everything. What are you trying to do in this darn thing, anyway? That's what I want to know!"

"We're trying," said her clear-voiced companion, with just a touch of acerbity, "as I have told you already a dozen times, a new experiment, an appeal to Lionel through the power of the suggestion of love, which you naturally more than anyone else possess over him—over Lionel."

"I know," replied her hearer doubtfully, "but——"

"Well?"

"But—but you said before, that was just what was killing him—my suggestions, the suggestions of too much love!"

"Exactly. I did," her companion said, speaking generally, in the manner of one who seeks words that will explain without giving too detailed a view of the subject under consideration. "Exactly. But now we are using the power—the suggestion—just reversed."

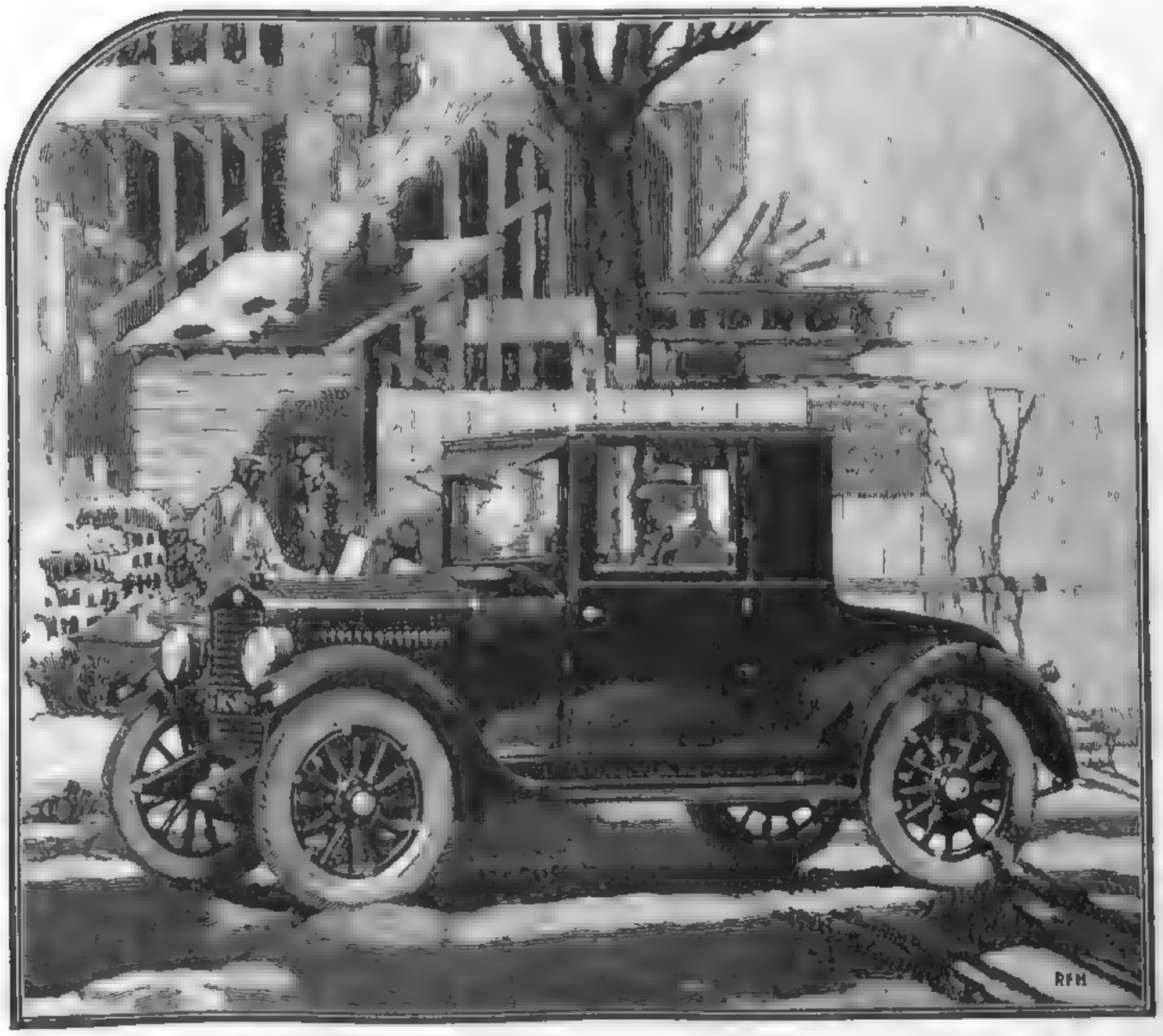
"What's that?" exclaimed the helpless wife, again twitching nervously at her fastenings

"Don't!" warned her young adviser. "Keep still!"

Turning her head the speaker saw that the attendant, the coiffeuse in the other room, was attached, apparently permanently, to the telephone, evidently, from her speech and birdlike manner, engaged in conversation with a person of the opposite sex. Seeing this the young adviser of Lionel Hetherington's wife turned reluctantly back.

"Listen," she said, speaking now in the voice of one bound by circumstances to satisfy and pacify an unreasonable and fractious child. "Listen, Martha, have you ever read Freud?"

(Continued on Page 46)



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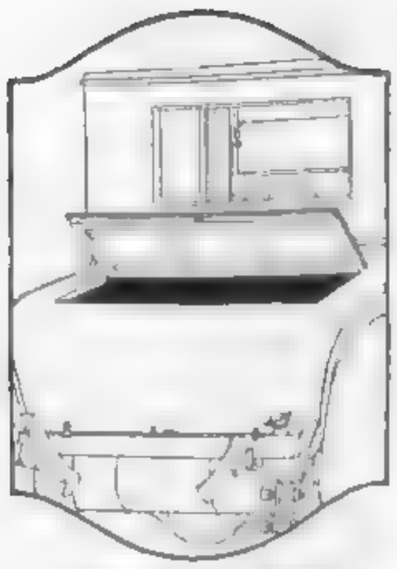

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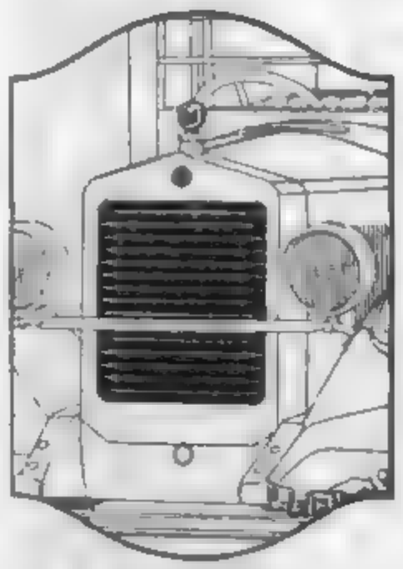

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(Continued from Page 44)

"No," said Lionel Hetherington's wife. "I heard I shouldn't."

"Well, then," said her instructress, going on very slowly and clearly, as to a child. "I will just say that next to Coué he is the last great explorer of the unconscious—that great new power of the mind which men have discovered in the past few years. The power to which we have agreed -you and I—that we would make our appeal through the new science of suggestion. Haven't we?" she asked, fixing her masterful dark eyes upon the tearful light blue eyes before them.

"Yes. Yes, of course, Isobel," the owner of the latter answered her. "But ——"

"Now Coué," said the young speaker, proceeding very slowly and explicitly, "discovered, as you know, this particular last use of mental suggestion: That you can cure—oh, practically everything—if you can just get the attention of the unconscious, as he calls it, by suggestions of various kinds—becoming, of course, when the unconscious mind accepts and acts upon them, autosuggestion! And the use of this autosuggestion, as he calls it, in curing, is practically all to put back the unconscious to normal. For the unconscious mind of man is always really healthy. So all we have to do, my dear, in general—and in this case in particular—is to use the conscious to rid the unconscious mind of the suggestions—the many morbid suggestions that have made it believe that it was abnormal, unhealthy."

"Yes. I know. I know all that!" exclaimed the impatient wife.

"Coué discovered this," continued her informant, speaking still very plainly and slowly. "On the other hand it was Freud who discovered the content, the main interest of the unconscious. What it is thinking of all the time, so to speak. And what most stimulates it to action."

"And what—what is that?" inquired the wife.

"It is love."

"Oh, yes. I know. I know, of course," the wife said hastily, remembering.

"So then," said the clear earnest voice of the young speaker, going on in explanation of her experiment, their mutual enterprise, "when you want to suggest something to the unconscious, to catch its attention so to speak, while you make your cure by autosuggestion—to drive out a previous morbid suggestion, what do you do? What would you naturally, in common sense, do?" Her hearer merely murmured. "You take naturally the strongest appeal, the strongest suggestion that you can make to it. You use the one thing that most interests it—all the time, day and night. Or at least I'm trying to. The thing that Freud discovered—the power of love."

"Yes. Yes. I know," said the still only partly informed wife.

"You see now what we are at? What we are after?" exclaimed the other earnestly, a new and stronger light, a light of involuntary scientific enthusiasm dawning in her eyes as she elaborated her idea. "You see what we are doing? We—you and I—are putting together—using the discoveries of Coué and Freud together—*for* the first time! We are making an experiment," she continued with a pardonable pride, "that I believe has never been tried before! In all the history of suggestion—of mental therapy. "It's so simple—so positively simple," cried the bright-eyed young enthusiast with a new eagerness, "it's a constant wonder to me that nobody before me seems to have thought of it even!"

The wife, though more fully informed now, did not follow her young and more theoretical enthusiasm. Her entangled hair moved restlessly against its wires.

"But what," she exclaimed, coming at length to the matter which was and had been uppermost in her mind—"what," she asked directly now, "is this Spencer thing that I am suggesting with to him nights? That's what I want to know now. And you know it! Perfectly well!"

"That is the cure, isn't it, my dear?" said young Isobel Strong, with an arch and quizzical smile, still evading her.

But her questioner was no longer to be deflected.

"Stand there," directed Lionel Hetherington's wife, now quite aggressively. "Right straight in front, where I can see your eyes. I can't see you around at one side there. Only in that one place. Straight ahead. There! Now tell me," she asked her, gazing deeply into her eyes, "who is this Spencer? Is it a man?"

"It seems to be the name of a man, my dear, doesn't it?" replied the younger with playful evasiveness. For she saw now she would have to speak anyway.

To these words the wife gave back no answering smile. Held by her hair as she was, she yet gazed with flushed and angry dignity into the other's eyes.

"Was that—was that what you meant?" she demanded hoarsely. "By all your hints? About love in reverse! When you said I must be less true! To Lionel!"

The waiting smile of the younger was little altered by this outburst of reproach.

"Not true to Lionel—I!" exclaimed the wife in an almost hysterical sternness when the other did not answer. "Do you mean to say you thought—that I —— Oh! Oh! Oh!" she cried, in another stress of both physical and mental anguish as she pulled back again in her great excitement against the restraining wires upon her head.

"I mean to say," replied her friend, with the smile of one who is about to reveal a pleasing and engaging secret, "that it is merely a necessary part of our treatment—by suggestion. The most powerful suggestion that I know of in the world."

The wife's inflexible seriousness altered not a fraction.

"Who is Spencer?" she asked rigidly.

"Who do you think?"

"I don't want to think. Who—is—Spencer?"

"Spencer," said her companion, smiling, "is my middle name."

"Then Spencer ——"

"Is I!" replied the other, not undramatically—a look of pleased achievement illuminating her fine young handsome face.

"You," repeated the wife of Lionel Hetherington, her lips just moving.

"I. In my new red runabout," the other replied triumphantly. "Don't you see?"

Looking around she observed the attendant upon the wire, still vivaciously attracting the attention of the young man on the other end of the line.

"Don't you see? Don't you see?" she asked, seeing this, and going on, explaining all now, to the flushed but silent wife. "How it will all work out?"

"But—but ——" interjected the still reluctant wife.

"What?"

"But what will Lionel think?"

"The worst, let us hope," replied her adviser cheerfully.

"The worst!" cried the hoarse-voiced wife. "About me!"

"That is," replied the other frankly, "unless you want to give up—our last chance! To give Lionel over quite definitely to his pistol gallery. To his pistols in the moonlight. To let him go along and die—by his own devices."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried the wife in her double anguish, jerking her head once more against the painful wires.

"What is this? What will madame do? Take all the hair from off her head?" a voice now suddenly cried behind them.

Looking back the unattached and younger woman saw the carefully and abnormally coiffured and manicured attendant coming rapidly toward them—having disengaged herself at length from her engagement on the telephone.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she exclaimed. "Would madame destroy herself for life? Her hair; her appearance. For life!"

"She will be quite all right now," the friend of her client was assuring her. "She is willing to go on—keep still—do just exactly as we tell her from now on. Aren't you, dear?"

A broken murmur answered her.

"From now on," said the young friend lightly, "she will worry no more. She will give herself up to us. She will take it all as a lark!"

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried the surprised attendant. "*Mon Dieu!*" she said, not catching, of course, the double meaning in the other's words. "Let us then hope so!"

Hurrying, she resumed her interrupted work upon her still somewhat tearful customer.

IV

PASSING through the paths and then the shrubbery of an ample and rather English property, the attractive, really lovely figure of the young woman with light frizzled hair, dressed in striking, modish and obviously new clothes, slipped unobtrusively into the lane at its farther side, and arrived there, signaled silently and hurriedly to the blood-red sport car which stood somewhat up the roadway, occupied by what was apparently, from the waist up, at least, an alert and strikingly handsome young man.

With a snort the low heavy car was standing at her side.

"He's looking!" she panted, climbing hurriedly in. "With those binoculars that he uses in the outside range. He's watching from the third story!"

"Then kiss me, dear," exclaimed the other voice, the voice of the supposed young man.

The wife of Lionel Hetherington did so—but with extreme repugnance; a radiant, beautiful but reluctant figure.

The hand of the apparent young man reached down, strongly manipulating the levers. The red car shot forward

"Come closer," he said to the excited wife. "Close up to me. The way they do!"

She obeyed with still more marked disgust.

"Oh, what does he think?" she almost wailed. "What must he think?"

"The worst, let us hope," replied her companion, with marked calmness, and for a moment they went on without conversation, turning with great deftness from one road to another, rather eccentrically, as if to avoid pursuit

"Look around," said the driver finally, "Is there any sign of anyone behind us?"

"No," said her lovely companion in the purple coat and still brighter purple turban; "I don't think he'd try to anyhow."

"Come back again—where you were! Close up!" directed her companion.

"Oh, Isobel! Why? Now?"

"Someone else might see us"

"Oh, this is terrible. Terrible!" said the wife of Lionel Hetherington, obeying. "It can't go on. It can't!"

"Why not?" inquired her driver crisply.

"Because, for one thing, I can't—I can't stand it! I can't go on myself any further!"

"Not even to save his life?"

"Oh!" cried the other, shrinking from her words.

"You give up? So soon?"

The wife of Lionel Hetherington cried out, rebellious.

"So soon!" she called. "A week! A full week! The most terrible, most awful week of my life! Oh, you smile!" she said, starting sharply away from her companion. "You have no idea. You can't! Take last night. Last night, when we came home so late!"

The car progressed a considerable distance in her effort at self-control.

"To lie there—after saying that word—that suggestion—that darned horrible suggestion to Lionel," she went on, securing it in part. "To lie there, seeing it work—afterwards! To hear him getting up - stealing over—bending over me. To know he stood there—feel his breath as he stood there bending over me, thinking what he does—what I know he does of me. Oh!" she said, pressing her handkerchief to her mouth.

"And I—I lying there, letting him think it. When every muscle, every nerve, every particle in my body cries out to me to reach up—to just reach up and throw my arms about his neck and cry out: 'It isn't so, Lionel! It isn't so. It isn't so!' Oh, how could any woman even think of such a thing! I could never see! Never see! Oh, I can't—I can't. I can't go on with this any longer. I shall go mad. I must tell him. Tell him now."

"And incidentally put him right back where he was," cried the cold emotionless voice of her companion, entirely unaffected by her excitement. "Kill him, no doubt, by your marked unselfishness!"

"Oh! Oh!"

"Buck up. Buck up!" said the clear calm cheering voice beside her. "For Lionel's sake, if for nothing else. You might at least do that."

To this there was no answer as the car drifted on through the attractive semi-rural roads.

"Haven't we had absolute success up to date?" asked the voice of the encourager.

No answer.

"Have you ever seen a man change so in your life—in so short a time?"

"No. No. That's it!" said the wife of Lionel Hetherington, answering eagerly at last. "He's not Lionel, my Lionel, any more. He's a stranger, a savage; a lurking, slinking, spying, devilish Othello!"

"And incidentally he is getting cured."

The wife stared.

"Well, isn't he? Of that morbid suggestion, that fixed idea we started out to drive away. You don't hear him talking any

(Continued on Page 48)

PIERCE

The Bearing Fitter—a craftsman of consummate skill—patiently shaping, truing and testing the silvery faces of the bearings in the Pierce-Arrow Dual-Valve Engine—epitomizes the painstaking care to which the Pierce-Arrow organization is dedicated.

That such bearings function often through as many as one hundred and twenty thousand miles of service—obscure, uncomplaining, unthought-of—is ample assurance of the worth of careful building.

Pierce-Arrow builds to these high standards with one objective alone: to provide a higher order of motor car service—in mechanical dependability—in riding comfort—and in physical beauty; to insure the satisfaction of uninterrupted daily service.

Distributors of Pierce-Arrow Motor Cars are now exhibiting some advanced interpretations in both open and closed models. The Pierce-Arrow French Landau—seven-passenger—and Runabout are illustrated below.

Any Pierce-Arrow dealer will deem it a pleasure to demonstrate these modern Pierce-Arrow creations.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY · BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Open Cars $5250 • Closed Cars $7000

At Buffalo—*War tax additional.* Prices in Canada upon application

ARROW

THE DIAMOND CORD

—one of the four types of Diamond Tires for passenger and commercial cars

From the First Tire Mile to the Present Day

The first automobile to appear on the streets of America was equipped with Diamond Tires. The man who had faith in an idea had faith in Diamond. In the present day—thirty years later—we see that faith shared by thousands of car owners who have ridden out the simple fact that in Diamond Tires one finds all that rubber science knows about tire quality and tire durability.

Selected Diamond Distributors close at hand can supply you with Diamond Tire Dependability for passenger and commercial cars

THE DIAMOND RUBBER COMPANY, INC., *Akron, Ohio*

FOR PASSENGER AND COMMERCIAL VEHICLES

Diamond TIRES

(Continued from Page 46)

more of suicide, do you? Or Roman senators? Or the beauty and dignity of death? Nor sitting up examining his pistols in the moonlight?"

"He scarce—scarcely speaks to me at all!" said the unhappy wife of Lionel Hetherington, her voice once more approaching a wail.

"No. He merely thinks of you—day and night. In place of himself!"

The wife apparently did not even hear her comment, her mind fastened firmly to the recollections of her own distress.

"At first," she said, "he didn't notice much. It didn't seem to dawn upon him as possible, even - that permanent wave, those purple clothes. He just seemed uneasy and kind of puzzled—that was all until that second night—that second night, when he must have really understood for the first time that name, that Spencer thing you made me say."

"Yes?"

"And after that—that next night—Sunday; after your friend—after Travers Overholt had spoken to him that first time—oh, that was terrible—that night! He didn't kiss me. He didn't kiss me! For the first time in ten years he didn't kiss me before we went to sleep. He acted as if I were a reptile—a reptile, a pariah! Oh! Oh!" The recollection was for the moment too much for her.

"How I kept up I don't know," she went on at last. "I can't tell you. I cried myself to sleep, I know that. I cried silently for hours, till my bed rocked, with my head under the pillow, after he was asleep."

"And then, the next evening, of course," said the cool cheerful voice of the driver, carrying on away from this in her broken silence, "he saw us, he really saw us in the distance, in the car together for the first time."

"That was Monday," said the wife half hysterically. "Then there was Tuesday when we drove out—I stole out in the evening. And Wednesday afternoon, when Travers Overholt spoke to Lionel that second time. And Thursday, when Lionel followed me to the beauty shop—and saw me go in there. And now today again! This dreadful week, which has left its mark on me forever!"

"And incidentally has made you ten years younger, Stunning! Lovely!"

"No. No. Don't!" said the wife, protesting at her light bantering tone.

"I had no idea. I had no idea, Martha," said her companion, still continuing it, half in jest, but half, too, in earnest, "that you would be so lovely frizzled. So ravishing permanently waved. I had no idea how wonderful you would be when you were what might be called dolled up—when you were really once pranked out. And I don't think Lionel did."

"Hush! Stop! How can you say such things? Now!" protested Lionel Hetherington's wife, blushing in spite of herself, even through her artfully applied cosmetics.

"Why shouldn't I laugh?" said the other, growing now a little more serious. "Why shouldn't I be a little pleased when we are succeeding? When our experiment is working out; when Lionel is obviously being cured—for the time being at least?"

"That's it!" exclaimed the wife, now straightening up again from her dejected and recumbent position in the slowly moving car. "That's it, exactly, Isobel. You know this can't go on forever, this masquerade."

"Precisely. Yes!" the other said most unexpectedly. "That's why I'm here today!"

"What do you mean, Isobel, by that?"

"Because I know perfectly well we can't go on with this much longer—without his discovering it. Because I want now to give him the final cure—within the next thirty-six hours! That is, if you are willing!"

"I!" exclaimed the wife, with parted lips. "I'd go through a red-hot fiery furnace on my knees to do that."

"Very well," said her adviser. "We will proceed at once then to administer the final mental shock!"

"What is that?" the wife asked apprehensively.

"At ten tomorrow you are going to elope! With Spencer!" she continued in the other's wide-eyed silence.

"But—but—where?" the wife stammered out at last.

"To my people's lodge in the Adirondacks. Where Lionel will follow you wildly. Throw himself madly into your arms!"

The white cold lips of Lionel Hetherington's wife moved toward the shadow of a wistful smile.

"Could you even dream of his ever doing that again?" she asked sadly.

"I can promise it—absolutely!" came back the bright young reassuring voice. "I have made all my arrangements for it now."

"How? Oh, how?" asked the wife of Lionel Hetherington, clutching sharply at her steering arm.

"You know Travers Overholt?" explained her driver when she had once more set her car upon the road. "Who has been helping us in all this up to now?"

"Of course."

"A big nice boy—untroubled perhaps by any too great intellectual stress, but absolutely dependable—absolutely. And fortunately rather anxious to please me."

"Yes. Yes. I know."

"He has engaged to bring Lionel up under strict instructions from me. Under shocking vows to reveal nothing whatever to Lionel—under any circumstances. For that would be fatal!"

The wife clutched once more at her steering arm.

"To our cure—not to Lionel, my dear!" explained the driver, fortunately prepared to meet this second strain upon her steering. "For it's absolutely necessary, of course, to our success, that no third party interfere, that Lionel know nothing, that there be two definite, distinct and untempered shocks!"

"Two?"

"Of the elopement first, and then of the reconciliation."

"Oh!" said the wife, sighing. Her eyes filled with tears. She could say no more.

"Trust me, Martha," said her young driver, seeing her emotion. "Just trust me. It will be quite—quite all right!" There was no answer. "So now there's really nothing left to do but for you to write down the letter I am going to dictate to you to leave for Lionel."

In a short time from this they had stopped before the attractive half-timbered Elizabethan house of the parents of Miss Isobel Strong.

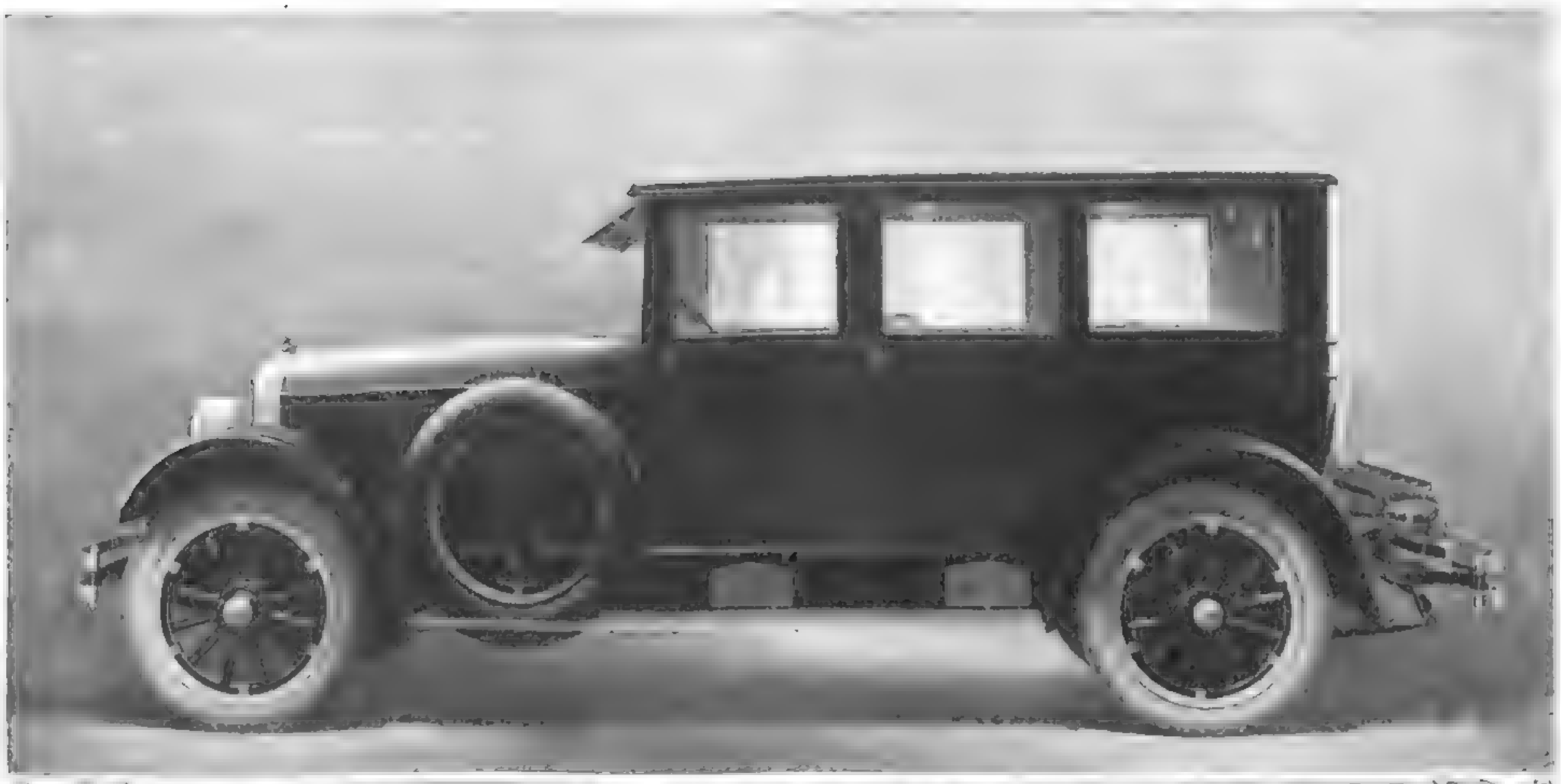
Leaping from her car, a fine athletic figure in her masculine sport suit, the latter led the dazed and still inarticulate wife of Lionel Hetherington to a writing desk in a high and dignified study.

"Write this, my dear," she directed when they were seated; and dictated an evidently carefully prepared text: 'Have gone with Spencer. Do not follow. It is useless.' That will bring him almost certainly!" said the young dictator, evidently alluding to the last sentences. "If I know anything about his psychology—about the psychology of men in general. If you tell them not to come—not to follow—it is absolutely certain they will."

The wife of Lionel Hetherington made no comment in reply to this more general and philosophic remark. She was engaged with her writing, striving to avoid spotting it with her tears.

A third copy was considered satisfactory to send.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Our Ideal Paige—Your Ideal Car

IF your ideal car is one of dignified beauty, the newly refined lines of the Paige will charm you. If your ideal of beauty means also richness of detail and substantial construction, the new Paige bodies will satisfy you.

For Paige Ideal bodies are now doubly braced, extra stout. Double strips of patent leather keep metal from touching metal, or wood. This idea of Europe's foremost body builders insures a forever squeak-proof car.

The new Touring Sedan is fashionably low; it looks its ability to go long distances fast and comfortably. Deep seats, deeply cushioned, restfully sloping, room to stretch out—all is designed for complete ease. Richness is evident—upholstery of finest fabric; silvered fittings. All instruments beneath a single glass panel in a walnut dash. Walnut steering wheel —adjustable to driver's convenience.

Like its predecessor, this Paige 6-70 will prove America's unchallenged champion in speed, hill-climbing and acceleration. Likewise our Ideal Paige goes beyond even your ideals in easy handling. The new clutch, with six springs instead of one and a light-weight driven member, gives smooth, easy engagement. The new transmission gives finger-touch gear shifting with a bare 3-inch movement. And it is almost as quiet in first and second speeds as in high.

A new degree of endurance—of long life at reduced upkeep—has been given our Ideal Paige by scores of chassis improvements. The finest practicable workmanship by precision tools and gauges, is standard throughout. A new automatic take-up for the silent motor driving chains does away with need for adjustment.

Since 1909 the same officers, directors and engineers have been working together on the development of our Ideal Paige. Now the success of our Jewett increases our volume and reduces our overhead so that we can fully realize our finest ambitions at a reasonable price.

So Paige now definitely takes its place as one of America's finest cars—frankly offered as the best of which we are capable.

PAIGE

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

How many letters do you owe?

THE number of letters you owe does not matter so much, but the fact that you owe letters matters seriously. Perhaps you have meant to write, time and again, but never got beyond good intentions because there was no social note paper at hand.

Unanswered letters do not pile up on desks always supplied with writing paper. And answering letters becomes a pleasant occupation when you have the right kind of stationery.

A box of Hammermill Bond Social Stationery belongs with correct writing materials. The three finishes—linen, bond, and ripple—are easy to write upon. There are eight different styles and sizes of envelopes to choose from. The price is 35c to 75c a box at druggists', stationers', and department stores.

If you consider writing tablets more convenient, there are all of the popular sizes in Hammermill Bond Social Stationery with envelopes to match. These tablets are ruled and unruled. They are suitable for social correspondence, to take on a trip, and for school work.

Find out what it's like

Send us ten cents (stamps or coin) and we will send you samples of different kinds of Hammermill Bond Social Stationery, to answer several letters

Hammermill Bond Social Stationery prepared by
WHITE & WYCKOFF MANUFACTURING CO.
Master Makers of Distinctive Social Stationery
Holyoke, Massachusetts

HAMMERMILL BOND
Social Stationery

DONE IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

(Continued from Page 4)

normally grow to be by 1999 under prewar conditions, if you get what we mean.

There are two chief reasons for Washington's vivacious and exuberant growth. It has become the most popular winter resort in the country, and it has become the home office of the largest and most intricate business in the world.

Many people express polite surprise when washing down an almond cake with a dash of orange pekoe at an official or a diplomatic reception that Washington should be growing with such speed when it has practically no manufacturing plants.

They must be numbed by the tea, for they overlook the fact that the United States Government is greater and more complex than a great many of the greatest steel and oil and packing companies put together. They overlook the fact that the Government has reached a point where it shows signs of maintaining people in Washington to run everything in sight, from the greatest ocean liners to the amount of pap that shall be fed to babies at five o'clock in the afternoon. They overlook the fact that the Government has been building steel and marble and concrete office buildings in every part of Washington for its rapidly growing army of workers, and that government bureaus and commissions are hived up in many privately owned office buildings all over the city, and that the government architect has the plans for 132 more buildings that are sorely needed for the housing of the employes of the world's greatest business.

A determined investigator might, if he dug and delved assiduously for six or eight months, uncover all the countless activities in which the army of government employes in Washington is engaged.

Among these activities, for example, are the recording and supervising of the dealings of the United States Government with Latin America, Western Europe, the Far East, the Near East, Mexico and Russia, together with the noting and the cataloging of all things happening or supposed to happen in those sections of the world, from the number of goose livers in Bavaria and the number of throne claimants in Hungary to the varieties of fish caught in the purlieus of the island of Yap and the amount of trousers worn by the natives of the Chersonesus.

Earnest Students at Work

Passports of American citizens are attended to in Washington; the diplomatic and the consular services are run and regulated; internal-revenue taxes are listed, investigated, collected and what not; the internal-revenue laws and the national prohibition laws are more or less enforced; all mints and assay offices of the United States are supervised. Erudite and canny financiers toy with the outstanding balances of bonds of the District of Columbia, the Philippine Islands, the city of Manila, the city of Cebu, and Porto Rican gold loans. Men who are complete masters of the multiplication table supervise the operation of national farm-loan associations, joint-stock land banks and the Federal land banks.

In Washington are designed, engraved, printed and finished the moneys and securities of the Government, among which may be respectfully mentioned United States notes, bonds, certificates of indebtedness, national-bank notes, Federal-reserve notes, Federal-reserve-bank currency; internal revenue, postage, war savings, thrift and customs stamps; Treasury warrants, Treasury drafts and checks, disbursing officers' checks, licenses, passports, commissions, patent and pension certificates, portraits of deceased members of Congress and other public officers authorized by law, and all postage stamps, moneys and securities authorized by the Bureau of Insular Affairs for the insular possessions of the Government.

Here are studied all the diseases of man, including anthrax, pink eye, botulism, pellagra, pip, pneumonia, trachoma and the heaves. Careful attention is paid to child, school, mental and industrial hygiene, rural sanitation and everything else affecting or liable to affect the health of the people of the United States. Here is superintended, supervised and administered the revenue-cutter service, the life-saving service, the work of architecting, constructing, rebuilding or repairing public buildings in the various states, all matters relating to the Army and the Navy, all the legal business of the United States, and the entire Federal postal service, together with all the press-agent work in connection with all of them.

Large and beautiful office buildings are filled to overflowing with the workers engaged in more or less arduous labors in connection with the General Land Office, the reclamation service, the Geological Survey, the Bureau of Mines, the Indian tribes of the United States, the Patent Office, pensions, education, the national-park service, the Capitol Building and grounds, various hospitals and charitable institutions in the District of Columbia, the reindeer industry in Alaska, vocational training, the building and operation of Alaskan railroads, and the adjustment of claims filed for losses incurred in producing manganese, chrome, pyrites or tungsten during the war.

Groups of earnest workers study the economic problems of the farmer, the weather in all its varying moods, livestock, both sound and diseased; dairying, plant life, the national forests, foods and drugs, soils, fertilizers; bugs, useful and useless; bug killers; birds, wild and not so wild; mammals, and anything else that will stand still long enough to be studied. Other groups attend to the publication of farm bulletins, prepare movies for farmers, investigate roads, irrigation, drainage and what not, and garner and disseminate palpitating facts dealing with agricultural products of all sorts at every stage of their journey from the seed or the egg to the consumer's mouth.

The Eruption of Bureaus

In Washington other hordes of government employes administer the lighthouse service, the Alaskan fur seal and salmon fisheries, the laws relating to merchant vessels and seamen, the taking of the census, the making of coast and geodetic surveys, and the collecting of statistics relating to foreign and domestic commerce. Armies of them attend to the preparation, publication and distribution of the enormous mass of printed matter handled by the Government Printing Office; they acquire and diffuse great quantities of more or less useful information having to do with labor in its relation to capital; the hours of labor, the earnings of laboring men and women, and everything else that anybody can think of in relation to labor; they administer the immigration laws; they investigate and report on all matters relating to child life; they administer the naturalization laws; they formulate standards and policies to promote the welfare, working conditions and efficiency of wage-earning women.

There are more government bureaus and commissions and boards and corporations than the most accomplished stick shaker can shake a stick at. There is the Bureau of American Ethnology, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the United States Railroad Labor Board, the Civil Service Commission, the United States Bureau of Efficiency, the Federal Trade Commission, the Federal Reserve Board, the United States Shipping Board, the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation, the United States Railroad Administration, the United States Council of National Defense, the War Finance Corporation, the United States Veterans' Bureau, the Federal Board for Vocational Education, the Board of Road Commissioners for Alaska, the Commission on Navy Yards and Naval Stations, the National Advisory Committee for Aëronautics, the International Joint Commission, the International Boundary Commission for the United States and Canada, the International Boundary Commission for the United States and Mexico, the Board of Surveys and Maps of the Federal Government, the United States section of the Inter-American High Commission, the Federal Power Commission, the United States Geographic Board, the Commission of Fine Arts, the Federal Narcotics Control Board, and sundry others

(Continued on Page 52)

Re-roof for the last time

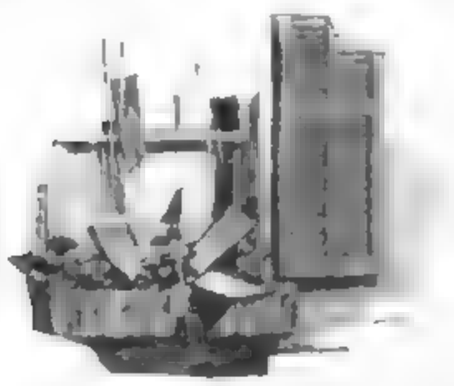
—right over the old shingles

HUNDREDS of dollars have been saved in the past few years by house owners who have re-roofed the Johns-Manville way.

Its popularity is due to the fact that it has an unmatched advantage over all other forms of re-roofing. You *save money* by not tearing the old shingles off—and at the same time you get a *better* roof!

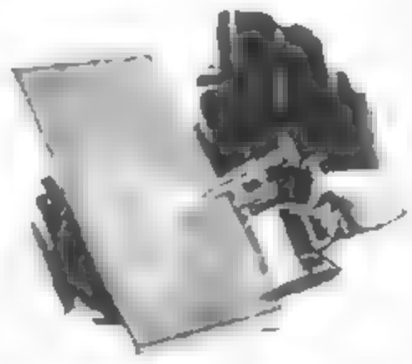
Up the roof in no time!

Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles are laid right over the old roof. They are easy to lay. The nails and nail holes come with the shingles. All that is needed is a shingler's hammer. The job is finished quickly—and because the old roof is not ripped off your house is never exposed to the dangers of a sudden rain storm.



No damage—indoors or out

No old shingles come tumbling down to damage your lawns or shrubbery. There is no dust and dirt inside or around the house—which the housewife will appreciate. And you do not have to pay to have the old shingles carted away.



Fire-proof? Look at this!

Perhaps you have already seen the famous Johns-Manville blowtorch test. This is what it proves:

That Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles are absolutely *fire-proof*. They are more than just "fire-safe." The white hot flame of the blowtorch is turned aside—harmless.

That is why they are given highest ratings by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.—men whose business it is to classify fire risk. There have been many instances where big conflagrations have been halted by Asbestos Shingles. Be sure that your roof is impregnable to attack from a community fire.

No more wear and tear on your purse

Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles are permanent. Made from asbestos rock fibre and Portland cement, they will never wear out. You should never have future roofing bills to pay. Put Asbestos Shingles on your roof and forget it for good—you have re-roofed for the last time.

And all the time you will be getting double roof protection. The old roof underneath the new acts as a protecting, insulating blanket. Dry wood is an excellent insulator. You are quite likely to find the upstairs rooms cooler in summer and warmer in winter—because this two fold roof helps to keep outside temperatures *outside*.

Besides being permanent your new roof will be artistic and beautiful. A roof of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles always attracts much favorable comment in any neighborhood.

Architects all over the country have recognized their charm in finishing a housetop. That is why these shingles are used so often to enhance the architecture of country houses and suburban homes. Perhaps you have seen them—soft and colorful in the sunlight

This book—one penny

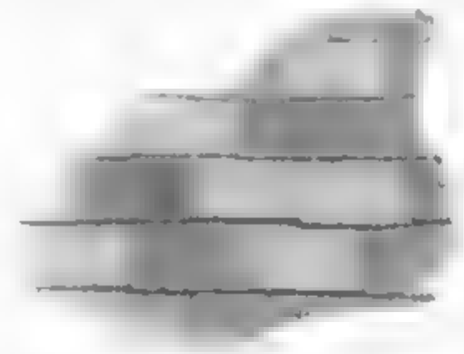
Mail a penny post-card at once to Johns-Manville, Inc., Madison Avenue at Forty-first Street, New York City for this booklet—"Re-roofing for the last time"—or send us the coupon below.

Even if you are not ready to re-roof now, this book will give you some dollar-saving information on the subject. And if you are forced to re-roof now, don't decide on the method or material until you have read this booklet. It may save you money.

Everlasting Asbestos Rock

This is a photograph of asbestos—that marvelous fire-proof rock. Note the long silken fibres. This rock will be split into an infinite number of fibres and compressed with Portland cement into Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles.

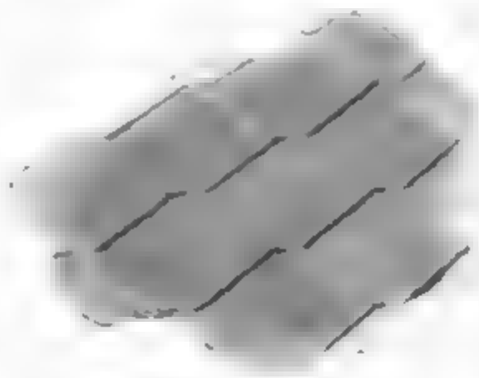
It is no wonder that these shingles are so everlastingly durable. As a matter of fact the longer they lie on your roof the more they improve. They take on a harder set and a softer color with age.



American Method

This time-tried method of laying shingles—known as the American Method—seems to bestow a new beauty when Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are used. That is because of their soft tones and large size.

Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles are furnished in several shades of soft rich colors—grays, reds and browns. A beautiful effect is obtained by blending these various colors in one roof.



Hexagonal Method

This method of laying Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles makes an impressive roof. It is unusual enough to be distinctive, and it is a practical roof, too. The Johns-Manville "storm-anchors" bind the shingles together so that the roof becomes a weather-tight unit.

* * * *

To sum up: If you want a fire-proof, everlasting roof at a low cost, you cannot do better than lay Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles over the old roof.

See your roofing man or builder at once and ask him about prices, weights, etc.

Or mail the coupon below.

OR —If you want a slate-surfaced Asbestos shingle

You can get one with an asbestos backbone in Johns-Manville Flexstone Asbestos Shingles. There is a protective layer of asbestos in each shingle below the slate surfacing. And yet they do not differ much in price from the ordinary composition shingle.

Asbestos

JOHNS-MANVILLE

Asbestos Shingles

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc.
Madison Ave. at 41st St.
New York City

Branches in 56 large cities

Please send me your booklet, "Re-roofing for the Last Time."

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

For Beauty and Durability

Ask for
Cadet*960 Line

March winds make even more conspicuous the luxurious charm and the gleaming silken loveliness of these durable stockings for women.

The CADET #960 Line of Hosiery is pure ALL SILK and FULL FASHIONED. The tops are especially elastic. Like all Cadet Hosiery, it is *scientifically strengthened and reinforced* to insure extra long wear.

The same quality and durability that characterize Cadet Hosiery for Women, may be had in Cadet Hosiery for Men and Children.

For Children, ask for Cadet #1—fine ribbed, fast color and built for rugged wear.

For Men, ask for Cadet #900—PURE SILK, perfect fitting and hole resisting.

Good dealers almost everywhere sell Cadet Hosiery. If yours does not, write for the name of the Cadet Dealer nearest you.

Write to-day for our free booklet, "Style Starts with Stockings"

Originated, Manufactured and Guaranteed by

CADET KNITTING CO.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Also Makers of Worsted, Wool, Artificial Silk and Pure Silk Sweaters for Men, Women and Children

CADET
SCIENTIFICALLY STRENGTHENED and REINFORCED
HOSIERY

The Cadet Label on Hosiery Assures Beauty and Durability at a reasonable price. Ask for it by name.

(Continued from Page 50)

There is nothing surprising about the growth of Washington. Vienna, the capital of old Austria-Hungary, had a population of some 2,250,000, chiefly due to the vast army of bureaucrats and government employes required to carry on the business of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The United States is a greater empire than Austria-Hungary ever dreamed of being, and it is well on its way to being an infinitely greater bureaucracy.

Soon, if the plans of several distinguished and powerful senators are realized—and there is every likelihood that they will eventually be realized—hundreds of additional bureaus and tens of thousands of additional employes will begin to function in Washington.

There will be bureaus for the administration of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, the Union Pacific Railroad, the York Harbor & Beach Railroad, the Delaware & Hudson Railroad, the Southern Pacific Railroad, and all the other railroads of this fair—or fairly fair, as it will then be—land.

There will be other bureaus and other tens of thousands of employes to administer the telephone companies, the water-power companies and the mines.

There will be bureaus to regulate and equalize the earnings of moving-picture actors, dentists, authors, automobile manufacturers, dog breeders, newspaper paragraphers, steeple jacks, goldfish fanciers and every other variety of worker.

There will be bureaus to regulate every activity, pursuit and calling not now regulated by a bureau, with the single exception of the bureaus themselves.

There is no reason at all why, if Vienna had a population of 2,250,000 in 1913, Washington shouldn't have a population of 3,000,000 by 1953—no reason, that is to say, except the progression of the country to the bursting point, due to the hot air of the government-interference and government-ownership faddists and fanatics, something after the fashion of the over-progression of a toy balloon due to an overdose of warm air from the lungs of its immature and injudicious owner.

Since all the activities of the Government are being concentrated in Washington, every organization in the country that has anything to gain or to lose because of the Government's activity or inactivity has sent or is preparing to send representatives to Washington to establish national headquarters in order to keep track of legislation in which the organization is interested, and to point out to Congress with a rude and insistent forefinger the weak spots in its thought or action.

Special Interests on the Job

The National Chamber of Commerce, which occupies a large office building located almost in the lap of the State, War and Navy Building, may be found pointing rudely at legislation which is abhorrent to the business men of the country. The American Federation of Labor occupies another building and indicates with similar vigor the measures that give the workingman a pain—these measures usually being the ones that the National Chamber of Commerce advocates.

The National Council for the Reduction of Armaments emits shrieks of agony at the size of our Army and Navy; an association of churches seems willing to embroil the United States in a war with Turkey because of its sympathy for the Greeks; the Anti-Saloon League pushes dry legislation, while wet legislators burst into raucous howls of protest; the National League of Women Voters brings pressure to bear for measures which it considers desirable; the Navy League can prove that the Navy is on the verge of ruin; the National Security League and the National Defense League have the figures to show that the National Council for the Reduction of Armaments is suffering from warped perception; the National Association of Manufacturers can demonstrate that what the country needs is more immigration; the Immigration Restriction League can prove conclusively that the country needs less immigration; the National Board of Farm Organizations wants the farmer helped, no matter what happens to anyone else; and so it goes. These are the representatives of the organized minorities that are running the country. Some of them are good and some of them are very, very bad.

Some statisticians have figured that 13 per cent of the increased cost of commodities in this country is due to the profit that must be made in order to maintain all these different national associations in Washington. Like most statisticians, they are probably wrong; but that is how they figure it.

The farther the Government sticks its nose into the activities of the people the more organizations send representatives to Washington to influence legislation. If a restless New England senator were to bring in a bill demanding the regulation of laundries that put saw-tooth edges on hard collars the National Association of Laundrymen would probably organize and open offices in Washington the following day.

If a representative, infuriated at being unable to find a space in which to park his automobile, were to bring in a bill demanding the regulation of the number of small tin automobiles that could be sold in any one month, Washington would instantly be overrun with national associations of garage owners, gasoline retailers, carburetor inventors, tin workers, and so on, all busily engaged in occupying expensive offices, drawing commodious salaries and threatening every legislator who opposed their wishes with ignominious and overwhelming defeat.

Since the Government's nose penetrates farther and farther into the people's activities with each succeeding day, the representatives of the organized minorities will keep pace with the increase of government employes in the new bureaus, and the growth of Washington will be unconfined.

A Social Paradise

The rise of Washington as a winter resort has been due partly to the advertising that the city has received from the publicity experts who have congregated in it to represent the organized minorities, partly to the beauties of the city, partly to its mellow winter climate and partly to the social advantages, so called, that Washington offers to anyone who is willing to indulge in the excessive labor and the fatiguing hours which are essential to any social success. It is, in the words of people who like to compress a thought into a phrase, such an interesting city!

It is becoming more and more ingrained in the minds of the sturdy yeomanry from Deuteronomy, Maine; or Slippery Rock, Idaho; or Fiddler's Falls, New York; or Mink City, North Dakota, who have accumulated a modest competence by selling the tannery or hooking a sucker for the old ranch or inheriting a ten-dollar safe-deposit box full of conservative bonds, that Washington is a genteel and interesting place to which to retire in order to escape the somewhat numbing attentions of the same old gang whose idea of solid amusement is a game of bridge Wednesday and Saturday evenings, followed by cider and doughnuts.

When these good folk pull up and come to Washington it isn't long before they meet a retired major who was in the Philippines, and an ex-congressman who is practicing law, and a man who has a position in the Treasury, and a man who knows everything that's happening in the White House, and a man who was talking to Hoover not long ago—in short, a most interesting little coterie of friends. It is a pleasant life, this Washington life, with men of affairs on every side, always glad to accept a dinner invitation from a substantial retired business man from Slippery Rock or Mink City. And a letter to the folks back home saying that Congressman Gluff, of Texakota, and Major Yarp came to dinner recently is not to be sneezed at. It shows plainly that one has surrounded himself with interesting people; that one is participating in the nation's affairs, close to the heart of things. A worthwhile, interesting life!

The property owners of Washington are well aware that those who come to them in search of houses to rent are in search of charm as well as of homes. They excite the cupidity of the prospective client by mentioning the prominent people who may be seen every morning trading in the grocery store around the corner.

"Mrs. Whiffle, whose husband is in the State Department, goes in there every morning," they like to say; "and Senator Drink's wife, and General Blow's daughter—General Odeon B. Blow, you know—and the collector-general's sister, Mrs. Haggis."

The idea is evidently to insinuate into the client's mind the thought that he will soon be associating with these distinguished persons over a tray of lamb chops or a nice slice of raw halibut.

And the property owners frequently lead the client to the top floor of their homes and point out various chimney pots to him with mingled pride and veneration.

"Do you see that triple chimney just across that alley?" they say. "Well, that belongs to the Secretary of Education; and the old brick house just beside it used to be occupied by the Secretary of War. Mrs. G. Wilfer Ruff, the widow of the bathtub king, lives in that house with the green slate roof; and Admiral Gallston lived in the house with the little attic windows until his wife ran away with the Mesopotamian minister," and so on and so on.

The property owners have learned that newcomers to Washington will frequently overlook defective plumbing, a gloomy house and high rentals if a sufficient number of impressive neighbors can be produced to offset the unpleasant features.

Recently, and for the first time in many decades, newcomers to Washington have begun to realize that the charm of Washington lies much less in the celebrated men and socially prominent women of the present time, who are here today and gone tomorrow, than in the solid and substantial things which surrounded the equally solid, substantial and enduring founders of the republic.

As one stands at the front entrance of the White House one looks for miles along the straight line of Sixteenth Street. This street and the parallel streets to the left of it—Seventeenth and Eighteenth and Nineteenth and Twentieth, and so on—and the connecting streets between them have been for many years the fashionable streets on which to live. This section of the city is known as the northwest section; and real-estate dealers of any standing whatever would, until recently, no more permit a client to rent or purchase a house in any other section of the city than they would loan money on a mortgage at 2 per cent. Such a thing simply wasn't done.

Clients, for example, frequently expressed a desire for a house near the Capitol and the Congressional Library in the southeast section of the city, only to be given the hoarse hoot by the dealers.

Old Georgetown

"Why," they'd say, "you don't want to go up there to live! Nobody lives up there! Now, here's a nice house that Senator Fozzle occupied last year. It's on Nineteenth Street—a very fine location."

"But I don't want to be on Nineteenth Street," the client would protest. "I want to be near the Congressional Library. I'd like to get one of those nice old houses, over a hundred years old."

"No! No! No!" the dealers would say. "You don't know what you're talking about! Those buildings can't be lived in. There are none up there anyway. You wouldn't be willing to stay there a week. Now, here's a nice house on M Street, just off Eighteenth. General Horsehide has the house right beside it." And so on. The real-estate dealers seemed to have a secret agreement to prevent any people of means from living anywhere except in the northwest section.

Georgetown, which is the oldest section of Washington, and only a few streets to the west of the northwest section, was also frowned upon by the real-estate dealers. Georgetown is peaceful and dignified and very old. There are very ancient houses in it, among them the houses that were built by the Federal Government for European ministers before Washington was ready to be occupied. It has small houses in it that George Washington is supposed to have lunched in or dined in or slept in or otherwise occupied himself in, though some of the houses are so very small and George Washington was so very tall that it seems unlikely that he did more than lean against the outside of the houses and call imperiously for the inmates to come out, if anything.

In Georgetown there are beautiful old brick homes that were built by well-to-do citizens of Washington's day; and occasionally a newcomer to the city, in past years, would express a wish to get a house over there. His wish, like the wishes of those who hankered to live near the Congressional Library, caused the real-estate dealers to emit sharp bursts of contemptuous laughter.

(Continued on Page 54)

IT WAS THUS INTENDED

THERE are few things you buy which are so important as medicinal household products. And because they are vital to your health, and to the health of your loved ones, you should select them carefully, knowing that they are *scientifically correct* before you buy.

Squibb Household Products

As chemists to the medical profession, E. R. Squibb & Sons have been identified closely with the advancement of medical science for more than sixty years.

In this service, the complete facilities of the Squibb Laboratories have been dedicated to the higher demands of medicine, as well as to the production of household products of unusual merit.

It was intended that these products should give every one the opportunity to buy articles in home-use which are of the highest possible quality. Every Squibb Product must be approved by medical authorities before it is offered to you.

You will find that Squibb Products are usually displayed in a separate section of the best drug stores. This, too, is intended, as there is no comparison between Squibb Products and the ordinary products of commerce.

This will be apparent to you the first time you purchase any of the familiar articles described on this page. You will notice that Squibb's Bicarbonate of Soda, because it is pure and correctly prepared, is free from the usual bitter taste. Squibb's Castor Oil, due to superior refining, is bland in taste and much more agreeable to take. Squibb's Epsom Salt is free from arsenic and other impurities, and, consequently, is less unpleasant.

When you buy any product bearing the Seal of Squibb, you can feel certain that you are getting a product which is as reliable, as safe, and as agreeable to use as the highest professional integrity and scientific knowledge can produce.

Among the standard household products produced by Squibb are:

Squibb's Dental Cream—made from Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. A scientifically correct tooth paste for the better protection of the teeth and gums. Corrects mouth acidity.

Squibb's Cold Cream—an exquisite preparation of correct composition for the care of the skin.

Squibb's Nursery Powder—an unusually soft, fine powder, made at the requests of physicians for a baby powder that is soothing without interfering with the normal action of the skin

Squibb's Boric Acid—pure and perfectly soluble. Soft powder for dusting, granular form for solutions.

Sold by reliable druggists everywhere, in original sealed packages.

SQUIBB

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT
IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

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80 Beekman Street,
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They are
Federal
Standard
Equipment
If your radio-receiving outfit is to give real satisfaction, it must be equipped with the highest grade head sets.
FOR years a definite national standard in the making of head sets has been established and maintained by the Federal Telephone and Telegraph Company—endorsed by experts of official recognition.
This Company was the first in the field of manufacturing head sets, having started production when radio was in its experimental stages.
Federal Standard Head Sets are furthermore the product of 22 years' manufacturing of communication apparatus. The immense experience and knowledge accumulated during this time by its makers, have produced a head set that remarkably enhances the clearness and distance-range of the radio receiver. The Federal Company makes a complete line of radio apparatus.
Federal Standard Head Sets will raise your radio equipment to professional efficiency.
Ask your dealer for Federal Standard Head Sets —made by the pioneer and largest maker of these apparatus in the world. Accept no substitute.
Federal Telephone and Telegraph Company
BUFFALO, N. Y.
CHICAGO, 805 Steger Bldg.
SAN FRANCISCO, 693 Mission Street
ST. LOUIS, 2041 Railway Exchange Bldg.
BOSTON, 101 Tremont Street
PHILADELPHIA, 1008 Drexel Bldg.
DETROIT, 329 Majestic Bldg.
NEW YORK, 2156 Woolworth Bldg.

(Continued from Page 52)

"Nobody," they assured him, "lives in Georgetown! The negro quarter is absorbing it and driving everybody out. But on Sixteenth Street, only three doors from the Bessarabian Legation ——"

So the real-estate dealers kept on renting and selling in the northwest section. The houses which they rented and sold were frequently houses of the type that has false gables, dormers, mullions, towers and dofunnies attached to every corner. Inside they were inclined to be dark and graceless and unlovely. They were built much later, of course, than the simple, substantial and very beautiful houses that were built during the early days of the republic. There is no doubt that the architects who built them labored under the delusion that they were progressive architects. Actually they were deluded architects; and their pseudo-progressive houses have proved to be nothing but muddled and hideous pieces of patchwork.

In this fact the student of life and manners can find a deep and potent lesson. The fathers of the republic were skillful at building homes and they were skillful at building a government. The houses that they built in Georgetown and Washington and Alexandria and Philadelphia and Boston are as beautiful today as on the day when they were built; and if they have had proper care they are as sturdy and as livable. But the gaudy and jimcrack houses that were built by later and more progressive architects are now being torn down to make way for houses built on the old colonial lines.

Our progressive legislators are following in the footsteps of the progressive architects by erecting gaudy and jimcrack laws and tacking monstrous additions on the Constitution; and the sad feature of the proceeding lies in the fact that a bad house is more easily remedied than a bad law.

Three or four years ago a few adventurous, hardy spirits defied the real-estate dealers, went over to Georgetown and purchased some of the beautiful and venerable old houses that Washington had leaned against or that Dolly Madison had graced with her presence.

Some had been made into negro boarding houses, and some had been allowed to go so long without repairs that they needed vulcanizing in spots; but all of them were marked by the simple elegance which apparently characterized all the work of the early builders.

And in spite of the dirt with which their interiors were crusted, their beautifully carved mantels and doorways and staircases were intact.

Georgetown Real Estate

The real-estate dealers howled with mirth at the folly of these pioneers; but the pioneers said nothing and bought up the old houses for $2000, or $2500, or $3000, or $5000. And then, overnight, Georgetown became fashionable. Houses that were negro boarding houses a year ago, and that were bought for $4000 and $5000, are now valued at $20,000 and $25,000. Colonial houses so small that any unrestrained gesture on the part of an occupant frequently results in skinned knuckles were gladly sold for $2000 two years ago, but are now valued at $13,000 and $15,000.

A year ago a naval officer, in order to reduce expenses, gave up his home in the northwest section of Washington and moved to a small old house in Georgetown. He expected to rent his large house at once. In the space of a year he received no offers at all for the large house; but three eager seekers after charm offered him large sums for his Georgetown house.

A colonial house built by one of Washington's generals in Alexandria, seven miles from Washington, was offered for sale at $25,000. The real-estate agent who did the offering mourned bitterly over it.

"If I had that house in Georgetown," he said, "I could get $100,000 for it."

The charm of Washington for a great part of the people who are making the city into the country's greatest winter resort, however, does not lie in its climate, or its beautiful old houses, or the ghosts of great men that haunt its streets; but in the large and satisfying amount of society that it affords.

There is more society to the square inch in Washington than there is to the square mile in other American cities; and there are as many different brands as there are recipes for making beer.

The real blown-in-the-bottle Washington society is composed of the old, hidebound, upstage folk who are known locally as the cave dwellers. They live for the most part in dark and ancient homes; and, like the cave dwellers of old, they use clubs on and throw rocks at any outsider who attempts to make himself one of them by stealth, strategem or force.

To be a cave dweller, one must have lived in Washington for several generations, and must have been inextricably tied up with the first families of Virginia or Maryland ever since the days when terrapin sold for fifty cents a barrel. Presidents, Vice Presidents, Secretaries of State, foreign ambassadors and senators are scorned by the cave dwellers in a social way. They are the merest upstarts; temporary celebrities; not at all the sort of persons that one would care to associate with until one knows much more about them, suh. Almost like motion-picture persons, suh.

Occasionally an outsider is permitted to mingle with the cave dwellers on terms of semiequality, but only when he has been a member of a corresponding close corporation in another city. A Bostonian, for example, who had been flattening his a's under the family Bible ever since the days when Elder Brewster's cow ran amuck and by so doing laid out Washington Street, might be admitted to the homes of the cave dwellers after he had been under close observation for ten or fifteen years and had proved to be the sort of person whose great-great-grandfather had been intimate with the Custises and the Madisons and the Lees, or had actively participated in the signing of a treaty with France or England prior to 1825. Others need not apply.

Who's Who in Society

The cave dwellers never appear in the society columns of the papers. Publicity causes them to grow rigid and call in a stifled voice for the smelling salts or a glass of 1816 sherry. Occasionally they may be seen taking the air in an open-faced barouche driven by a red-faced driver in a tall hat, a fawn-colored box coat and a white-enameled block-tin collar and ascot tie, who is still obsessed with the idea that automobiles and other vehicles have no rights on the street in his vicinity.

Just as the cave dwellers scorn the newcomers to Washington, so do the newcomers—especially those who crave the vanities and excitement of society—scorn the cave dwellers. Aside from the food, there is no nourishment or stimulus in dining with the cave dwellers—none, that is, to compare with dining or attending a reception with countless high government officials and betitled and uniformed foreigners who will kiss a lady's hand as quick as they'll take a drink. Besides, one gets one's name in the papers in the latter case; and this is something that the newcomers detest in the same way that they would loathe and abhor an invitation to spend a month with the Prince of Wales.

There is so much society in Washington that every newspaper gives practically a page to it every day, thus putting it in the same class with football, baseball and a prominent murder.

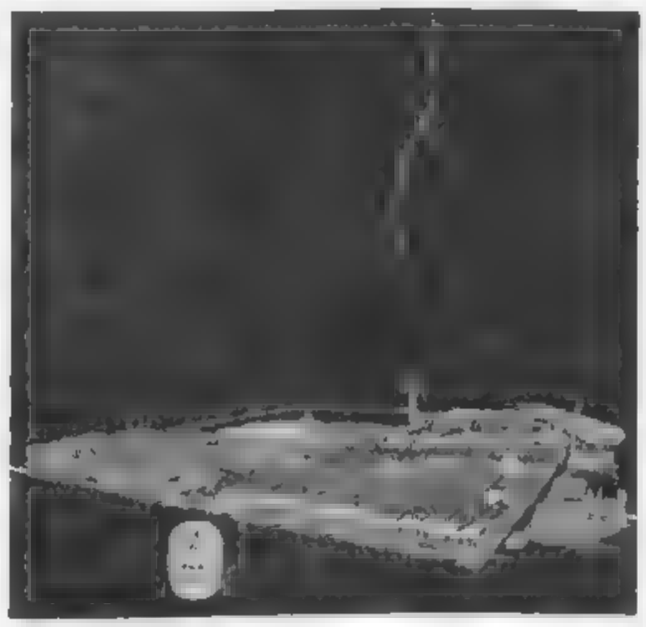
At the beginning of the society columns each day the eager reader learns whom the President has been entertaining. In the next item one learns where the Vice President has been dining. Then one gets a line on the cabinet officers and their social activities, after which the doings of various diplomatic representatives of this and other countries are duly chronicled. At the tail end are set forth the goings and the comings, the receivings and the lunchings and the dinings and the dancings of lesser social luminaries, such as generals, admirals, senators, wealthy widows, representatives and ordinary society folk.

To a stranger in the city, many of these items are baffling in the extreme. One doesn't know who is who or what is what, and he is apt to come away with the idea that a great many officials are going to dinners with people who don't belong to them. One reads, for example, that the Italian ambassador was accompanied to a function by the Secretary of the Embassy and Madame Celesia, and that among those present were the Undersecretary of State and Mrs. Phillips, the Secretary of Labor and Mrs. Davis, the Speaker of the House and Mrs. Gillett, the Peruvian Ambassador and Madame Pezet, the Minister

(Continued on Page 56)

Why You Should Buy

WHITE TRUCKS



9

Other Reasons:

* * *

The Truck Itself
Most Value per Dollar
100,000-Mile Records
Ownership Roll Call
White Owner Service
The Manufacturer's Policy
Service Above Sales
Transportation Experience
Largest Output
in High Grade Field

Reason No. 6

A Permanent Maker

(Twenty-two Years of Knowing How)

A MOTOR truck without its maker is a liability. It is important that he not only stay in business and stand behind his product with service and parts, but also that he continue to be a *factor* in the industry.

Truck making is a large scale operation. With small output the cost of making and selling becomes prohibitive; too much of the price goes into overhead; too little into the truck itself.

Also, when output increases, the service demands grow; more facilities are needed; manufacturing capacity must be able to take care of a simultaneous demand for both parts and trucks.

From every standpoint large resources are needed.

Inevitably, the motor truck field divides itself into three groups: the temporary, the unprogressive, and a few *permanent* makers who have come through years of development with a growth which assures their future. There are over 200 concerns making trucks. Six of them do three-fourths of the entire business.

The White Company is one of them. For years it has had the largest output in the high grade field. Year after year White Trucks obtain a larger share of the truck market.

THE WHITE COMPANY
Cleveland

KAHN

Custom Made Clothes Tailored to Your Individual Measure

The majority of successful men have made it a habit as a matter of policy to wear tailored-to-measure clothes.

Through recognition of this fact and by intelligently meeting the demand for fine tailored-to-measure clothes our custom tailoring shops have become the largest and most successful of their kind.

You can get Kahn tailored-to-measure clothes from the Kahn dealer right in your own locality If you shouldn't happen to know who he is, write us.

KAHN TAILORING COMPANY OF INDIANAPOLIS

(Continued from Page 54)

of Norway and Madame Bryn, the Minister of Ecuador and Madame Elizalde, the Minister of Switzerland and Madame Peter, the Military Attaché of the French Embassy and Madame Dumont, the Counselor of the Legation of Norway and Madame Steen, and so on, for half a column or more, until the innocent stranger sometimes leaps to the conclusion that it is bad form for anyone to go to an official function in Washington with his own wife. The inwardness of the matter, however, lies in the fact that titles, being as common in Washington as apple pie in a New England restaurant, are used with the same freedom and in the same way that the ordinary handle "Mr." is used in other and less official sections of the country.

Washington society, as understood by those who judge society by the society columns, is the easiest big-league society to break into that is known to man. There are $1800 clerks in government bureaus who move in the most select Washington circles, and who have no reason whatever for being there except their determination to be there and a knowledge of how it is done.

A few years ago a woman came to Washington from some place in Central or South America. She seemed to know nobody, and nobody seemed to know her. She had been in Washington only a short time when she sent out invitations to a ball to be held in one of the city's largest hotels. She made a clean sweep in her invitations, sending them to the cream of the executive, diplomatic, army and navy sets; and when the night of the ball arrived practically everybody who had been invited was there. The function was so crowded that when refreshments were served it was impossible for the guests to tell whether they were inserting their forks in their own chicken salad or their neighbors'. All night long the puzzled guests conferred with each other as to the identity of their hostess. All of them knew her name, but nobody knew anything else about her. She might have been a great scientist, or a second-story worker, or the wife of a rubber king, or a burlesque actress who had worked the badger game on a susceptible diamond merchant. The fact remains that she wasn't known, but that a large part of official Washington had accepted invitations to her ball. Soon afterward she vanished away into the unknown whence she came; and Washington society editresses, when they get together, frequently try without success to remember her name, and speculate vainly as to who she was and where she went.

The Great Social Industry

The first requisite for social success in Washington is an unlimited number of calling cards and unlimited energy in distributing them. Some people occasionally express sympathy for the salesmen who go from door to door in the hope of disposing of a sufficient number of kitchen knives or bottles of cleansing fluid or perfumed soap or what not to insure them a comfortable living. These people have an easy time of it by comparison with those who are seeking social success in Washington; for the salesmen can quit when they have made a few sales, whereas the society strugglers and the society leaders, too, for that matter—must call and call and call, day after day and week after week, until their backs ache and their eyeballs burn and their fingers grow numb and calloused from dragging calling cards from their card cases and turning down the corners in a mysterious but potent manner.

The calling-card business appears to have reached dangerous proportions in Washington. The wife of a fairly high official in the State Department has 3000 names on her calling list. They are neatly arranged in a card index, and must be carefully checked by her social secretary at the end of each calling trip in order to avoid repeats. For this lady to make all her calls with any degree of comfort, she would need an airplane with a helicopter device that would enable her to hover over the homes on which she wished to call and spill the proper number of cards down the chimneys with deft movements of her foot. It is not improbable that the price of rag rugs is kept in its present high place by the insatiable demand of Washington society for more and ever more calling cards, which must be made of selected rag stock.

After a hard calling day the card dishes in the front halls of Washington society folk are so piled with cards that they look like impressionistic representations of Pike's Peak after a heavy snowfall.

The turning down of the corners of calling cards is another matter that has grown to distressing proportions in Washington. Some people, when calling, turn down the upper left-hand corners of their cards. Others turn down the upper right-hand corners. Others turn up the lower corners; while still others fold the cards across the middle or turn down two or three corners at the same time. Consequently, after one has been called on by several persons in succession, one is in a state of mental unrest over the meaning of the various turndowns.

Over in the State Department there is a gentleman who is known as the ceremonial officer. The ceremonial officer advises persons who are giving formal dinners and other functions as to the order of precedence which shall be observed in sending the guests under the wire, so to speak, provided that the persons giving the functions are unable to make up their own minds. It is a delicate matter in Washington society circles, for example, to determine whether a senator should follow foreign ambassadors but precede the ministers of a foreign country, or whether he should be preceded by both ambassadors and ministers. It is not probable that a senator who found himself preceded by a minister when he thought that the minister ought to follow him would drop everything and hit him with a plate or a potted palm and forcibly attempt to put the minister where he belonged; but coolnesses are apt to arise between hosts and guests who fancy that they have been slighted. Hence the ceremonial officer.

The Calling Card Code

In view of the mental agony that has arisen over the unbridled turning down of calling-card corners, there would seem to be a crying need for the issuance by the ceremonial officer of a statement setting forth the language of calling cards, something as follows:

Turning down the upper left-hand corner: "I called in person, but had so many other calls to make that I didn't wait."

Turning down the upper right-hand corner: "I tried to get my husband to call with me, but he said he had better ways in which to spend his time."

Turning up the lower left-hand corner: "If you return this call next week you won't find anybody at home."

Turning up the lower right-hand corner: "We have a new case of Scotch, and expect you to call soon."

Turning down all four corners: "The chauffeur shoved this card under the door for me."

And so on, through the many combinations that may be obtained by turning down different corners in conjunction.

Official Washington has fixed days on which it is open to calls. The wives of Supreme Court justices receive on Mondays, representatives' wives receive on Tuesdays, the wives of the cabinet officers and the Vice President receive on Wednesdays, senators' wives receive on Thursdays, and the wives of members of the diplomatic corps receive on Fridays. Theoretically the card-leavers can take a holiday on Saturdays and Sundays; but there are so many generals, admirals, colonels and plain society people outside of official circles that it is quite possible to put in a seven-day week at card dropping.

The theory of card dropping is quite simple. By leaving cards at the White House, or at the different embassies and legations, Mrs. Pushby is put on the list for White House receptions and embassy or ministerial functions. By calling on cabinet officers' wives or senators' wives or wives of members of the diplomatic corps, Mrs. Pushby gradually makes the acquaintance of others who are calling. After Mrs. Pushby has been seen at these homes forty or fifty or sixty times somebody is bound to get the idea that she is worth knowing; and she is thereupon invited to tea or lunch or dinner or something at somebody's home. There she meets others that she has met or been seen by before, and from that point her progress into society of some sort is swift and certain.

Though the basic requisite for social success in Washington is eternal card leaving and calling, a certain amount of judiciousness must be exercised. This judiciousness may best be exercised through a good social secretary; so when a senator's wife or a

(Continued on Page 58)

He laughs at defiance and danger, this fierce young Caid of the desert.
Hot blooded as Egyptian sands, no wonder he exclaims . . .

"By Allah! I want her and I'll keep her."

FEARED by his own tribe; hated by the Sultan of Morocco; a price set upon his head by the United States Government, yet loved devotedly and defended valiantly by his Mother who proudly exclaims:

"My son does not steal women to gain favor with the Sultan."

This is Chiddar Ben-Ek, a young Chiefrain who loves as tenderly as any "civilized" man. Headstrong, passionate, courageous—and as adoring a lover as any woman desires!

You watch his every expression; you are thrilled by his behavior and finally you exclaim, "This is superb acting! Monte Blue *is* the Sheik."

But he is not the only actor who makes "The Tents of Allah" the thrilling picture it is.

Mary Alden is considered the greatest character actress on the screen and as Oulaid, the young Caid's Mother, she does the best work of her career.

Your interest not only is in the young lovers and whether the beautiful American girl will actually marry her captor-defender, you are also enthralled by the older lovers and whether or not all will be well with them.

"The Tents of Allah" has all the allure of the East, all the drama and foreign customs of an ancient land which adds to your enjoyment of plot and acting.

EVERY picture which bears our name—"Encore"—must stand for the highest form of entertainment and interest-value.

"Breaking Home Ties" is an Encore Picture not only for its love story, but also for depicting family love and traditions, good to see in these free days of youth.

"The Tents of Allah" is an Encore Picture because it is superlative entertainment.

"A Bill of Divorcement," an Encore Picture just being presented, is worthy our name, because it is a great story based upon great human motives.

If you like these pictures, admire our standard and wish to see advance announcements of Encore Pictures to come, write Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.

BESIDES giving entertainment, Moving Pictures have done more to educate and to influence the lives of millions of people than has any other modern achievement.

Since motion pictures are such a force for good or evil, it is highly important to choose the better ones. Doubtless you, too, want them—and we want to give them.

So we have worked out a plan which we believe will give you just what you want. We have made arrangements with the leading motion picture Review Service, which gives *unbiased criticisms* on all new pictures, which will be sent to you and any committee you form who wish to *choose the pictures you want to see.*

For example: a Club Woman, Lawyer, Doctor, School Principal, Society leader, Department store head, Minister, City Official, Banker and Picture Exhibitor may form a "Committee of Ten" to get better pictures.

If *you* have initiative, write today for details of "Getting Better Pictures." Address: Arthur S. Kane, 35 West 45th Street, New York City.

Encore Pictures

"In this hour of our distress, Lord, forsake us not."

If *you've* ever lost a loved one, you know the ache of parting. You rely on the Book of Books to pull you through. . .

INTO the lives of all of us at sometime come sorrows and bereavements. But no sorrow is like unto that of loved ones, parting.

"Breaking Home Ties" is a Picture which shows love of family, love of friends, love of fine ideals and old traditions and love of beauty in all its highest forms.

Sooner or later, right triumphs, aching hearts are made glad again and civilization slowly moves on, stronger than before. If only we love enough. . . .

In a moment of anger and suspicion a dearly loved son commits a deed which separates him from his family, robs him of his best friend and forces him to leave his loving parents—forces him even to leave his country.

How he atones, how he makes good in America—the land of wide-open chances!—how he at last finds his beloved old father and mother is graphically told in a story you will not forget.

Romance, there is, too, but one's eyes become wet and one's heart beats with pity for the seeking, loving family, each trying to find the other.

WALLS and woodwork, made white with Satinette Enamel, have a dignity, a sense of space, an immaculate cleanliness that make for charming decorative effects.

Satinette is the "Enduring Enamel." Frequent washings will not injure the smooth china-like surface it creates.

Satinette is used for every grade of work. Because of its immaculate beauty, it adds long service.

Satinette is used in fine homes and public interiors, because it is economical. In hospitals, because it is sanitary. It can be applied on all kinds of woodwork, metal, cement, concrete, Keene's cement or plaster.

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(Continued from Page 56)

representative's wife or a wealthy widow comes to Washington determined to reach the top of the social ladder or burst her ...s in the attempt, she first obtains a social secretary

Now there are social secretaries and social secretaries, just as there are cooks and cooks. One of the most popular of the official wives in the present Administration had the misfortune, when she reached Washington, of getting a social secretary who wasn't thoroughly familiar with the ropes. As a result the wrong people were snubbed and the wrong invitations were accepted; and the official's wife, in spite of her popularity, began to appear with great frequency at places where there was no occasion for her to appear, and seldom appeared at functions that she should have attended. Finally a delegation of society editresses called upon her and apprised her of the painful situation, with the result that the lady fired her social secretary and got another who knew how to say no to the wrong people with enough sweet violence to carry the message properly. She is now an unqualified riot.

Money, combined with a good social secretary, can do anything in Washington except break into the cave dwellers; but money isn't at all necessary to social success. Persistence, a moderate amount of presentability and about 300 pounds of calling cards are all that are needed.

In spite of its size, Washington is still a bush-league town in many respects. There are only three theaters at which straight plays are presented, and only a few places for dancing and revelry by night. Therefore the chief amusement among those people who have an aversion to a quiet home life is dining out. Everybody who is willing to accept dinner invitations and give dinners in return is engaged in this hectic and debilitating pursuit practically every night. Anybody who wants to locate persons with social aspirations after six o'clock at night is emphatically out of luck; for after that hour they are either out to dinner, or just getting ready to go out to dinner, or just ready to have somebody come to dinner.

Experts who ought to know what they are talking about have estimated that any presentable unmarried man with a desire to get on in society ought to be able to live in Washington from the first of November to the end of April without having more than ten dinners in his own home—unless he's absent-minded and gets his dates mixed and arrives at the wrong house on the wrong evening.

The Motorist's Trials

Possibly the small number of theaters in Washington is due to the fact that those who are able to spend the amount of money required for present-day theater tickets refuse to give up their vicious circle of dinners long enough to make more theaters profitable.

Some of the charm of Washington may lie in the uncertainty which attends one's movements in the city, whether on foot or in an automobile. Everybody in Washington appears to have an automobile, and everybody seems anxious either to get somewhere in a hurry with it or to park it in the exact center of the city. Many of the automobiles are owned and driven by the colored population, and these citizens frequently seem to be unable to distinguish between the left and the right hand side of the street. They also appear to have the faculty of turning corners after conveying to everyone else the idea that they don't intend to turn. So, if one is on foot, he has a charmingly exciting doubt as to whether he will be able to cross the next street without being forced to disentangle the radiator of an automobile from his shoulder blades.

The daily figures on people who are struck by automobiles in Washington look strikingly like the record of the mean autumn temperature of Portland, Maine.

If one is in an automobile, and wishes to stop somewhere, he is frequently forced to drive around and around a block for ten or twelve times before a machine backs out and leaves a hole into which he can crawl. The Washington police have also instituted a number of tricky rules which they spring on an unsuspecting populace at odd moments—rules which prevent an automobilist from staying more than thirty minutes in one spot, or parking within thirty feet of a small yellow sign which wasn't there a short time before, or parking on the wrong side of a white mark on the curb that becomes invisible in certain weather conditions.

All this adds to the charm, as does the fact that the colored population, after dark, blends with the asphalt in such a way that every time an automobile whizzes around one of the circles which occur so frequently in Washington, a colored man who may be crossing the circle is invisible to the driver until the automobile has approached to within four feet of him.

Sculpture Going Out

Another charming feature of Washington is the vast number of young women who pour out of the government offices and bureaus at noontime, resplendent in very thick fur coats and very thin silk stockings, and hasten to the many restaurants that have sprung up near the government buildings—places where these countless young ladies can tuck away something nourishing and strengthening every noon, like a lettuce sandwich, three eclairs and a coffee-and-cream soda.

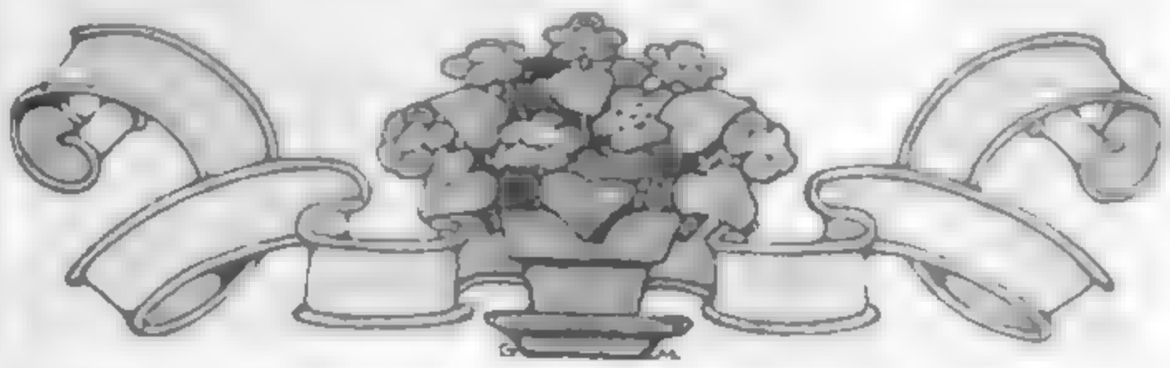
The lunch hour in the heart of Washington gives one the impression that all the girls' schools in North America have suddenly poured their students into the streets of Washington to embarrass the city's clumsy males.

Fortunately for the charm of the city, the days have apparently gone when the nation's great men had to be sculptured mounted on irritated Percherons and set down in the middle of a circle or a park. Nowadays fountains or Greek temples are being erected to great men—a welcome fact to people who were looking forward with horror to the days when statues might be erected to Herbert Hoover or Charles G. Dawes or Andrew Volstead or Henry Cabot Lodge, showing them seated behind their official desks with cigar butts resting by the side of a two-foot pile of reports or committee hearings.

After all, it's rather hard to locate the charm of Washington. Arching elms stretch away into the warm haze along the endless streets; the fragrance of honeysuckle fills the air; honeymooners sit hand in hand in the sight-seeing busses, listening with preoccupied faces to the jocose bellowings of the guides; on every side there are dwellings whose walls have looked down on Washington and Lincoln and Roosevelt, Calhoun and Webster and Clay; Thomas Jefferson and James Madison and Andrew Jackson; on Benjamin Franklin and Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis and John Hay and Stephen Decatur and Lafayette and Admiral Dewey and all the great and near-great men whose names have been written on the pages of this country's history since it became a nation.

Here, along a shady avenue, walks Lodge; waiting on a street corner is Lansing; among the crowds of shoppers surges the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; senators come and go; at one corner stand some waiting for the President to take his daily ride; at another corner are others waiting for Mr. Wilson to ride out. Here in Washington is all the present. And here lies all the past—the swelling dome of the Capitol, the towering shaft of the Monument, the white glory of the Lincoln Memorial, the calm and stately front of the Unknown Soldier's resting place across the river.

A weak word, "charm."



The customary type of crankshaft used in four cylinder motors—has only three bearings.

5 Bearings

~Eliminating Vibration At its Source

The *fact*—that you can put the Gardner Four through its entire speed range without discovering the commonly expected "vibration point"—is daily becoming known to increasing numbers of Gardner owners.

The *reason*—the *five bearing crankshaft*—represents a notable contribution to four-cylinder design, worked out and applied for the first time in this improved Gardner motor.

Five bearings—*five* points of support for a swiftly turning shaft—*five* points instead of the customary two or three to reduce vibration and wear—*five* giant hands, rigid in their grip yet velvety smooth, holding the crankshaft in true alignment to deliver power without whip or sideplay.

What *five* main crankshaft bearings mean in developing power without destructive vibration and in lessened wear of almost every moving engine part can be appreciated at once by anyone who knows motor cars.

What they mean in improved behavior on the road under all conditions of driving can be fully realized only, when you yourself take the wheel of a Gardner Four and get the "feel" of the car.

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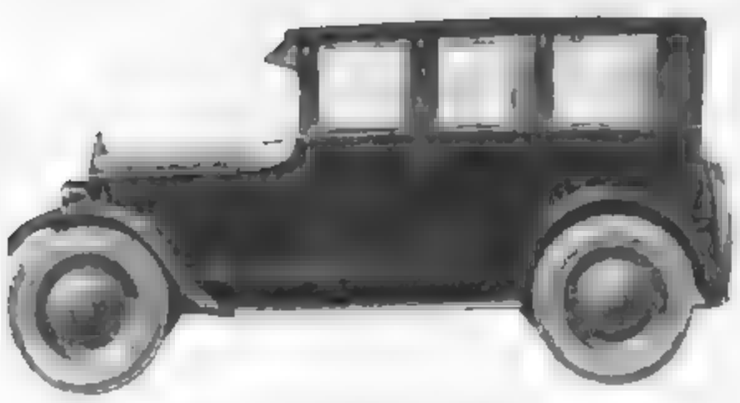

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Do you know about the latest model? Just write for the booklet "The Greyhound of the Office," which explains why ball-bearings throughout make such a vast difference in ease of operation and length of life of the machine.

L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y. — SOLD EVERYWHERE

MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 25)

any country. The telephone is ringing continuously and you are being asked strange questions in a strange language. Letters arrive from remote districts of the United States asking you to furnish the writer—whose request is usually reenforced by his senator—with detailed information on how the schoolrooms of the country to which you are accredited are ventilated; whether divorce is prevalent; how the majority of women earn their living; how much it would cost to spend a month there; if there are any opportunities there for American dressmakers—all such questions taking many hours to study and answer, and which must be answered, otherwise the reenforcing senator may bring the matter up in the next session of Congress and expose you as an indifferent and unworthy public servant.

Then, of course, there are the more important matters of state, which demand many visits to the Ministry for Foreign Affairs and which are the most important and vital of all diplomatic work. And beyond all these things is a never-ending series of visits from other diplomats, both ministers and secretaries, who appear to have an infinite amount of leisure in which to make merely social calls and find out, by means of a casually put question, what policy your government is observing in this, that and the other matter. Before a week had passed I saw that there was enough to fill every day—and this was before I had begun to meet people who thought I had nothing to do but accept all their invitations to luncheons, dinners and teas.

The third day after my arrival the chargé d'affaires took me to make official calls. In spite of the heat of September—which is no worse in Havana than in New York—I got bravely into morning coat and top hat, reenforced by an extra collar and several handkerchiefs, and appeared at the legation with streaming face. Our first call was on the Italian Minister, who lived nearest. The entrance to his house was on a narrow side street. We pulled the bell wire which hung at one side of the narrow door, the door opened, apparently of its own accord, and we were faced by a steep staircase at the top of which stood a Cuban servant who called to us to come up. I asked in a low voice if this was the chancery or his residence, and learned that it was both. We were shown into a small reception room furnished with three pieces of green plush furniture. The minister soon appeared in blue-and-white striped pajamas, apologized for his appearance and explained it as being due to the very early hour at which we had called—eleven o'clock. He spoke in French, was most cordial, launched forth in a long account of his experiences in the Messina earthquake, and before we had left invited us both to lunch with him the next day.

Diplomatic Calls

The German Minister proved much more impressive, had more spacious rooms, and when he was told that I had just arrived ordered sweet warm champagne served in goblets. There was much pompousness and ceremony in his manner, accentuated by a florid fair mustache and loud spluttering English, which he spoke fluently. He spent most of the time complaining of the difficulty of finding a house and the necessity of keeping his family so long a time in a hotel.

The British Minister received us in his shirt sleeves and asked us into a room where he was unpacking a lot of books which had just been received. He had been in Havana only a week and was finding the heat unbearable.

The Spanish Minister had a very pretty house, with a large garden, in the suburbs, and gave the impression of being much more comfortable than any of the others, though the Mexican and Argentine ministers had agreeable houses too. The French Legation was in the second story of a house that was quite negligible.

The morning ended with a call on the Minister for Foreign Affairs, a distinguished old gentleman who received us in a large handsome room which still maintained much of the dignity and handsome furniture from the time when it housed Spanish governors not so many years before.

This first round of diplomatic calls left me slightly bewildered. I had not expected very much of Havana as a foreign capital, but I had looked for more form and distinction in the diplomatic corps—and the experience of that morning had been woefully lacking in what I had expected. Each of the ministers had been most friendly and informal, and all expressed themselves as being delighted to welcome a newcomer—even a second secretary—into their midst; but not one of them actually came up to the standard I had set; and as for the legations and chanceries—some of them were actually sordid. The whole atmosphere was so much less formal and impressive than I had imagined. Only the old white-haired Minister for Foreign Affairs, sitting in that vast hall which had seen so many Spanish splendors and looking out across the terraces which gave onto a view of the harbor and Morro Castle, suggested in any way the picturesque side of diplomacy.

Housekeeping in a foreign country proved extremely easy and sometimes amusing. As a matter of fact, I have always found this side of diplomatic life comparatively easy—much more so than is apparently the case in America. Servants are better, food is plentiful, and though one learns to get along without certain luxuries which we are inclined at home to deem indispensable—such as modern plumbing, steam heat and quantities of hot water—this is offset by the pleasant regularity and lack of complications with which the house is run. I spent several afternoons looking about for a suitable apartment and finally decided upon the first floor of a building that possessed a beautiful view—from the kitchen window—of the harbor. Perhaps the principal factor in the decision was a large patio, filled with palms, with a fountain in the center, and some old Spanish tiles set in the whitewashed walls. It had great possibilities as a foreign setting, and I immediately took it for a year and set about trying to find what I thought would be suitable furniture.

Getting Settled

This did not prove such a simple matter. Cubans, like all Latins, prefer purely modern furniture—and that of a type that we have long since learned to look upon as appalling. The shops showed only suites of impossible chairs and tables and sofas, all covered with vivid plush or lurid brocades. However, there were several antiquity dealers who had old Spanish pieces that were cheap and really beautiful. In a week I had moved into the apartment and had a great deal of fun arranging things. In the end it was quite homelike and cheerful; the patio became a pleasant living room in which, after dinner, I could sit and listen to the trickling fountain, talk to the parrot which went with the apartment, or muse over the suggestions offered by the two painted Spanish leather chests which guarded each side of the archway. And if I wanted a view I could go into the kitchen and look out of the window while my Japanese boy—who was cook, valet, and anything else that I wanted him to be—tried his few English words on me. I had engaged him at first sight; and he turned out to be the most capable and dishonest person I have ever known. But I am inclined to agree with the woman who said she would much rather have a good dishonest cook than a poor honest one. Black Willow did everything perfectly. What he was in reality I never found out, though several suggested that he was probably an admiral in the Japanese Navy who had taken the position only in order to carry off eventually some valuable official document. At any rate he was an artist; and so far as cooking went he was a real chef. Every dish he brought to the table was a work of art; plain old potatoes under his magic touch became bouquets of calla lilies; desserts represented famous châteaux; meat courses were invariably disguised in such a way that a cautious vegetarian would never have known what he was eating; and his coffee became the envy of all my colleagues. But toast was his really perfect achievement. It was the most exactly cut and browned squares of bread that you can imagine; it looked as if each piece had been baked in a mold for the purpose; and the toasting was as regular as though it had been applied with paint and brush. I found a tray of it under his bed when I once entered the kitchen unexpectedly one night, and asked him why he had put it

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there. He explained that he always toasted the bread at night, put it aside, and then, in the morning, scraped it down to its perfect contours and heated it again.

Besides his expertness in the kitchen—which I found out eventually was due to his constant study of a cookbook published in Boston—he was an excellent valet. My clothes have never been kept in such good condition since. But, as with all such perfect creatures, the flaw existed; it appeared after he had suddenly left me without a word of excuse or good-by. Bills began pouring in from all quarters of the town for things that I had never bought but that he had had charged to me; and my beautifully kept clothes eventually were found to possess only certain parts—there might be the trousers of one suit but no coat; and so far as socks went, I might never have had any.

Housekeeping develops a new field for observation. I found myself observing details that before had been taken for granted; and considerable variety was offered in the different legations in which I dined. My first diplomatic dinner was at the British Legation, a week after I arrived. It was a small affair with only the German Minister and his wife, the Danish chargé, a visiting Britisher and myself. The legation was on the second floor of a house on the Prado, a very pretty arrangement of rooms with a balcony furnished with plants and willow chairs. The minister's things, which he had brought with him from Rome—he had been secretary there for many years—were very beautiful; and he had shown much taste in placing them. His table service was a bit austere but handsome; in fact, the entire management of his house was done with that quiet taste and good form which I was to find out later characterize every British mission. As a nation they have an unusual appreciation of what is comfortable as well as what is good. Though many of his things were actually museum pieces, his pictures by well-known painters, his carpets and *objets d'art* well chosen, there were many comfortable chairs and divans about, all covered with jolly chintz, which gave one the feeling that, in spite of beautiful things about, it was primarily a place to live in. I particularly noted the menu of this dinner, for at that time I was studying all such details. There were no cocktails and trays of tiny *hors d'œuvres* served before dinner, as we seemed to think so important at home. The first course was a thin soup, the second fish, the third a roast with vegetables, the fourth a chicken mousse with salad, the fifth an ice, and the sixth a cheese soufflé served in small pastries. Coffee, with cigarettes and cigars, was passed while we were still at the table. The wines were good but not elaborate; sherry, white and red wines and champagne—with, of course, liqueurs afterwards; and before we left, a tray of decanters and ice and mineral water was placed in the drawing-room, where we were allowed to serve ourselves.

Legation Dinners

The conversation at this dinner was in English, quite easy and informal; and the whole evening was characterized by great simplicity and naturalness an atmosphere that I have found almost invariably exists among diplomats. Throughout the years of my diplomatic experience I have rarely found a diplomat who was not entirely easy in his manners and free from any pretentiousness. This surprised me very much at first, for at home I had had the feeling that self-consciousness, or the belief in one's own importance, was inclined to make many of us coldly formal Indeed, I believe this characterizes American life today. In comparison to the usual simplicity of the foreigner we are very likely to give the impression of being pretentious.

Dinners at other legations were rather less well done than at the British. More elaborate food was served; sometimes a dinner became a succession of *hors d'œuvres* without one really wholesome dish; vegetables were very likely to be served as a course by themselves; and the wines were carelessly chosen and seldom iced. On the whole I found them overdone and not very good

Three months after my arrival in Havana that event took place which every secretary in the service longs for- I was to be chargé d'affaires The first secretary had asked for leave and was returning to the United States before the minister had come back It was to be a time fraught with great importance for me, I felt sure; and I could hardly restrain my impatience for the moment when I could send Lawrence out with my cards on which was engraved under my name—Chargé d'Affaires des Etats-Unis d'Amérique. I even went so far as to plan dinners, make out lists of those to be invited, discussed menus with Black Willow, and even considered giving a small ball in a lantern-hung patio. I was torn between the desire for something really thrilling to happen—perhaps a new revolution that might endanger all Americans and in which I should come out as the triumphant protector of my countrymen—and the hope that everything would go along tranquilly and peacefully. And when I rode back from the dock, where I had seen the chargé d'affaires off—and in consequence had become the chargé d'affaires myself—I am sure I showed in my whole bearing the feeling of importance with which I was well-nigh bursting.

A Distinguished Visitor

My doubts as to whether the term would be quiet or exciting were put at rest in a few hours when a telegram arrived from Washington announcing the arrival, three days later, of the Secretary of War. He would probably spend three days in Havana, the Cuban Government should be notified and complete arrangements made for caring for his party, which consisted of ten people. My elation of at last being the sole representative of the great United States of America in a foreign country—this elation perhaps colored a bit by the realization that while holding this position I was to draw half of the salary paid a minister—soon disappeared in the necessity of making all these arrangements for the visit of one of the most important of my Government's officials. I hurried to the Foreign Office and announced the news to the distinguished old gentleman who always seemed to me to be sitting in the splendors of departed Spanish glories; and quite with exceptional and unexpected efficiency he planned a series of entertainments that appeared to relieve me of much of the responsibility.

The morning the Secretary of War was to arrive I again donned morning coat and top hat—I was getting considerable service out of these garments—and passed by the legation before going to the train, to see if any messages had arrived for him. I was surprised to find sitting in my office, and before my desk, a rather elaborately dressed lady—very décolleté green velvet gown, large black picture hat with towering plumes, and a complexion that bravely contested the brilliance of other flaming colors. In another chair sat a negro woman, evidently her maid.

The lady rose and extended her hand most cordially, explained that she had just arrived from Jamaica, where she had suffered a great loss; the hotel had burned and she had been left with only the dress she had on. She had come through Havana in the hope of being able to catch a steamer for New York. It was very important for her to be there the next week, as she had a contract to begin an engagement in vaudeville; but alas, there was no boat leaving in the next few days. What must she do? Could I help her to get away. She was preparing to end in tears when I looked at the clock, saw I had only a few minutes to reach the station, and hurried away, telling her to come back that afternoon.

My sole aid, the military attaché of the legation, was awaiting me at the station, making up with gold braid what we lacked in numbers. As we went out on the station platform a brass band began playing The Star-Spangled Banner and we were welcomed by the Cuban Minister of War and a host of officials. So far, so good. The secretary, if he demanded attention, could not fail to be pleased with the welcome we were giving him. Everyone was in *grande tenue*—which means a good deal when you are speaking of Latins; they invariably get themselves up in a way that gives you at once the feeling that the occasion is exceptional; elaborately curled mustaches, sleeked hair, glistening top hats and rather tight-fitting clothes give them a very dressed-up appearance. My own secretary of War and his staff appeared somewhat casual when they got off the train—after a twenty-four-hour journey—in very much wrinkled and travel-stained clothes.

"What's all this hullabaloo about?" grumbled the secretary as I rushed forward to meet him. "I said I wanted my stop here to be entirely unofficial."

"The Department of State did not inform me to that effect," I replied, a bit dampened by his lack of appreciation of the music and applause, which was now deafening.

"Well—let's get rid of them as soon as possible. Who are they?"

I presented the Minister of War and a number of others as best I could—Spanish names are usually made up of all branches of the family—and attempted to lead the way out to the carriages as soon as possible.

"Don't leave me alone with any of these men," the secretary commanded as I put him into a carriage beside the Minister of War. "Get in here with us. I don't speak a word of this language."

I didn't explain that I didn't speak much more, and we all drove in comparative silence to the hotel, where an even greater ordeal was awaiting. The whole Cuban cabinet had assembled there en bloc and were waiting to pay their respects and be presented. Not one of them spoke English. Long speeches were made by each one and as they were finished the secretary would ask me what was said. The lies that I told that day may be held up against me in a future life, but I have the comfort of knowing at least that my intentions were good. The real test of endurance came when the secretary made a speech in reply to all the others and ordered me peremptorily to translate it at once. Fortunately he had made only the usual references to friendly and cordial relations, and so on, and I got through fairly well, though I must admit I noticed expressions of bewilderment on the faces of several at the turn some of my phrases took.

Warm sweet champagne was more welcome to me after that effort than it had ever been before.

When the cabinet had finally been got away I mustered up courage enough to show the secretary the list of entertainments that had been planned for him. At this he complained vociferously.

Kicking Over the Traces

"This isn't a joy ride," he went on. "I'm making this trip because I had to. Havana has nothing to do with it. I only came by here to pick up the Mayflower, which is to meet me here. Can't you explain that to them? You diplomats always think we want to have the whole town turn out to meet us. That's just exactly what I don't want them to do. Can you tell them that?"

I drew myself up with forced determination. "No, sir, I can't; and you can't either."

At this he laughed, slipped his arm in mine and said gayly that he supposed I was right, and that at any rate let the thing go on as it had been planned. In the meantime, before anything else happened, he wanted to go to the legation and get the stenographer there to write some letters for him; his own secretary was to arrive on the boat.

I had no sooner thrown open the door of my room at the chancery than the lady in the green velvet dress sprang up from the chair at my desk—she had evidently been waiting there all the time—and rushed forward to introduce herself to the secretary. Then giving no one a chance to say anything she burst forth with her troubles, which led straight up to asking the secretary to take her back to New York with him on the Mayflower.

I was tremendously amused at the whole proceeding until the secretary turned to me with a portentous frown.

"Did this suggestion come from you?"

Then the situation became serious. Circumstantial evidence was against me. There was the lady sitting at my desk. I must have admitted her. And her attitude rather suggested intimacy.

However, I flatly denied all responsibility in the matter and had the satisfaction of seeing the secretary get rid of the lady much more peremptorily than I should ever have been able to do.

"Friend of yours, young man?" the secretary asked when the door had closed on her.

"I never saw her before, sir."

"You're sure of that?" with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Quite."

"Dangerous-looking sort of woman. What was she doing at your desk?"

(Continued on Page 64)

Keeping your child's hair beautiful

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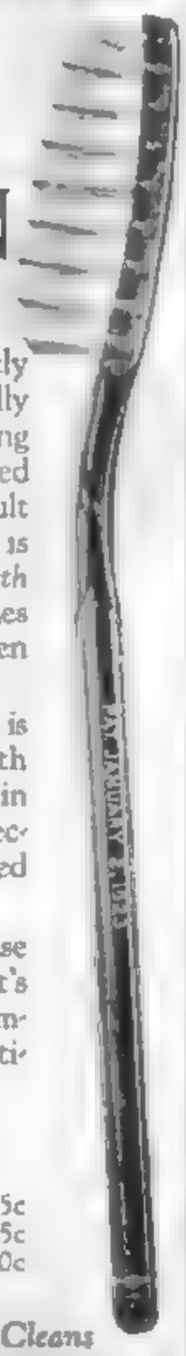

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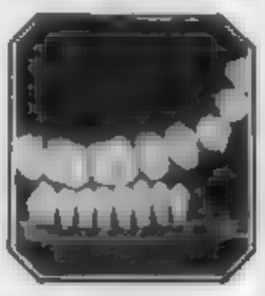

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(Continued from Page 62)

He smiled over my explanations. I am not sure even today that he accepted them.

"I've always heard," he said finally, "that young men in diplomacy get into more trouble on account of women than in any other way. My advice to you is to beware of them—especially that type. Now—send me your stenographer and let me have a couple of hours to myself."

The rest of his visit was a round of official entertainments which he went through smiling outwardly and complaining bitterly to me. A motor trip to what was once Camp Columbia took up one afternoon; the evening was filled with a dinner given by the president; the next morning was fairly free; but the afternoon and evening were a repetition of the day before. The second day brought the arrival of the Mayflower, announced by the roar of guns on board, answered by salutes from forts. Havana was in carnival spirit for three days. And then, after a really beautiful ball given at the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, at which the terraces and stairways and arches were completely covered with twisted garlands of red roses—it was one of the most beautiful entertainments I have ever seen anywhere—I accompanied the secretary to the hotel and told him good-by. He was leaving on the Mayflower early the next morning and had said that he did not expect me to be up to see him off. In spite of being utterly worn out with three days of such continuous responsibility—I had practically been at his beck and call every minute of the time—when I left him I was very much buoyed up by his very kind words about how well I had managed the whole affair; but more cheered still with the realization that I was going to have a whole day of freedom in which to sleep off fatigue. It had all gone off very well, but—there had been entirely too much of it. If this was a sample of official visits I should be contented if they happened only every few years.

But my calculations of a peaceful day were scouted early the next morning when the telephone rang and I heard the secretary's voice once more. I vaguely imagined all sorts of things. Perhaps the Mayflower had been blown up—or a bomb had been thrown—or the lady in the green dress had again appeared on the scene! However, it was nothing very serious. The secretary had just remembered that his wife had told him to bring her an old Spanish fan and a mantilla from Havana. He wanted me to meet him at once and go in search of these things. I shopped with him two hours—before breakfast, mind you—and finally saw him off; and had the satisfaction, as I left the boat, of having thirteen guns fired in my honor.

The New Chief Arrives

The next excitement was caused by a telegram from the State Department announcing that John Brinckerhoff Jackson had been appointed minister to Cuba, and instructing me to ask for the Cuban agreement. Fortunately the details and manner in which such matters are handled are always on file in the chancery, and all I had to do was to look up the correspondence relating to the appointment of the former minister and follow what had been done at that time. This consisted merely in writing a note to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, stating that the President would like to send Mr. Jackson there as Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the Cuban Government, and asking if such an appointment would be agreeable. With this note was inclosed a short outline of Mr. Jackson's career.

A reply came in a few days, informing me that the Cuban Government was most flattered by the appointment of such a distinguished American, which I telegraphed at once to Washington. A week later the news was published in local papers and the legation was besieged by both Americans and Cubans who wanted to know all about Mr. Jackson. There is always much excitement and curiosity aroused by the appointment of a new minister.

With the arrival of Mr and Mrs Jackson the legation became much more important diplomatically than it had been during the year in which it had been left in charge of secretaries. The first step on the part of the new minister was to look for a suitable house. He found the chancery entirely inadequate and lacking in dignity; and in a surprisingly short time we were established in one of the handsomest old palaces in Havana, with the lower floor arranged as a chancery and the upper floor—a series of vast chambers—given over to reception rooms and the living quarters of the family. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson had spent many years in Europe; he had been secretary of the embassy at Berlin and afterwards Minister to Persia, Greece and one or two of the Balkan countries. His ideas of diplomacy were based on this experience, and it was not long before the whole atmosphere of the legation was changed—and very much for the better.

It was an exceptionally useful experience for me to be associated with a man of his type; and from the purely diplomatic side of the question I learned more from him than I did at any subsequent post. And it was particularly interesting to watch the effect of such a man on the Cubans. The legation became at once a center of Havanese life. Mrs. Jackson's days at home were quite different from those of any other legation. Members of distinguished old families went there often—almost every week; and the dinners were always interesting and perfectly done. The Jacksons had brought with them from Europe an English butler and several servants, a great deal of furniture and many *objets d'art*. The Cubans were evidently much impressed, and accepted them as much more a part of their civilization than they did those diplomats who arrived fresh from the United States. For the first time since my arrival there I began to feel that the United States was being represented as it should be.

Ceremonies at the Palace

The official inauguration of the new minister was much simpler than I had expected. I advised the Minister for Foreign Affairs of his arrival and took Mr. Jackson to make a personal call, during which he asked that a time be appointed at which he could present his letters of credence to the president. This took place about two weeks later, at which time the president's carriage accompanied by the palace guards and a detachment of cavalry, was sent to fetch the minister. The Minister for Foreign Affairs and I accompanied him, he was presented to the president, made a short speech, presented his letters, and received one in return from the president. These letters had been exchanged beforehand, so no surprises were in store for either of them. After this formal part of the audience was got through, we all sat down, drank warm sweet champagne, tried to eat some of those appalling Cuban sweets which are made of the yellows of eggs and sugar—finally drove back in the state in which we had come. The whole affair took a little less than an hour—and ended my term of chargé d'affaires. After that I sank back once more into the insignificance of being merely a second secretary of legation.

The two years I spent in Cuba made up a very important part of my diplomatic education. In looking back on that time I realize now that it was a most useful preparation for the more colorful posts I was to be sent to later. I learned there the routine work of a chancery better than I should ever have learned it in hardly any other place. It was a very busy post; there was always something interesting on hand to be done; and being there alone with the minister most of the time—a first secretary did not arrive until I was on the point of being transferred, so that the only assistants I had were the stenographer and the inimitable Lawrence Taylor—it was necessary for me to see and overlook everything that went on. I became expert at ciphering and deciphering cables; I learned how to assemble, list, invoice and dispatch the diplomatic pouch which was sent each week direct from the legation to the State Department—no trusting to open mails for our confidential dispatches! I became conversant with the filing system; I learned a great deal about protocol and the proper way of handling official correspondence; and, thanks to the minister, I became proficient in that very delicate task of seating people in their proper places at table—a thing we apparently bother so little about at home.

Besides the legation work, which kept me the greater part of each day there, I was constantly being thrown in contact with people whose traditions and mode of life and thoughts were so entirely different from anything I had ever known. It was actually like living on another planet. The more I saw of foreign life the wider and more interesting my horizon became. I became particularly interested in the transition from old Spanish customs to the more modern and radical ideas which our occupation and liberation of Cuba had created. The older Cuban families, in spite of their freedom from a régime which they had fought to obtain, were by no means prepared to accept without question the wave of American influence that had swept over their little island. They were quite frank in admitting—after I had grown to know them better—that they found our freedom from conventions, our casual informality, rather shocking—even a little vulgar. The liberty accorded American women, as shown by tourists, shocked the distinguished old duennas frightfully. They would never allow their daughters to go about unchaperoned and unrestrained as those American girls did—never.

Of course their opinion of us was gathered from observation of travelers and the American colony which had flocked to Havana after the war; and in comparison with those old families that had lived a very retired existence—a trip to Spain every year or two, and the rest of the time either spent in the seclusion of an iron-grilled house in Havana or in the heart of the country, made up the routine of their lives—we no doubt did appear a bit wild. But I must admit that they impressed me very much with their dignity, their quiet good breeding and a certain unobtrusive elegance. I recall vividly a delightful old home in the suburbs of Havana where I often went to tea and sat with the whole family in a quiet patio and heard them talk with undisguised regret of the days when Spanish governors made of their society a little center closely resembling that of the Old World. Sometimes I wondered if perhaps our arrival had not robbed them of much of their former charm in spite of all the prosperity and sanitation and improved government that had followed in our wake—all of which they saw only as the disappearance of an old régime which at heart they respected and admired.

I made some very good friends among the Cubans; I even still correspond with some of them. They interested me with their opposing points of view; they threw new angles on subjects, which were always suggestive; and when they found that I was anxious to know their history and that I was studying their literature they gave me more and more freely of their friendships. I visited many plantations where old houses of the past century and the customs of an older time were preserved in charming style and where palms and flamboyant trees, vast acres of cane fields, wide porches and gleaming old rosewood furniture made a setting that was immensely picturesque and romantic.

Knitting Pleasant Friendships

These visits to old Cuban estates invariably made the contrast with my own country more vivid. For the first time I began to have a perspective of my own people, my own land; and it was then that I began to realize how tremendously young and new and free we are. Here were these people perfectly contented to go on living as they always had and in the same places their ancestors had lived. There was no continual planning of new houses, new businesses, new trips; mere routine appeared to furnish all the variety they desired. Even the young men of these families seemed satisfied to go to Havana for a few weeks' gayety—usually at carnival time—and then return to a dull, if pleasant, bucolic existence. There was a feeling of tremendous permanency in their quiet contentment—a feeling I had seldom noticed at home. My thoughts often shifted back to the unsettled condition of the usual American family; I even began to feel a certain pride in the fact that the house in which I was born was still owned and lived in by my family. When I boasted of this to Cubans they quite frankly doubted the statement. Could it be possible that any American family lived over ten years in the same house?

The friendships I made among my colleagues were the most lasting and deep of that period. Being all strangers in a strange land naturally created a feeling of fellowship and threw us all into rather intimate association; but as the missions in Havana consisted mostly of ministers

(Continued on Page 67)

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(Continued from Page 64)

without secretaries I found myself associating almost altogether with the heads of missions—much older men. Their wives were most cordial and welcomed an unmarried secretary to their homes in a way which gave a touch now and then of home atmosphere. But there were many times when I found myself longing for the family life, its coöperative interests, its sacred intimacies, which one so rarely finds when he is living about the world with other peoples. Once in a while I would wonder a bit if I had made a mistake in choosing diplomacy for a career; it was tremendously interesting, it had a great deal of undeniable charm, it gave one considerable position and an entrée everywhere—but it also very insidiously removed one farther and farther away from close touch with his native and natural tendencies.

Even one's conversation was rarely about subjects that would mean anything to those at home. I found this out the first day I returned to America. Something had happened to me that made me somewhat like a fish out of water; my American friends listened perfunctorily for a little while to what I wanted to tell them, then I was forced to listen to them recount local happenings which bored me to tears. It had taken only two years—and those spent in Havana—to show me that I had been infected with that elusive and disconcerting microbe, internationalism. I was not only already talking about my own country as a distant place but I was unconsciously thinking of it that way.

The American colony—which is always an important factor in the atmosphere of a legation—was numerous in Havana; and it was quite often a very disturbing element. Most of the Americans who live abroad are inclined to think a legation is there especially for their benefit. I remember once hearing the minister say, when a rumor had been repeated to him that the Americans were complaining that he entertained Cubans more than them, that he had been sent there to make friends among the Cubans and not among the Americans; that his business was with the Cuban Government; that the important part of his work was to create good feeling and friendship between the two governments; that, so far as Americans went, it was, of course, a part of his duty to help them in any way possible and aid them when difficult situations arose, but beyond that his obligations to them ended; if they found that he entertained Cubans more than he did them it was exactly what he ought to do.

Social Distinctions

And so far as the insidious influence of that international microbe goes, it was often noticeably present in the midst of those Americans who had chosen to make their homes in foreign lands. Perhaps this was accentuated by that form which does not exist at home and which is such an important part of foreign communities. One is bound to admit that, coming from a country where business, particularly when successful, puts one in the first rank, it is somewhat bewildering to find that that same business is an absolute drawback in another land. Many Americans find this a bitter experience—especially for their families; and it usually ends in creating an ambition to become a part of that privileged class which centers about official life. It even goes so far as to develop snobbism—a trait we are freer from than almost any other nation.

A striking example of the ironclad rule of position in foreign capitals is afforded by the difference in place of a minister and a consul, especially when both are living in the same city. The minister and his wife are invited to entertainments to which it is impossible to obtain an invitation for the consul; even Latin-American republics make this distinction; and yet at home the minister and the consul may come from exactly the same social group. As a matter of fact, I have known of a case where the latter had a better position in his own country than the former. This friction is often very embarrassing to both, and yet cannot be avoided. It never occurs in other than American foreign services, as the distinction already exists at home. Ministers and consuls are chosen on a different basis.

On the whole those two years in Havana passed rapidly and delightfully. The town itself, when one gets to know it, is filled with interest and charm. Merely the names of the streets are a constant incentive to unraveling its historic background; every corner has some architectural feature that is suggestive of romantic incidents; its daily life is always diverting; its industries have a distinctly unfamiliar flavor—especially those vast tobacco factories where hundreds of girls are constantly rolling cigars and listening intently to a man who sits on a table and reads to them in a loud voice some thrilling novel.

There are many theaters where good drama and those amusing one-act plays, zarzuelas, are being given, besides seasons of opera that are extremely good; there are many concerts going on all the time; and as for week-ends, one can spend one or two days in sections of the island which are always full of varied scenery and interesting phases of life. No one need find the time in Havana hanging heavy on his hands; and so far as the climate goes, the summers there are much less trying than in our own more northern country.

Orders From Washington

One of the greatest charms—or drawbacks, a question of mood—of diplomatic life is the imminence of being transferred to another post, which is always hanging over one. I remember sitting in the legation one sultry Saturday morning. I had just finished the work for the day and was planning a free afternoon. Just below the window a crowd of people were pouring out of the Belem Cathedral, which faced the legation. It was an amusing crowd, full of color and life, a thoroughly Cuban gathering. There were ladies in mantillas, fluttering their fans in the incessant way they have; there were young men loafing about, smoking cigarettes and awaiting a glance from a particularly alluring pair of black eyes in order to follow them; there were many negresses, as usual affecting extreme modern clothes; and there was the crowd of beseeching beggars that always haunt church steps. Above the gathering the sound of beaten, not rung, bells rang out; and the air was filled with the scent of oversweet flowers and the burning glow of flamboyant trees. There was much about the scene that was suggestive of the real heart of Havana.

While I stood there, amused and interested in watching all these different types, a boy came in with a telegram. I tore it open impatiently, and more impatiently saw it was in cipher. This meant spending another half hour there, opening the safe and undoing everything that had just been closed for the day.

But the cable was short and exciting enough when the first group deciphered showed my own name. I rushed on and read:

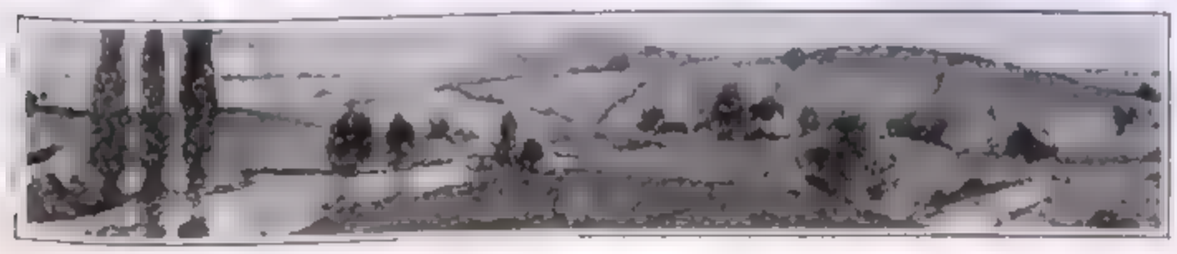
"—— transferred to legation at Copenhagen. Should leave as soon as successor arrives."

Copenhagen! Denmark! Ridiculously enough, the first thing that popped into my thoughts was Hamlet. But—Copenhagen was at the other extremity of the world! What a change! From the tropics to very near the North Pole! I gasped. It was such a complete surprise.

I turned back to the window and looked down on the crowd of gay, laughing, smoking, chatting, fanning Cubans. I had resented bitterly being sent to live among them, and yet here I was waving a hand to them—a gesture mildly suggestive, yet still suggestive, of regret at leaving them.

But—Denmark!

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Richardson. The next will appear in an early issue.



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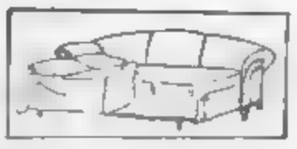
One of several unique services rendered the American people by the Home Furnishing Styles Association of America, is the free use of its Home Beautifying Consultation Bureau. This means that you may secure, without charge to you, advice and guidance regarding any question bearing upon the decoration, arrangement, placement, draping, color harmony, etc., of your home interiors. All you need do is ask the nearest Authorized Exhibitor of the Association for a Home Beautifying Question Sheet, (or write for one direct to the Home Furnishing Styles Ass'n of America, Dept. A3, 6 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y.). Then indicate your problem on the Question Sheet and mail it to the Association. The following announcement tells you what the Association's Authorized Exhibitor means to you and where and how to find him.

How National Award Winning Models Are Selected

ILLUSTRATED on this page are a few of the models selected from the latest group of National Award Winning Home Furnishings announced by the Association's Committee of Awards. These models, selected because they qualify along the lines of good taste in design, honesty of construction and economy of price, are placed on exhibition for your inspection, on the floors of the Association's Authorized Exhibitors located throughout the country.

*The CHELTENHAM—So well proportioned is this deep, luxurious davenport that its concealed ability to transform itself into an equally comfortable bed comes as a complete surprise. The sofa, and its accompanying wing and arm chairs, are richly upholstered in blue velour. Nationally priced at *$338*



How Authorized Exhibitors Are Selected

In your town there's a store ranking far above the usual standards of furniture retailing. That's why it has been selected by the Association as an Authorized Exhibitor of National Award Winning Furniture.

How to Tell Award Winning Models

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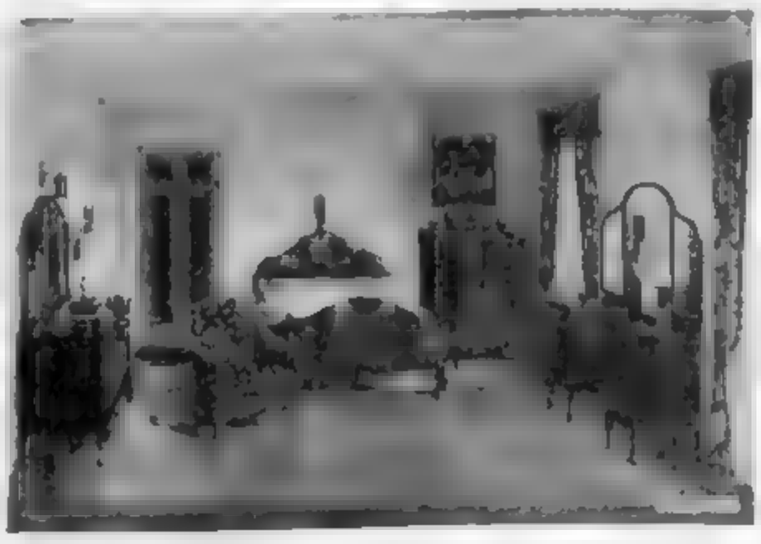
TRADE MARK

This *grade* mark, branded on every article selected by the Association, (and on no others), is the combined guarantee of dealer, manufacturer and Association. Each article so marked carries a tag describing the important features of its materials, construction and finish. The TRIPLE GUARANTEE covers the truth of these printed statements. What's in the furniture is on the tag.

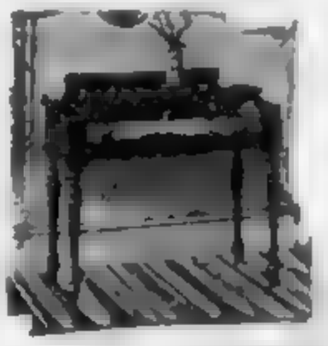
How these Award Winning Home Furnishings May Find a Place in Your Home

Although only a limited number of the Award Winning TRIPLE GUARANTEE models are sent to each Authorized Exhibitor for display purposes, arrangements have been made to enable the public to secure these exhibition pieces at nationally known *prices.

You take pride in your home; you've always wanted the best for you and yours: you can be sure of getting the best of home furnishings at honest KNOWN *prices, *within your means*, by selecting TRIPLE GUARANTEE Award Winning Home Furnishings, at the store of the Authorized Exhibitor in your city.



*The SHELBURNE—In refinement of line and contour, and in the straight, finely turned and fluted legs, this bedroom suite is reminiscent of the Louis XVI period. A unique feature of the decoration is the little carved oval medallion on the doors, drawer fronts and headboard of the bed. Genuine walnut veneer panels combined with solid gumwood. Bow end bed, dresser, chifferobe and vanity, nationally priced at *$438*



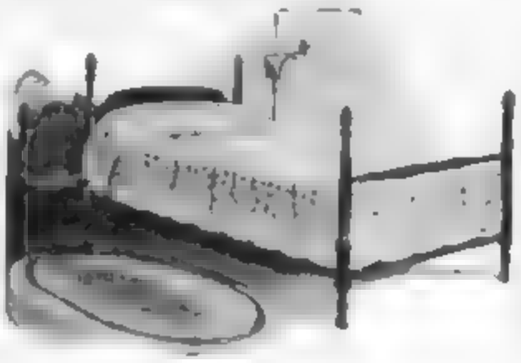
*The VERONA End Table, of solid gumwood, brown mahogany finish, with its tapering baluster supports and delicately arched underframing, is a particularly graceful example of its kind. Nationally priced at *$10*

*The ANDOVER is a spinet desk whose slender proportions make it adaptable to even the smallest room, while its excellence of design and finish will appeal to the most discerning lover of choice furniture. Genuine mahogany 3-ply veneer top and sliding board, balance solid red gumwood. Nationally priced at *$36.*

How to Find the Nearest Authorized Exhibitor

The Home Furnishing Styles Association is *your* Association. Its services are intended for *you* and *your* home. Make use of the many advantages offered you by visiting the Authorized Exhibitor nearest your home. You'll know him by this shield in his window—

*The SANTA BARBARA—Designed on thoroughly comfortable as well as artistic lines is this delightfully complete living room or sun parlor suite of blue and putty colored fiber, upholstered with floral-striped cretonne. Set, comprising chair, rocker, davenport, table lamp, floor lamp, oval table, writing desk, desk chair and fernery. Nationally priced at *$336. (Individual pieces may be purchased separately).*



*The BETSY ROSS—The many who delight in things Colonial will welcome this charming four poster bungalow bed of combination 5-ply mahogany and birch, with its traditional acorn finials. A special feature is the wonderful new device for locking the rails in position, a convenience unknown to our forefathers. Nationally priced at *$32.50.*

Future Awards

How shall I drape my French doors? What shall I put on the mantelpiece? How shall I design and make a fitted valance? These and scores of other absorbing questions that every home lover wants to know more about are most interestingly treated in the monthly magazine issued by the Association. In addition to its many articles on home beautifying, this magazine includes artistic reproductions of the latest style awards announced by the Association, shown in room effects. It is hoped these pictures will not only be helpful in developing ideas for *your own home*, but also that they will be practical since they illustrate *actual* furniture, *actually available* in your own city, at *really moderate prices*.

If you are interested in seeing pictures of future style awards, ask the Authorized Exhibitor in your city to show you a copy of "Home Furnishing Styles," the de luxe monthly magazine of home beautifying, or write for his name and for a Home Beautifying Question Sheet, addressing Home Furnishing Styles Association of America, Inc., Dept. A3, 6 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

**Freight additional in certain sections of South and West.*

This educational announcement is issued by the HOME FURNISHING STYLES ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, Inc., Dept. A3, 6 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y

NOTE: The TRIPLE GUARANTEE seal is not the trade-mark of any manufacturer or group of manufacturers. It is the Association's official O. K. appearing on only award winning models, selected from time to time, from America's best makers. It is your definite protection that the article so marked lives up, in every respect, to printed specifications

MISS VANDERPOOL

(Continued from Page 13)

sort of plumbing with which she was familiar. The woman's face was no paler when she had washed it, but this was because her flush was the intense flush of fever. It was more heavily lined, however, and tiny crisscross wrinkles showed up around her still lovely violet eyes. The skin of her plump breast and shoulders was beautifully fine in texture and a creamy white. In her lace gown, under the pink coverlet, she had a luxurious look almost, the room being so dim; but the hands that lay so wearily on the rosy coverlet were roughened, the nails broken and coarsened with housework. She was a strangely irrelevant person—but Miss Vanderpool did not know it.

"Say, that feels good!" she murmured. "You know how to make a person comfortable, and that's no lie! What was your name, now? I certainly am dizzy—I sort of forget. I know you're all right, but you look like Marie, only she died."

"My name is Vanderpool—Dianthia."

"Ho!" The woman laughed abruptly and put her hand to her chest.

"Dinah!" she said shortly.

"Vanderpool, eh? Well, why not? Mine's La Grange—Miss Fern La Grange. Nice names we've got, both of us, haven't we? And they don't cost any more, do they?" She laughed vaguely. "This cold's awful for thirst," she said fretfully. "Could you get some more tea, Di—Dinah? And let Queenie out?"

"In a few moments," said Miss Vanderpool, and going down to the kitchen she made fresh tea and toast for them both. Her patient having fallen into a doze she went softly downstairs for her bag, and looked about for a bathroom. The room over the kitchen was simply, even poorly furnished as a bedroom. The third room, at the front of the house, was a little more comfortable, with a heavy, old-fashioned walnut bedroom set, and had an intangible air of being more in use. The third and top floor had three perfectly empty rooms and the dust lay thick in them. Miss Vanderpool went down again to the ground floor and calmly opened the door of the front room. It was somehow apparent that except for the two women there was no one in the house. This was also a bedroom and seemed a little more habitable than the others, perhaps because of the desk, the fireplace, where a gas log had been installed, a low bookcase, partly filled, an easy-chair and a round table with a shining student lamp on a felt cloth. On a smaller table stood an old-fashioned alcohol lamp with a glass coffee machine above it. In a curtained alcove was a large washstand with incased plumbing and a small hot-water attachment over a gas burner. The bed in this room was made up and the room had been swept and dusted recently. Heavy shades and thick curtains of some maroon woolen stuff dressed the three windows.

But the chamber had no connection with the stuffy little sitting room where she had slept, which was obviously not a dining room either. It was its own parlor, that was clear. Behind it was a dark room full of dining-room chairs, apparently, piled helter-skelter, and the third room was empty except for a large parrot cage and a complicated iron standard for flowerpots.

At the end of this hall she found a little lavatory with another gas arrangement for heating the water. It was dark and stuffy, but clean and supplied with fresh towels and soap, and there Miss Vanderpool made a quick but thorough toilet and exchanged her old-fashioned stiff linen blouse for a fresh one from her bag. She brushed and combed her thick brown hair, piling it in the pompadour of the '90's on her head, tidied the lavatory and mounted the stairs.

Fern La Grange tossed anxiously on her brass bed.

"I made sure you'd gone!" she gasped. "Just wait till I can get up, won't you? Half the time I sort of forget where I am and the professor's coming, and I have to get his lunch—this is Tuesday, ain't it? Did Queenie have her breakfast?"

"I won't go," said Miss Vanderpool soothingly. "I fed her. She's in the kitchen. Can't the professor get his lunch somewhere else for today? You're not able to get up, you know."

"Somewhere else?" the woman repeated, horrified. "What d'you mean? I rather guess not! It's in the ice box, ain't it? I got the sausage yest'day. Somewhere else? Lord! The room's clean, thank Gawd. But I didn't make his bed."

"The one downstairs? Yes, it's made," said Miss Vanderpool.

"Downstairs! What's the matter with you, Marie? Are you crazy? He's up here—front. Downstairs? Why, if I was to dare to Here, let me get up!"

"Lie still," said Miss Vanderpool. "I'll make the bed."

A jangling uncertain bell broke the quiet of the house.

"There! There's the professor now!" the woman gasped. "Let him in, Marie! I'm certainly grateful you came, old girl. But—but how'd you know? Say, weren't you in London?"

Her big eyes were full of terror; she grasped at the other woman with her strong hot hands. The bell pealed angrily.

"I came back," said Miss Vanderpool quietly. "Let me go."

For years she had attended on the sick. For years she had quieted the insecure and troubled mind with harmless soothing lies. Her tone was full of certainty and the woman on the bed yielded to it and released her hold. Miss Vanderpool went downstairs and opened the door.

A man, impatient, on the other side of it, slipped quietly in, bumping rudely against her.

"And so I wait!" he cried abruptly. "This is something new! And you—you are also new. I do not like changes. Who are you? This comes of no key. I should have a key."

He was a bald man, fat and blond and untidy. A baggy frock coat fell to the knees of his shiny wrinkled trousers. He carried a worn wicker suitcase, bulging with papers and pamphlets, which protruded between the unstrapped covers. His prominent pale blue eyes looked beyond her, at once irritably and absentmindedly.

"I sleep badly on boats," he said, puffing up the stairs ahead of her, "and on them I never eat. I hope you have food. Why are you new? If Mr. Hunt makes changes I should be told. Where is he?"

He went directly to the front room and she followed him.

"My bed is not made," he said, pointing a stubby finger at it. "Where is Miss Fern?"

"I will make it," said Miss Vanderpool quietly. "No one is here but you. Miss Fern is ill today."

"Then my luncheon will be late, I suppose, and I have had no coffee. And after that I must have my sleep, and after that there will be two gentlemen. So I must be called at three o'clock. Who will do that?"

"I will," said Miss Vanderpool, "and I don't think the luncheon will be late. Will the gentlemen come to this room?"

"Where else?" he answered staring at her. "And it will be better that they do not wait outside as long as I did. All have not my patience."

He bent over his bag and she hurried from the room. Her patient was asleep. She closed the door gently and went with her quick steady step to the kitchen. In one corner stood a white-enameled refrigerator, well stocked with eatables neatly laid out on enameled plates.

Miss Vanderpool studied these a moment, took out a dish of plump sausages, the remains of the potato salad, a bowl of soup, and an uncut apple pie with a lattice-work upper crust, through which the fruit peeped juicily. Measuring coffee into a bright nickeled percolator she started it boiling, and turning back her sleeves and pinning a clean towel over her dress she fried the sausage neatly. In a quarter of an hour she had an appetizing meal arranged perfectly on a large tray, and carried it in to the occupant of the bedroom, who sat writing busily at a table by the bed. At the odor of the sausages and coffee a broad smile broke under his heavy gray mustache.

"Ah!" he cried eagerly. "So she's not so sick, after all—Miss Fern. There is no coffee in this country that smells so but only Miss Fern's! Good. I will eat and you will make the bed—is it not so?"

Miss Vanderpool inclined her head gravely, cleared away his papers, deposited the tray and made the bed with swift practiced motions from a neat pile of linen and blankets lying at the foot of the mattress. Both were of excellent quality and fresher and cleaner than the appearance

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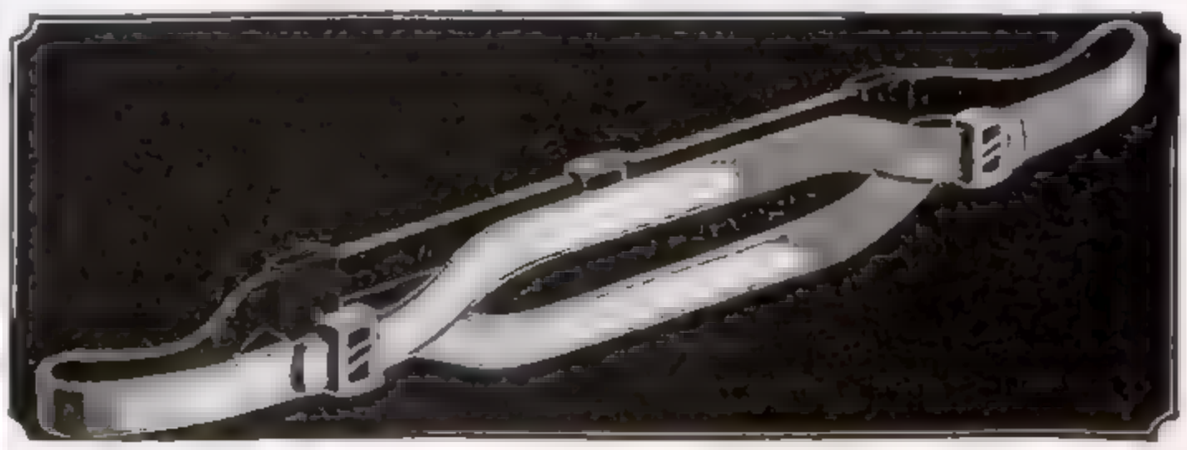

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and furniture of the room warranted, but she observed no discrepancy, being accustomed to precisely such soft wool and fine linen.

The professor ate rapidly and noisily, reading eagerly from his papers the while. When he had finished she took the tray and left the room.

"I will remember," she said and closed the door.

Fern La Grange still slept heavily, and Miss Vanderpool, after eating two sausages, French bread and new butter, and a piece of pie with a cup of delicious coffee, thoroughly cleaned the kitchen and swept and aired the dingy little sitting room, which seemed to have been furnished from leftovers of dining-room and bedroom fittings. But when she had rearranged these pieces in a way to give easier passage between them, spread a warm bright afghan over the hard leather couch and cleared a miscellaneous litter from the ugly mantel, the noon sun, appearing suddenly through October mist, threw a certain homely comfort into the place, and by opening the door into the light practical little kitchen it became almost cheerful.

Removing the towel and putting back her sleeves, she went upstairs and sat in silence by the sleeping woman, watching the gilt clock that ticked on the silver-cluttered dressing table. At three precisely she knocked on the professor's door and descended to answer the sharp ring from below.

Two men brushed silently by her. One a tall youngish man, clearly of Irish extraction, wore a chauffeur's livery and hurried up the stairs without noticing her in any way, his peaked cap pulled over his eyes. The other, shorter and older, was dark and foreign-looking, with piercing eyes behind thick shell-rimmed glasses. He carried a heavy strapped valise and wore a warm belted ulster and an odd cloth cap. Pausing, he shot a lighting glance at her.

"Excuse me, madam," he said in a pleasant guttural voice, "but I think I have not met you. And our friend, Miss Fern ——"

"Miss Fern is ill," she answered. "Did you want to see the professor?"

"Ah, yes," he said; "the professor. Exactly. I am sorry about Miss Fern. Mr. Hunt has asked you to assist her, I suppose?"

"Mr. Hunt is not here," she answered.

"Not here," he murmured; "exactly. But he will be presently?"

"I couldn't say," she said, and started up the stairs.

He tugged uncertainly at his short dark beard.

"Ah. You couldn't say. Could—could I perhaps see Miss Fern?"

"She is asleep now," said Miss Vanderpool. "When she wakes up I will ask her."

"That would be very kind of you," said the dark man. "I quite see. When she wakes up, of course. You will not forget to ask her? Mr. Grumbine, tell her, if you please."

And he went up to the front room, entering without a knock.

Miss Fern La Grange woke with a start very soon after that.

"Did you put out the garbage pail and take in the ice?" she asked abruptly. "Between three and four's the time, you know."

"No," said Miss Vanderpool, "but I will now."

A back door from the kitchen led to a fire escape, and on the platform stood a clean pail like the kitchen scrap pail, and a white bucket with a block of clean ice in it. She disposed of both and returned to her patient.

"There's only that and the meter read once a month," the woman muttered. "The professor likes eggs for his supper. The same for all, if anybody stays. I suppose Mr Vincent'll be along soon. He gets the back room. Hunt'll give his own orders. But he gives plenty o' time; coffee's the main thing with him. He's very particular about his steak - no porterhouse, Marie ask for Miss La Grange's special Delmonico steak. And cream for the potatoes. They're all pretty easy; they don't require change."

"Where shall I get the steak?" Miss Vanderpool asked.

"Just round the corner—Becker's. I get everything there. Hunt wants one place. And pay cash. You got any? Here." And from under the pillow she dragged her wrist bag. "Just take what's needed. Only keep the slips - there's no questions ever asked. But I want 'em to see, you know. And my fifty'll be coming soon. If you're hard up, Marie, dearie, I'll stake you. Remember that locket you gave me to sell that day in the Waterloo station? My word, but we've had times! And the funny little boats but that, that was Paris, wasn't it? Gawd, Marie, they said you died!"

She stared with terrified violet eyes at the other, who soothed her gently.

"I'm Miss Vanderpool," she said, "but I'll look after the steak. You remember me, don't you? With the cat, in the park?"

"Oh! Queenie's friend," said Miss La Grange with a sudden normal inflection. "Good old Queenie! She knows. You can't fool Queenie. Say, be a sport and stay, won't you? I'll be up tomorrow, but it's unfortunate with all three of 'em coming, maybe—only they won't stay when they come together this way. They never do. The professor, sometimes, as much as a week; and Vincent off and on—but he makes no trouble. Milk he'd ought to have. I had hard work getting Grade A milk during the war, though. Did you sweep out the front hall? Never mind, I'll be up tomorrow."

She went off into vague rambling appeals to somebody to get her Marie's address, and Miss Vanderpool made her fresh tea and bathed her forehead.

Suddenly she looked up, startled, for Mr. Grumbine stood by her side. She had not heard a sound, but there he stood.

"Excuse me," he said quietly, and pushing in front of her he sat on the bed and took the unconscious woman's wrist in his hand, drawing out a watch at the same time.

"She is very sick," he said in his soft guttural voice. "I'm afraid she must have a doctor. Wait here and I will get one. Can you nurse?"

"Yes," said Miss Vanderpool briefly.

He went out. In less than half an hour he had returned with a dark bearded man as foreign as himself.

They talked rapidly in a language quite unknown to Miss Vanderpool; the doctor pulled out a stethoscope. After a few moments of deft and thorough examination of his patient he shrugged his shoulders and talked again. Mr. Grumbine raised his eyebrows and pressed his lips.

"He says the hospital," he reported to Miss Vanderpool, "and he will take her there immediately. We are fortunate that he is able to do this. Extremely. He finds her heart bad—very bad. You will stay here, I think, and I will report to you in the morning. There is nothing you can do for her, and I do not like to leave the house alone. When there are lodgers, you see, there must be someone. This has never happened before. We did not think of it. It comes at a bad time. But you will help her most by staying here, I think. Do you not agree with me?"

Miss Vanderpool frowned slightly and hesitated. The doctor babbled rapidly.

"He is saying," Mr. Grumbine translated, "that you are to have no fear, no mistrust whatever. She will have the best of care. He says she would not know you anyway. And there must be somebody when the bell rings, you see. You know that, of course. And you will want to see Mr. Hunt. I will go now for the ambulance. You will wait?"

"Oh, yes, I'll wait," said Miss Vanderpool quietly.

"Good," he answered, and left.

For a dreamlike space of time she sat with the doctor in silence. He administered a swift hypodermic to his patient, asked almost unintelligibly for water, poured something between her lips. Her breathing had become very difficult; she muttered strange scraps; sang a French song; urged someone to back Pendennis heavily for her because she knew his trainer; ordered a Delmonico steak and a half pound of mushrooms.

"You never would learn to cook, Marie, and that's where you lost out," she cried with a cunning chuckle. "Look at me now!"

Then the drug took effect and she grew still. Within an hour a man in a white duck jacket appeared, and he and the doctor rolled her in blankets and carried her down the stairs. Miss Vanderpool never saw her again.

Mechanically, when they had gone, she aired and tidied the room, hung away all clothes, remade the bed with fresh linen which lay neatly piled in a cheap oak chiffonier. At five o'clock the professor shuffled in a snuff-colored dressing gown to the sitting room and demanded eggs and bacon. She cooked and served them. He was alone, immersed in pamphlets.

At six o'clock the bell rang, and a tall pale young man with a violin case and a small trunk, which he dragged by its handle, came in. He had a pathetic slender face with a retreating chin, and though he did not look American, he had no foreign accent or phrasing.

"I'm sorry," he said, coughing raspily, "to hear about Miss Fern. But I'm sure she'll get better, all right. This flu's awful. Will there be any supper? I'll be here for a week now, but I'm not much trouble. Mr. Hunt said he'd be here for lunch tomorrow, and to order the usual. For two, he said. I can make myself an oyster stew if it'd help you any. I've got my cough still, you see."

"I can make the stew," said Miss Vanderpool.

He dragged his little trunk slowly up the stairs and disappeared into the small back bedroom on the third floor. Miss Vanderpool, after a moment of thought, went up and made the bed for him, adding an extra blanket from the closet shelf in Miss La Grange's room.

Later he went out, still coughing, to return with some oysters, and at his suggestion she served the professor also with a great bowl of savory stew. All that evening the mournful strains of a violin floated down to her as she washed her clothes in the little kitchen.

At ten Vincent knocked at her door.

"Why don't you go to bed now?" he asked gently. "I'll go if there's a ring. I don't mind, at night. And if Mr. Hunt should come he has his key."

"Very well," said Miss Vanderpool, and went quietly to sleep under the rose-colored coverlet.

She was not a heavy sleeper and she was conscious of feet often pausing in the hall, often ascending and descending the stairs. Three times at least the outer door closed jarringly, but she heard no bell. By nine o'clock the next morning she had served three breakfasts.

At eleven, as she went down to tidy the lavatory, she stopped as a key clicked in the latch, and waited for the door to open.

A tall broad-shouldered man, well but not too noticeably dressed, stood in the hall and looked directly into her eyes, removing his soft felt hat.

"Good morning," he said in a resonant definite voice. "May I trouble you to step in here? My name is Hunt."

She followed him into the well-furnished room on the ground floor.

"I have just come from the hospital," he said. "Will you sit down? Were you an old friend of Fern's?"

His eyes were gray, clear and cold and commanding. He looked a little like a priest, a little like a sportsman, a little like a soldier. His accent was faintly English.

Miss Vanderpool sat down.

"No," she said, "I wasn't."

"Then it won't be such a shock to you," he said. "She died last night. Everything was done, but she died. It seems she had a weak heart."

Miss Vanderpool turned a little pale and a few tears rolled down her cheeks.

"I tried to ——" she began.

Mr. Hunt waved his hand—a long hand with long well-kept fingers—courteously.

"I am sure you did anything you could and that she was very grateful," he said. "Fern was a good girl and we shall all miss her. She kept us very comfortable here. It will be hard to find her equal. I suppose you will be leaving now?"

Miss Vanderpool turned a shade whiter and her lips tightened. She drew a long breath.

"I suppose so," she answered.

"You are going to friends?"

His eyes seemed to pierce her as a needle pierces cloth.

"I have no friends," she said simply.

"Perhaps not here," he said gently, "but outside of New York?"

"Not anywhere," said Miss Vanderpool.

"Where did you live?"

"With my aunt. She died."

"Are you familiar with New York?"

"I have never been here before," she answered.

"Ah," he said, and narrowed his gray eyes thoughtfully. "Never in New York, eh? You have money? An income?"

"I had a hundred dollars. Someone stole my pocketbook."

He drummed with his curved finger tips on the desk.

"And what are you going to do now?" he asked. "What can you do?"

"Nothing," she answered instantly. "Nothing but cook and—and look after things, and sew a little and keep accounts. And I have read aloud a great deal. My aunt was—she was not very well—and peculiar. I lived alone with her."

"And you are about thirty now?"

"Twenty-seven," she said promptly.

"What was the name of the town you lived in?"

She told him.

"And your name is ——"

"Dianthia Vanderpool," she said.

An extraordinarily boyish and flashing smile parted his firm thin lips. His teeth were beautifully white and even. He looked ten years younger.

"Do you know, I believe it is! I honestly believe you!" he said.

She gazed wonderingly at him.

"Why shouldn't you believe it?" she asked.

"Well," he said thoughtfully, "it sometimes isn't, you know. We don't care for reading aloud, Miss Vanderpool, my friends and I; we're very busy people—each in his own way. Sewing I don't know; the professor looks as if he needs mending, anyway."

She had to return his friendly smile at that.

"But cooking and keeping accounts we do need. And being here on the spot, and holding your tongue and doing as you're told —— Mr. Grumbine seems to think you're good at that, by the way. While I'm looking around do you want to stop here a bit and keep things going? We paid Fern fifty dollars a month and her keep. It might be only a few days. And it might be—more. Would you care to stop on a while?"

Miss Vanderpool drew a long breath.

"If you thought that I'd be able ——" she began, but he waved this aside.

"Oh, you'll be able," he assured her. "As long as you mind our business we'll mind yours!"

The words were simple, but the meaning in his eye, holding hers, made her understand the tone of the three other lodgers when they mentioned Mr. Hunt. To put it plainly, she was afraid of him for a moment.

She left his room, a little uncertain of the future, and piloted by Vincent, who carried his violin, she found Becker's market and purchased a Delmonico steak—Miss Fern's special cut.

Mr. Becker himself served her and regretted Miss Fern's loss.

"A fine honest woman," he said, sharpening his knife, "and one I've served with the best of the market for six years now—going on seven. No wonder her lodgers stayed by her. They get the best. There's no changes there. And a good customer. Not steady, I don't mean, because there'll be little beyond, say, liver and bacon and such for days. But then they come back and the orders begins. So it's regular. Traveling gentlemen she caters to. Real lodgings, like they do in London. And you've got the job? I congratulate you, miss."

And as a matter of fact Miss Vanderpool congratulated herself.

When after three days of well-cooked, well-served meals Mr. Hunt engaged her definitely, paid her fifty dollars in advance, and a hundred more for expenses, to be accounted for on his next return, explained that the gas man was to be paid on his next visit and the ice man on the first of the month, on presentation of his bill, but that no other persons were to be admitted on any pretext whatever, it was clear that all formalities were over and that he did not wish to be further consulted.

"We prefer no guests," he said, catching her eyes in his direct particular glance. "You understand this, Miss Vanderpool? I am sorry if this inconveniences you, but it is a definite rule. None will come for us if we are not here. Or if they do, they can wait until we return. One or the other is usually here, and may be so at any minute."

She studied this. Then, "So I could never leave the house?" she asked.

He smiled.

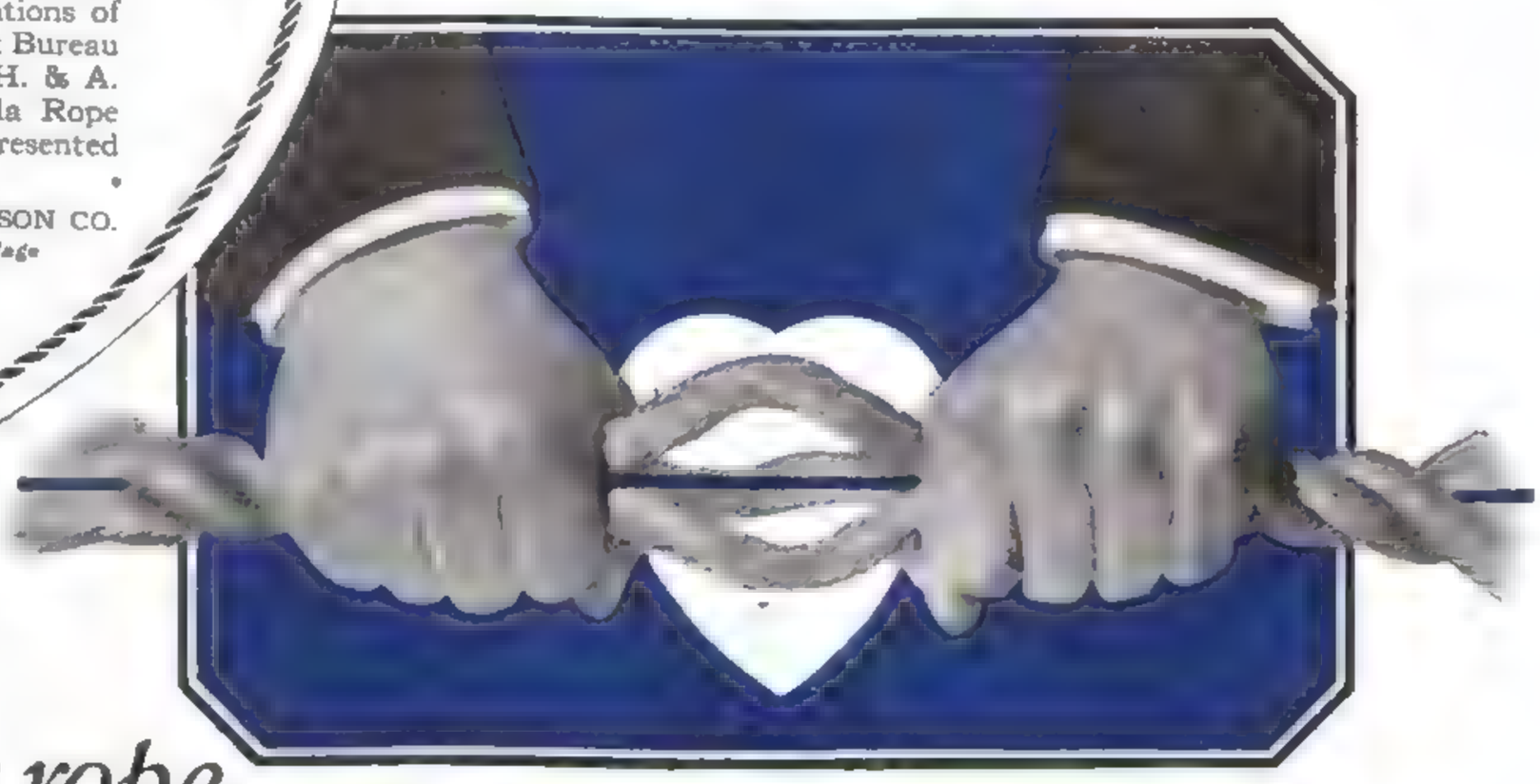
"Nonsense," he said. "You are welcome to leave it any afternoon, of course. I have my key, and the others make a point of coming after five, for just that reason. Miss Fern was always busy in the mornings."

(Continued on Page 74)

Coil No.
Machine No.
Operator
Inspected by
Date
GUARANTEE
H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope is guaranteed to equal in yardage and exceed in tensile strength the specifications of the U. S. Government Bureau of Standards. Any H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope found to be not as represented will be replaced.
THE HOOVEN & ALLISON CO.
"Spinners of Fine Cordage Since 1869"
XENIA, O.
U.S.A.

This guarantee tag is attached to every coil of H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope. Look for it when you buy by the coil

When you buy rope, untwist the strands If the "Blue Heart" trade mark shows, you know you have H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope —guaranteed to have excess strength



When you buy rope buy GUARANTEED *strength!*

WHEN you buy rope, one of the things you pay for is *strength*.

How much do you get for your money? How can you tell?

There is a recognized standard with which you can compare the rope you buy. And that is the standard established by the U. S. Government Bureau of Standards in Washington.

The Bureau has set a definite breaking strength to be expected from good manila rope.

H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope is guaranteed to exceed this standard.

The "Blue Heart" is your guarantee

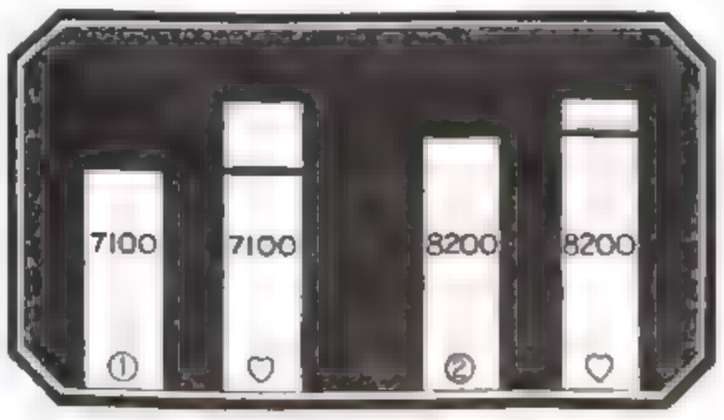
Through the center of every foot of H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope runs a small blue cotton thread.

Grasp the rope anywhere, untwist the strands and you will see it.

This "Blue Heart" trade mark is your guarantee of excess strength—greater strength than is specified by the U. S. Government Bureau of Standards.

And longer wear

And with this greater strength you get a rope that will outwear the ordinary kind. One that, throughout its long term of service, will resist water and weather, remain flexible, smooth-surfaced and easy to handle.



1—The strength of a one-inch manila rope, as given in Kent's Mechanical Engineer's Pocket Book, "the result of tests of full-sized specimens of manila rope purchased in the open market" is 7100 pounds. The tensile strength of one-inch H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope will average far in excess of this

2—The U. S. Government standard of strength for a one-inch manila rope is 8200 pounds. H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope of the same size is guaranteed to be even stronger than the high strength standard of the U. S. Government Bureau

Yet H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope costs no more than other brands of nearly the same quality.

When you buy rope untwist the strands and look for the "Blue Heart" trade mark that guarantees long wear and definitely assures you of *excess* strength over the government standard for sturdiness.

For other tasks where a high grade sisal rope is wanted, use the best—H. & A. "Red Heart" Sisal Rope, carefully spun from selected sisal fibre by the same skilled rope makers.

A rope for every purpose

Whatever may be your use for rope you will find an H. & A. brand of cordage that will exactly meet your requirements. Ask for it at hardware stores, farm-implement stores, builders' supply dealers' and mill and mine supply houses, etc. If you do not know where to get it in your vicinity, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

TO DEALERS: The H. & A. brands of rope are sold to the trade through the usual jobbing channels. If you are not yet supplied, write us for complete information.

THE HOOVEN & ALLISON COMPANY
"Spinners of fine cordage since 1869"
XENIA, OHIO

H&A

H&A "Blue Heart" Manila Rope

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PALM

The Springtime of Life

—How to keep that youthful bloom throughout the years

The joyous time—the time of youth and blooming, when every young girl should charm the world with her flower-like freshness.

This greatest of all attractions is girlhood's rightful heritage as well as the most admired beauty of later years. The pretty girl will mature into the beautiful woman if she keeps that school-girl complexion.

Don't let it fade

All too often this alluring school-girl complexion is allowed to vanish with school-girl days. Yet simple treatment following school-days will retain it as the greatest attraction of mature years.

Be careful how you cleanse your skin—don't let harsh methods rob it of its natural delicate texture. Or, just as dangerous to complexion health, don't omit the daily washing with soap and water for fear that its action is too harsh.

Instead, choose the facial soap which you know is so mild and soothing that it keeps the most sensitive skin smooth and soft.

This soap is Palmolive, as millions of women already know. It is blended from Palm and Olive oils, known since the days of ancient Egypt as nature's beautifying cleansers.

Lotion-like lather

These two rare oriental oils, by whose aid Cleopatra kept her youth, impart their mildness to the smooth, creamy lather of Palmolive. It cleanses thoroughly, removing every trace of the oil, dirt and perspiration which otherwise clog the skin pores. It leaves your skin soft and glowing with a delightful sensation of freshness.

Used regularly, every day, Palmolive keeps your complexion fine of texture and free from blackheads and blotches. Yet it never robs the skin of its own beautifying oil provided by nature to keep it smooth.

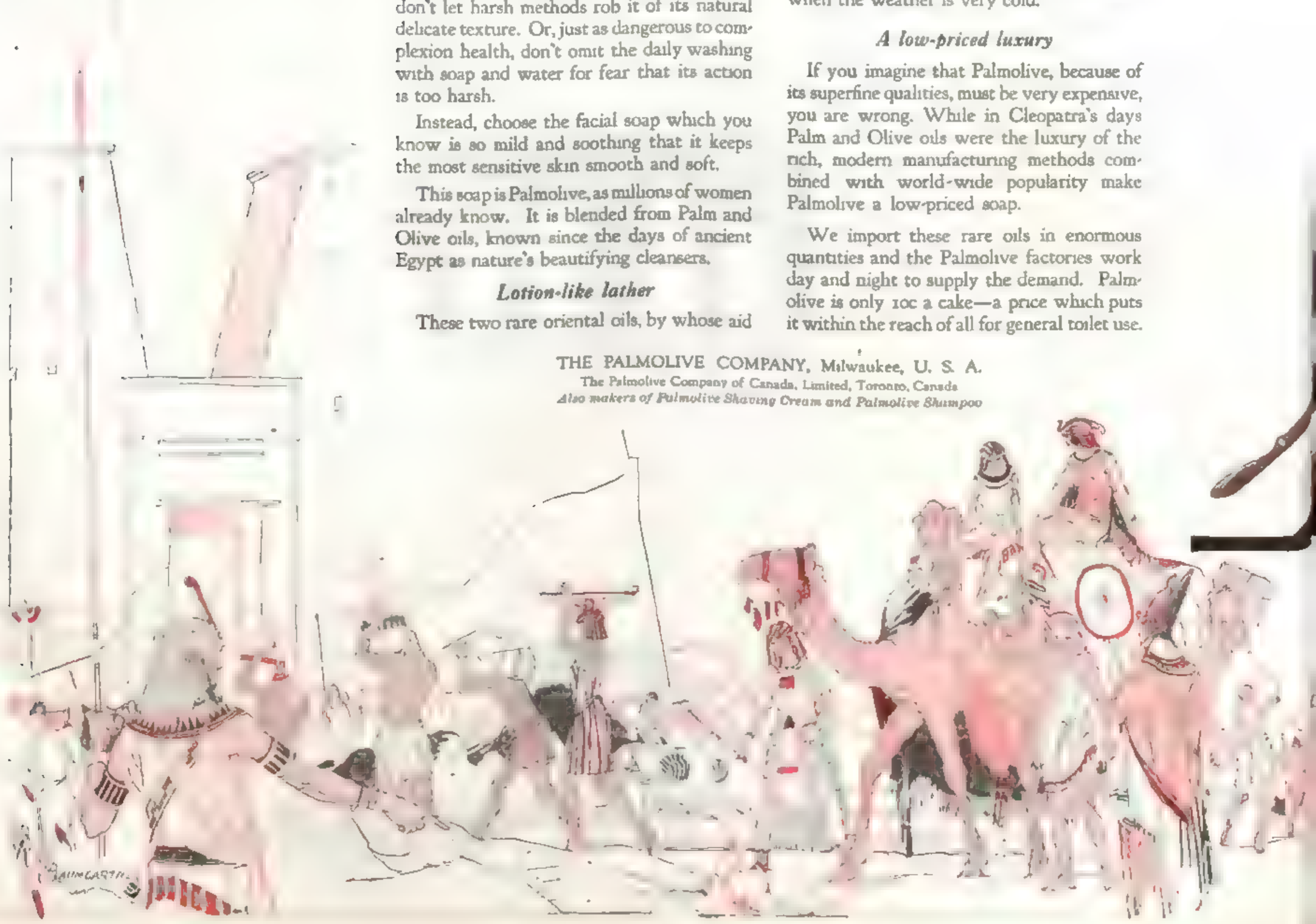
Apply a touch of cold cream after gently drying your face with a soft, fine towel. Normally oily skins won't need it except possibly when the weather is very cold.

A low-priced luxury

If you imagine that Palmolive, because of its superfine qualities, must be very expensive, you are wrong. While in Cleopatra's days Palm and Olive oils were the luxury of the rich, modern manufacturing methods combined with world-wide popularity make Palmolive a low-priced soap.

We import these rare oils in enormous quantities and the Palmolive factories work day and night to supply the demand. Palmolive is only 10c a cake—a price which puts it within the reach of all for general toilet use.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada
Also makers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo



DOLLY VA

74

Nature's Own Color

The soft, rich, green color of Palmolive Soap is the natural color of the rich oils from which it is blended.

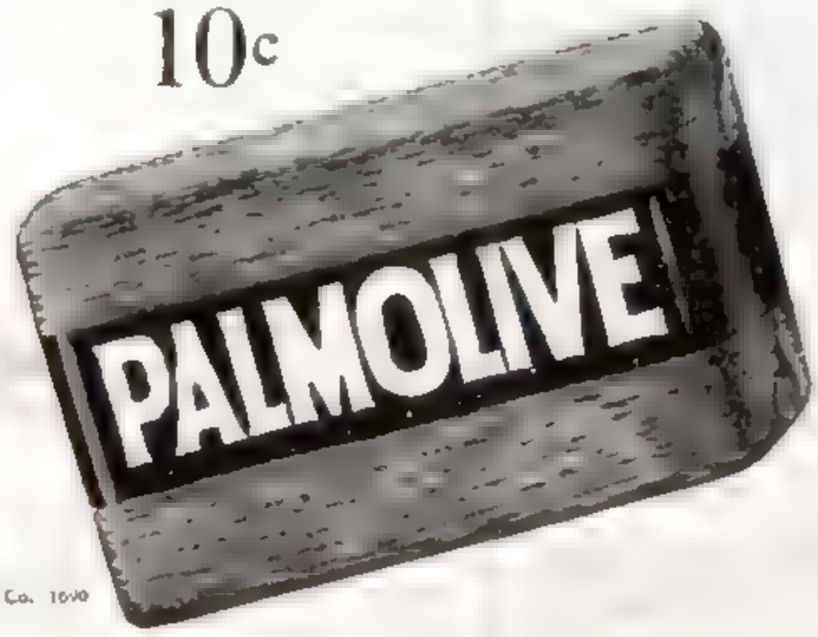
Nature put the color in these oils, just as she does in grass and foliage.

It might as well be said that flowers, trees and grass are artificially colored as to say it of the green of Palmolive

Palm and Olive oils not only impart their color to Palmolive Soap—they also give it their own soothing mildness. The rich, creamy Palmolive lather is lotion-like in its effect on the skin. It is ideal facial soap.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only

10c



Palm and Olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap

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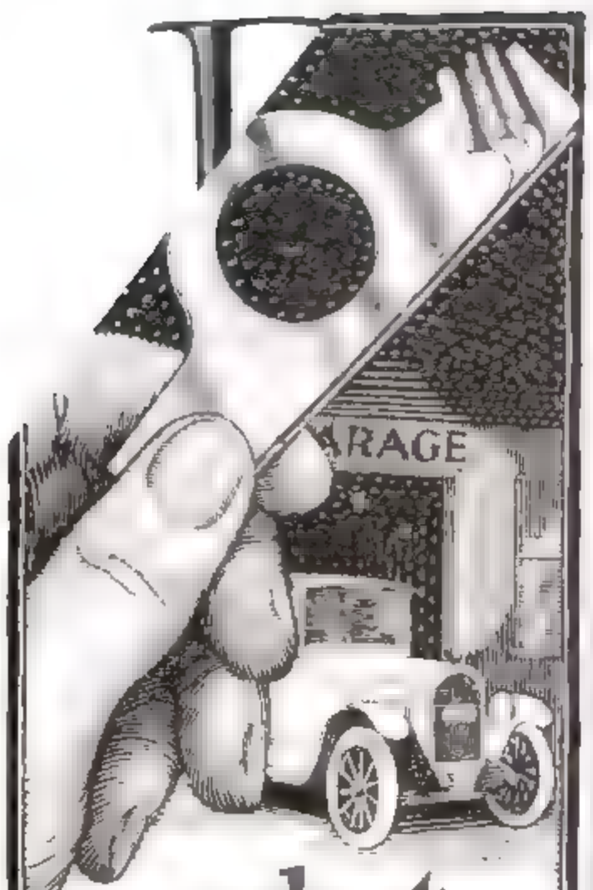


what do you pay for repairs?

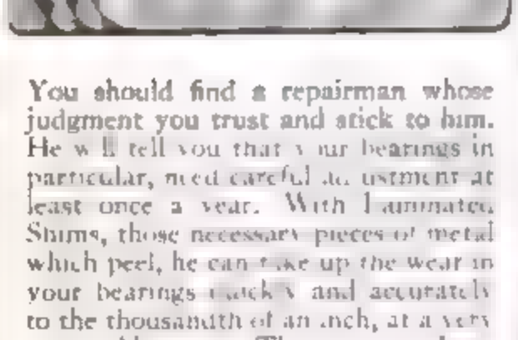
"Too much," you will say. Are you sure that you really give your car and your repairman a fair chance? Some people seem to be able to work year after year without a vacation, but a piece of machinery must be overhauled periodically.

Ask Your Repairman

You should find a repairman whose judgment you trust and stick to him. He will tell you that your bearings in particular, need careful adjustment at least once a year. With Laminated Shims, those necessary pieces of metal which peel, he can take up the wear in your bearings quickly and accurately to the thousandth of an inch, at a very reasonable cost. The way to keep down your bills is to keep your car in shape instead of repairing it after the damage is done.

Send for Booklet

If you are really interested in keeping your car always in proper shape, send for this little booklet. It contains some mighty interesting and valuable information on bearings and their adjustment



LAMINATED SHIM COMPANY, Inc.
205 14th Street
LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.
Detroit: Dime Bank Building
St. Louis: Mazura Mfg. Co.

LAMINUM

(Continued from Page 70)

"Oh, yes," she answered. "I see. But I shan't want to go out often. I am used to being indoors."

"I should advise you to go out for a walk every day, Miss Vanderpool," he said kindly, "if only for your health. You would benefit by it; you look a little pale."

As nobody in her remembrance had ever considered either her health or her looks, Miss Vanderpool regarded him wonderingly, blushed, breathed deeply, and smiled, the smile of a young girl. She had white, rather widely separated teeth, and the warm gratitude that flushed her face flooded the years out of it; she stood, shy and pleased, looking like an old-fashioned photograph of an American lady, before him.

An amused light softened his cold eyes.

"I think we shall get on well," he said. "Good-by for a while, Miss Vanderpool."

When she returned to her bedroom the closet which had been filled with Miss La Grange's clothes was empty, as were the bureau drawers; and several boxes and baskets of papers, letters and oddments had disappeared, with the two or three photographs that had adorned the dressing table.

There followed many days of quiet. The professor received many hurried visits from as many hurried men. Beyond a quick glance at her, and sometimes a brusque awkward salute, the guests made no sign of interest, and for Miss Vanderpool they possessed no interest whatever. Once she served a luncheon for four, crowded about the professor's small table. Two of the men were poorly clad, fawning foreigners who talked excitedly in Italian; one was a sarcastic Frenchman with a single glass in his eye and a braided coat; the fourth, a querulous London cockney, blew off the froth of the excellent beer of which the professor appeared to have a large stock, though Miss Vanderpool received no orders for its purchase.

The professor talked with all his guests in all their languages and seemed much respected by them. On the walls of the room were stuck, with red-headed pins, large maps of different cities. To one or the other of these he often pointed with his fork; sometimes he would rise during a meal and place a buttery stubby finger on some definite point, and speak heatedly in German, while Miss Vanderpool changed the plates for the sweet course, which he favored particularly.

Vincent played the violin and walked up and down the floor of his room for hours on end. His cough had gone, probably because Miss Vanderpool had added blankets to his bed, a warm rug from the unused dining room to his floor, and an old-fashioned gas heater, found in the same storeroom, to the equipment of his bedchamber. Unasked, she carried regularly to his room a tray of whatever was left from any of her ordered meals, and when the professor left—which fact she discovered only when he ceased to occupy his bed—she continued to supply her only remaining lodger from her own simple table.

"What makes you so good to me?" he demanded suddenly one morning when he had come down to her kitchen to thank her for the careful mending of his underwear. It was of very good quality, Vincent's underwear, but badly worn.

"It's nothing," she answered, smiling; "you don't seem to know how to take care of yourself, Mr. Vincent."

"No," he said moodily, "I don't. That's been the trouble. Nor ever will."

He sat on the edge of her shining kitchen table and stared at her.

She wore a neat gingham house dress and a capable work apron. Her dark hair was thick and glossy. Her grave face, with trusting calm eyes, faced her kitchen and the world.

"How long had you known Fern?" he asked abruptly.

"I hardly knew her at all," she said, slicing apples into the waiting pie crust.

"You hardly—but how did you know her at all?"

His discontented blue eyes stared at her steady brown ones; his pathetic mouth strengthened into firmer lines of a sort of angry suspicious curiosity.

Very simply she told him of the park bench, the cat, the fever, the ambulance.

"And you mean to say ——" His amazement changed and enlivened his face; he looked older, less dreamy.

The bell rang suddenly. She leaped to it and admitted Mr. Grumbine and a white-faced crouching lad with a shock of long black hair.

"Here, up here!" said Mr. Grumbine in a peremptory tone, pushing him by her. "Never mind, we are all friends here. Up you go!"

They disappeared in the upper front room; the older man never noticed her by word or look. She wondered if she should prepare a luncheon and make the bed, but received no orders. In a half hour steps came past her bedroom, the door of which she had left ajar in case he should call.

"Vincent! Vincent!" he cried softly, and as Vincent's door opened she heard Mr. Grumbine speaking almost into the crack of her own door, it seemed.

"Can you find a coat—or something—for this poor fellow here, my good Vincent?" he said. "And quickly? He has not much time"

Vincent grunted something and bustled about his small room. She heard the slam of a trunk lid; there was a locked trunk under his bed. They spoke in low tones for a moment, and Miss Vanderpool went calmly back to her pie. The kitchen growing warm, she opened the door, and glancing out was caught by the sight of an odd group in the lower hall. Vincent, in a loose plaid ulster, with a broad felt hat, violin case under his arm, was leading, almost supporting the black-haired youth, who wore now a long raincoat and a cloth cap pulled over his ears. He carried a violin, uncovered, under his arm, and looked utterly different from the boy he had come in. Suddenly Mr. Grumbine stopped them and drew a long flat case out of his pocket.

"Here! We forgot the most important!" he said, and picked out several bills, which the young man accepted gratefully.

"Now, now, now—do not hurry too much," said Mr. Grumbine. "You can make the ferry very well. Vincent will see that you get it. Good-by. No, no—it is nothing at all!"

Later, when she knocked at his door, the room was empty.

Mr. Hunt returned in three weeks and stayed for a week, breakfasting and dining regularly, but lunching away from home. When he paid her her wages he studied her curiously.

"Is—is there anything wrong?" she asked, flushing nervously.

He assured her politely to the contrary, but stared still when she left him for her kitchen.

It was not her tailored skirt, made scanter, cleverly, and shortened to the mode, above trim low shoes and silk stockings; it was not her blouse, low and soft at the neck, with a little colored chain about her throat; it was not her hair, drawn low now in a classic knot, hiding her ears—though these things made a great difference in Miss Vanderpool's appearance. It was perhaps the color in her cheeks and the swifter, brighter glance of her brown eyes that made her look so young.

Life, for many years drab and empty, had become awake and interesting to Miss Vanderpool. She, who had never stirred from two acres, had been watching with the amused keen hunger of the shut-in the life of a great city, and it was for her a fairyland of wonder. With Vincent, suspicious and sulky and silent, at her side, she had roamed the parks, the avenues, the shops, even occasionally viewing a moving picture. She might have been a tourist in Benares or Moscow. Sometimes he answered her simple queries elaborately, with a conscious sarcasm; sometimes he stared at her challengingly.

"Look here, do you mean it? Really?" he would say, then check, sigh, and shake a wondering head. "You're too much for me, Dinah!" he said more than once.

She had told him that Miss La Grange had thought her name was Dinah, and he had adopted it—ever since the day that the gas stove fell out of order and he began to share her meals in the kitchen.

There were no secrets between them—so far as she was concerned. He had long ago found out her amazing story, which, like many amazing stories, seemed very natural, if very dull, to her. He knew all about her lonely childhood, spent with an impenetrable aunt, the poor-relation caretaker of a great estate; her empty girlhood, friendless and solitary, the grateful attendant on an eccentric old woman whose fads and fights grew slowly into a fixed idea of poisoning, unless Dianthia's uncomplaining young hands prepared her every mouthful; the slow lengthening out of her years till she herself grew old and timorous under this steady hopeless drudgery; her simple belief that nothing less was her duty, and nothing more her fate. Hardly crediting her story, he drew it easily from her, convinced at last by the fact that it never varied in any of its incredible details.

The implacable old aunt, strong and tough as a twisted oak tree, sucking out into her own half-crazy empty life all the vitality and sap of this dutiful child, orphaned, it seemed, for her interminable benefit, grew before him like a picture. The vast unused mansion, the servants slowly ebbing out of it, the miserly shifts and straits, the dull drudgery, the quenched girlhood—oh, no one could invent them!

And the escape—Vincent choked and coughed when she described it to him in her few clear matter-of-fact phrases.

"So when the doctor told me I couldn't stay there alone, and nobody sent any word, I had to go somewhere. He said he would come in the morning and take me to a kind of home for sick people something like Aunt Harriet, and I could help take care of them. He would arrange it, he said. But I thought I would rather be dead myself than do that. He said it was beautiful, in large grounds, like ours, with no hard work, as I had done. I was quiet, he said, and they would mind me and like me. And I would be paid."

"Paid! My God, Dinah, you couldn't be paid!"

"Well, I didn't, anyway, Vincent. I packed the bag, and Aunt Harriet's cousin gave me a hundred dollars at the funeral, and I walked to the station at five o'clock in the morning."

He saw her, creeping over the fields at dawn, timid and desperate, and innocent as the cattle in the pastures, and choked again.

"And when I had sat all day in that park I wanted to go back—but I had no money! There was no one I could ask."

"I wish I'd been there!" he burst out.

"And then Miss La Grange came—and Queenie—and it has all been so easy since then!"

"So easy!" he cried. "Oh, Lord! Oh, my Lord!"

"You think they are hard to get on with, Vincent, but really they are not. Mr. Grumbine is odd, but he is very gentle, and ——"

"Gentle! For God's sake, Dinah, when you say things like that! That man would—oh, well, what's the use?"

"And the old professor may be sharp, but he doesn't mean any harm."

"Oh, he doesn't mean any harm? Well, I'm very glad. I don't know what he does mean, my dear. That's all. Look here. This'll have to be stopped, Dinah. I can't go into it, but it's all wrong. If I could—oh, if I could only take you where I want to go!"

"Where do you want to go, Vincent?"

They were walking through the cold November afternoon in the park where she had first met her fate, though she did not recognize that part of it. They looked like any two young people who are in love, and not quite aware of it, but happy and tremulous.

"I want to go on a ranch," he said between his teeth. "I want to start fresh. And if I had ten thousand dollars I could. I know the man, I know the place, I know everything but how to get the ten thousand. And I thought I knew that a few weeks ago."

"Oh, Vincent! You mean with your violin lessons?"

"Bosh!" he burst, and bit his lip. "It's you!" he burst out. "I can't do it! Hunt be damned! To see you living there, so sweet and honest, and—oh, it's awful! Don't you see? But how could you see? It's like that girl in the story that walked with the lions. Well, I'm not a lion, anyhow; only a donkey. There's nothing I really did—he'd never do me in—it wouldn't be worth his while. He knows I'm a failure, anyhow."

"You mean you can't really help Mr. Hunt any more, Vincent?"

"Help him! Look here, Dinah, I got badly treated and I was sore. I was like a pup that's been stepped on, and I was ready to bite—anybody, anywhere. He's interested in that kind. And I was hungry and—and I'd make mistakes. And he took me on—to try me out. And I'd have shaped up pretty well, maybe—but you came. And it was like—like a drink of water. I can't tell you, but I liked you so much I couldn't feel so sore at everything somehow. I know everything's all wrong, and the professor's got the right idea, maybe ——"

(Continued on Page 77)

This Mark of Quality

is on a Large Proportion of the Commercial Cars in America

THE nation-wide preference for Martin-Parry commercial car bodies is a tribute to forty years' continuous production of vehicle bodies of outstanding quality.

The fine reputation always enjoyed by the custom built bodies of the Martin and Parry organizations has been magnified through the standardization of parts for bodies used on commercial chassis.

The high standards which created the Martin and Parry reputation are maintained and improved, while a huge increase in volume has made possible a tremendous decrease in costs. Thus Martin-Parry commercial bodies are now economical for every commercial car use.

The parts for every Martin-Parry body are interchangeable. Every user can replace any part with an exactly like part immediately obtainable from any of the Martin-Parry Branches in all principal cities.

This explains why more than fifteen thousand motor car dealers now sell Martin-Parry commercial bodies and why the users of commercial cars in every industry are turning in vast numbers to the Martin-Parry body as the standard of economy and quality.

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Martin-Parry Corporation—General Offices: York, Pa. Factories: York, Pa. Indianapolis, Ind. Lumberton, Miss.

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Martin-Parry

Largest Commercial Body Builders in the World

A STANDARDIZED LINE OF THIRTY-EIGHT COMMERCIAL BODIES FOR EVERY BUSINESS NEED

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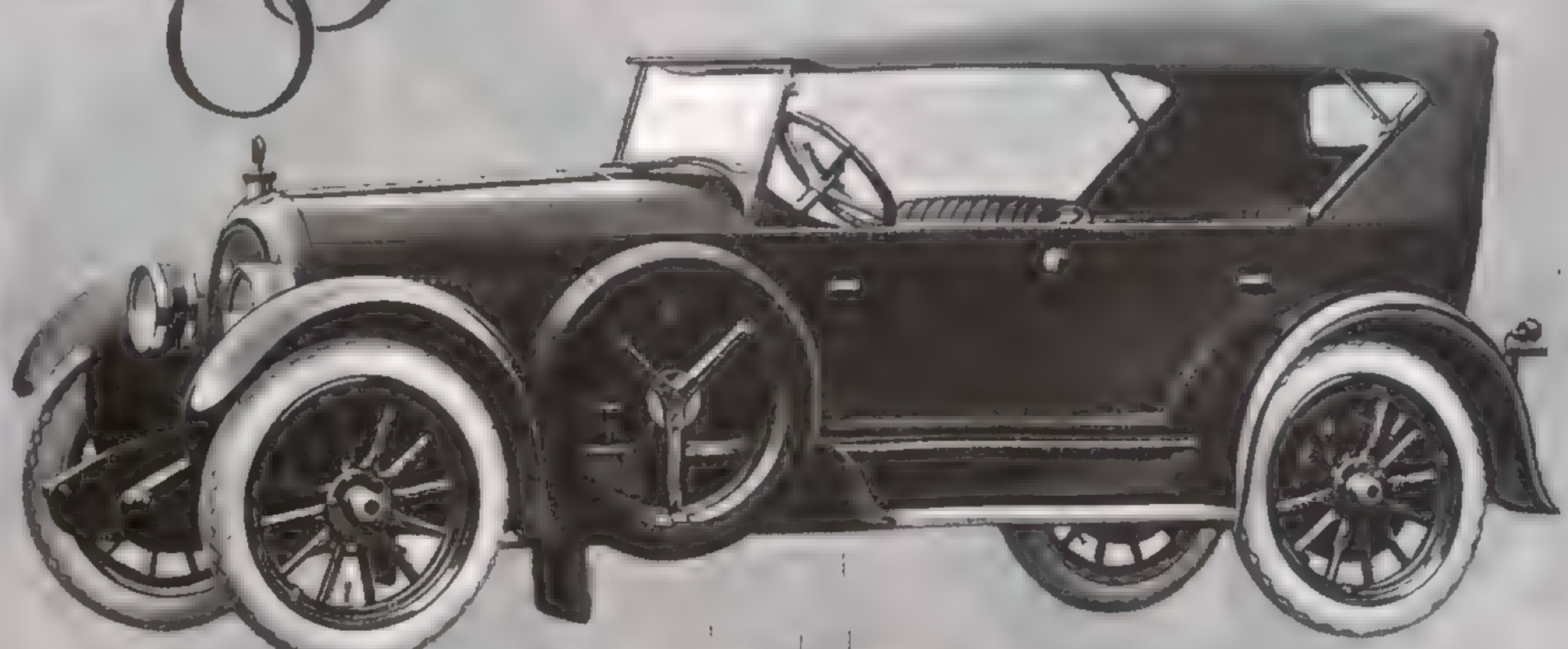


—and Custom-Built

You can buy the Kissel Phaeton at its new price, $1485, only because growing appreciation of custom-built quality has led to quantity production in 1923—and hence made possible this price. ¶In distinctive beauty, expert hand craftsmanship and fine appointments this car sums up the knowledge of an organization always noted for these things. ¶Its chassis and motor embody all the engineering and mechanical skill of men who have led far oftener than they have followed, throughout the seventeen years of Kissel's automobile experience. ¶Its price reflects the regard that motorists have for a very superior type of performance that *always* can be relied upon, day in and day out, year after year

...the Deluxe Phaeton at $1685, Standard ... $2285 ... and Brougham Sedan ... $2585

... is driven by the ... exceptional power, capa...

... and patented ...

THE KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO.
HARTFORD, WISCONSIN

KISSEL

The Custom Built Car

(Continued from Page 74)

"What idea has he got, Vincent?"

"Oh, he wants everybody to be dead, or something. Never mind, it's foolish."

"Why, Vincent!"

He turned and put his arms around her, behind a thick leafless bush.

"Hush! I didn't mean anything. Listen. We'll go back and get your things and come out and you marry me and we'll run away. Will you? Will you? I can play the violin really; and I know a place where I can really give lessons. I did once. We could take people and board 'em for a bit, till I got on my feet. You don't mind work. Will you?"

"Why, of course, Vincent," she said.

And they kissed each other, trembling, in the lemon-tinted sunset light; and his life, whatever it had been, melted in her soft tender lips, and her life, which would never be empty again, began that moment, in his arms.

"You needn't say a word to anyone," he warned her. "There's no one there tonight. Just write a little note and slip out. I'll meet you at the corner. If I look a little different, don't mind. I have some—some other clothes, and it might be as well to wear 'em. I'll just bring a suitcase. We can be married very quick—I know where—and take the train. And it's new from now on. That I swear to. You'll take me new, from now on?"

"Oh, Vincent!" she said and held up her face to him, and he choked and kissed it, though they had passed the shelter of the tree.

But as she opened the door with her key they jumped and separated, for Mr. Grumbine stood in the dark doorway, ulstered and capped, a heavy satchel in each hand.

"Good evening," he said politely. "I was waiting for you, Miss Vanderpool. Good evening, Vincent. I am glad you have come, for I am in a hurry, rather. Mr. Hunt wished me to tell you that we are leaving. He has given up the house."

"Leaving?" she repeated. "Leaving for good?"

"I fear so," said Mr. Grumbine, "for good. Exactly. He had meant to go, probably, in a few weeks, but events have made it seem wiser to—in short, we shall scarcely be returning. There are no debts—no financial obligations of any kind, I hope?"

"Oh, no!" said Miss Vanderpool.

"Exactly," said Mr. Grumbine complacently.

"I think, as we shall not return, that the sooner you both leave the better. You realize, I am sure ——"

He coughed.

"Mr. Hunt was sorry not to see you, Miss Vanderpool, before he left. He asked me to give you a month's salary in advance, and to tell you to keep any housekeeping cash that may remain. He thinks it would be better if you left within an hour or so. The new tenant may come in quickly, he thinks, and it would be embarrassing perhaps. You quite see, I am sure."

"I can leave in a few minutes," she said, frowning a little. "Shan't I clear up a little for the new ——"

"It will not be necessary," said Mr. Grumbine. "Mr. Hunt suggested that you might like to take the silver articles on the dresser."

Vincent coughed.

"I'll get my bag," he said gruffly.

"Exactly," said Mr. Grumbine. "And perhaps you could help Miss Vanderpool to find some suitable place for the night, Vincent? Mr. Hunt feels less concerned about this abruptness in the case of so good and discreet a housekeeper, because he wishes me to give you this address. You do not read the papers, Miss Vanderpool?"

"No. I never see any," she said, peering now at his face, for it was dark.

"He thought not. He cut this out last week, but as we were both very busy he took the liberty of withholding it, knowing that it could do no harm, and that we might have to make a change. You can read it at leisure. We both congratulate you. And now I fear I must go; I have a train to catch. Good-by, Miss Vanderpool. Good-by, Vincent. If at any time—but Mr. Hunt seems to doubt —— However, we shall always be interested ——"

"You needn't be, thanks," said Vincent gruffly. "Good-by."

"One never knows," said Mr. Grumbine. "Good-by."

He slipped down the steps and into the cab that drew up at the door. But before he left them he had put an envelope in Miss Vanderpool's hand.

Crowding it into her little bag she hurried up the stairs in the dark and packed her valise, breathing quickly. In a few minutes Vincent stood at the door, an unfamiliar figure in a plaid ulster and a flat soft hat. He looked oddly foreign, almost Scandinavian.

"Are you ready, dear?" he asked, and she saw that he had his violin. "And can you take the bag?"

As he saw what she was crowding into it he slipped into the room quickly.

"Put those back," he said roughly. "I don't want you to use those things of Fern's. I'll get you others. Leave them."

"But, Vincent ——"

"Leave them, will you? For me?"

"Of course," she answered, puzzled, and put the silver brushes back.

They hurried down the stairs, and at the sitting-room door she paused.

"Wasn't that the door?" she whispered fearfully.

For suddenly she was afraid in that house. Mr. Grumbine's thin, scarcely moving lips, his odd cold glance, the controlled sinister hurry of the man had alarmed her. It may have been, too, that love, that softener and wakener of the heart, had warmed her thoughts to a quicker motion, had edged her instincts to a keener point. Why were they all fleeing from this dingy quiet house like rats scurrying out of a sinking ship? Why was Vincent to be abandoned so brusquely? Why was the furniture to be left, and all those blankets and linen? Surely they could have been packed and stored.

"No, no," he muttered, as cautious as she, it seemed, to make no noise in the empty waiting house. "No one's there. No one will come—you can bank on that. And if they should, Dinah, you've nothing to fear, you know—remember that. You were simply the housekeeper. Don't let anyone shake you out of that. Remember?"

"Why, Vincent, of course!" she murmured, staring at him. "You'll be there, won't you?"

"There won't be any there," he said quickly. "Hunt will see to that. You can trust him damn him! Come on!"

They slipped down the last flight like burglars, taking care not to bump the bags on any step. At the hall door they paused for a breath while Vincent gathered both bags and motioned her to open the door. With her hand on the knob she turned to him and whispered into his bended ear:

"Someone is in Mr. Hunt's room. I heard paper rattling!"

He stared, incredulous; the house was deathly quiet.

"But I did!"

He leaned softly to the keyhole and waited. Suddenly he started. A distinct sound of tearing paper came to them from the room.

Motioning to her he whispered, barely forming the words:

"Go out quietly and get a taxi. Wait for one on the corner across the street. I'll go out through the basement. If I don't come in five minutes drive to the ——"

The door opened instantly without a sound. A man in a low-drawn visored cap appeared in the opening; a man's hand pointed a short empty tube, she thought, at her.

"Well?" said the man, in a low grating voice. But Miss Vanderpool was much relieved.

"Why, Vincent, it's only Mr. Hunt!" she cried. "We thought you were gone, Mr. Hunt, and Vincent was just telling me to go out alone. Not that I was going to ——"

"No?" Mr. Hunt questioned gently, with a little smile. He opened the door wider.

"Step in a moment, both of you," he said, slipping his hand into the pocket of his long ulster and closing the door after them. His face was slightly flushed, she thought, his gray eyes danced, he looked younger.

"I have only a moment, Miss Vanderpool," he said. "I'm glad to be able to say good-by, myself. Let me advise you, though, in future, to leave by the door that Vincent suggests. It may be wiser."

He smiled at her shrewdly, and she blushed.

Had he been with them in the park? He made her feel so. But Vincent cleared his throat and spoke sulkily.

"She won't have to leave by any doors," he muttered. As always when with the older man, he seemed a sulky grudging pupil, held by the power of a tolerant but watchful head master.

It overshadows even beauty

WOMAN'S charm is a subtle thing. The slender fingers of its magic often cast a strange hypnotic spell. And then you hear people say: "What can he possibly see in her!"

But Mary was different. She was simply and obviously beautiful and every one said so; even the girls who envied her most.

Yet she had fox-trotted blithely through that period when a girl is supposed to pause over marriage as a more serious thing than it appears to be at twenty.

And now she was rapidly approaching those more serious years that pendulum about the thirty-mark when friends begin to be just a little concerned.

All of the girls of her set were either married or about to be. She was not—and, very apparently, not about to be.

In spite of all her charm, some invisible something was eclipsing her beauty and holding her back.

If any of her friends knew why, no one dared to tell her.

And she, least of all, knew the reason.

* * *

The insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

This halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine this way puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting booklet that comes with every bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

"No?" said Mr. Hunt. "No doors? A fresh start, eh? Well, you know best. There's a price, of course, for everything."

While he spoke he sorted some papers from a black tin box, dropping some into a pail of hot water beside him, from which the steam yet rose, folding others into a long pocketbook. There were not many of either class. He had the air of a busy man vouchsafing, under protest, an interview to a persistent and rather tactless young couple.

Vincent shuffled awkwardly with his feet and cleared his throat.

"Speaking of price," he said abruptly, "as soon as I'm in a position to, I want to settle ——"

"Bosh!" said Mr. Hunt.

He added nothing to this brief remark, but such was his tone that Vincent stood silent.

Miss Vanderpool, however, drew a long breath and flushed deeply. Something in her lover's face and manner disturbed her unspeakably. She opened her bag and stepped nearer to her employer.

"Mr. Hunt," she said in her clear simple voice, "if Vincent owes you any money, and you are going away, I would rather pay you now, so he can start clear. He can always pay me."

The man looked down at her, a queer blending of admiration and pity and—she remembered afterwards—deep sadness in his shining gray eyes.

"Vincent owes me nothing at all, Miss Vanderpool," he said gravely. "His services, such as they were, were understood to be balanced against the slight expenses of his board and lodging, to date. Nothing has occurred, that I know of, to change these arrangements."

"But I don't want her to feel—I can't have her think ——" Vincent muttered unintelligibly.

"Then," said Mr. Hunt briskly, disposing of the last of his papers and taking out his watch, "tell her what you do want her to think. I should."

"Oh, you!" said Vincent miserably.

"Just so," said Mr. Hunt. "Me."

Vincent writhed and there was a moment's silence.

"I've done a lot of things in my day," the level unhurried voice went on, "but I never asked a woman to marry me. I'm supposed to have plenty of nerve, but I never had enough for that. I foresaw this moment maybe."

Vincent groaned, and pushed her searching hand away.

"But if ever I did ask one," the voice went on quietly, "I'd start straight—so help me, I would! And you'd better, Vincent. Let her know where she stands."

"Let her know? Let her know?" The boy's eyes were like a frightened desperate dog's. "What are you driving at, Hunt?" he blurted out nervously. "Is this a try-out? Grumbine gave me an hour to get out. You know that. How far would I get if I - if I ——"

"Not very far, I agree with you," said Mr. Hunt. "We needn't go into that. When I advised you to start straight I didn't mean that you should go into details of such of the—the trade secrets of your previous employers as might—er - irritate them - and justly— if you discussed them, even with your wife. But that applies to any confidential employe in any business. Don't you agree with me, Miss Vanderpool?"

"Why, yes," she answered doubtfully, "of course."

"Of course," he repeated cheerfully. "And this is all that Vincent owes me. There are so many reasons why it is to his advantage to pay this little debt, Miss Vanderpool, and he is so well aware of them"—here he paused for a moment—"that it really didn't occur to me to mention them."

Vincent laughed shortly.

They looked, all three, at one another, and waited. The silence was uneasy.

Suddenly Mr. Hunt shrugged his shoulders.

"Look here," he said. "Some fine day I'll chat a bit too long. This is a poor place for a family scene, this is. I like you both. I liked you, Miss Vanderpool, from the minute I saw you, and I want you to feel I'm your friend. I like Vincent. As a matter of fact, most people do like Vincent, you know. I don't know just why, but they do. People take to him. That's one of the reasons I took him on and offered him a job; he'd have been useful."

The boy looked beseechingly at him.

"All right, all right," said Mr. Hunt. "I know you've changed your mind, and we'll let it go at that. Now you listen to me, Miss Vanderpool." He sat easily on a corner of his desk, watch in hand, and spoke to her as if they had been alone in the room. "About a year ago your young man got into trouble. He was in with a pretty swift set and he wasn't up to the pace. He's not the only one. There was a good deal of drinking, and a nasty little fight, and a man got killed. Vincent hadn't a thing to do with it, but he was pretty badly mixed up in it, and he lost his head and bolted. He disappeared for a bit, and by the time it was all cleared up he was pretty well down and out, Vincent was. He was on his uppers.

"About that time I ran across him. He was sore and mad and looking for trouble. He hadn't much use for the world, had you, Vincent?"

Vincent growled. But he took her hand.

"Well, Miss Vanderpool, in my business there's always a job for that sort. So I took him on."

"What is your business, Mr. Hunt?" she asked.

He smiled and swung the watch gently, like a pendulum, on its thin gold chain.

"I was coming to that, Miss Vanderpool," he said. "You seem to know as little about this world as anybody I ever met in it, my dear, but I suppose you know that there are a great many discontented people in it. Or don't you?"

"Why—I suppose there are," she answered with a puzzled little frown.

"Just so. Well, some of them go pretty far. The professor, for instance. He's so hipped on the subject that he has an idea that if a lot of people were got out of the way things wouldn't be so crowded for the ones that were left. Wipe 'em out, he says, and begin again. He's a clever old Johnny, and he manages to get a good lot of people to agree with him. But there, again, he runs up against the law, and the law tells him to quit. It's not according to the Constitution—any constitution—what he wants to do. And he's always getting into trouble and needing some place to go, because he's always at the bottom of a riot. I have a few places, here and there, and I say, 'Come along, professor, and write your books in peace.' That's all. He's nothing against you; he's nothing against me, you understand. He's not out for the retail trade at all; he's a wholesale man, the professor is."

"He's a raving lunatic," said Vincent.

"Sometimes I think so, myself," said Mr. Hunt. "Now, Mr. Grumbine, he's different. Mr. Grumbine thinks the wrong people are on top. He's out for the under dog. He doesn't go in for writing, but if a lot of people want a lot of rifles, say, in a hurry, Mr. Grumbine knows where to lay his hands on them, and he ships 'em off. If a lot of workmen get the idea of throwing sandpaper into their machines Mr. Grumbine believes in helping them - to teach the capitalists a lesson. If people would rather have a president than a king he thinks they have a right to make the change, and he signs up to help 'em out. Of course I think he has a right to if he wants to—but lots of people don't, and every once in a while somebody or other trips him up on some legal technicality or other, and chases after him. Then he has to have somewhere to go. 'All right,' I say, 'come here. I've got a quiet place. See your friends here.'"

Vincent drew a long breath. Miss Vanderpool looked puzzled, but relieved.

"But Vincent, surely doesn't ——"

"Lord, no!" he interrupted. "What is it to Vincent? He plays his violin and runs errands and does as he's told. Or did till he met you."

She felt him wince, locked hand and hand with her.

"Now, there's just one thing more," said Mr. Hunt, looking her squarely in the eye, "and I'm through. You can't make an omelet, Miss Vanderpool, without breaking a few eggs, as I'm sure you know, because you make such good ones. It can't be denied that people with these ideas meet up with a lot of funny fellows. Funny, and shady. And, to be quite frank, dangerous. The professor never hurt a fly, as far as I know personally, but some of the men who swear by him and his crazy books have gone farther than flies, a good deal. And a good few of the fellows who call to see Grumbine call when it's dark, because it's healthier for them. I don't say they're pretty—I don't say they're safe even. I've seen a lot of them all over the world, more or less, and they're mostly sore and mad and on their uppers. Like Vincent!" he added with a twist of his flexible mouth.

Vincent dropped his eyes, but Miss Vanderpool only smiled.

"You don't mean that, Mr. Hunt," she said.

"Well, maybe not—now," he answered. "Anyhow, here I am. I happen to know a lot about a lot of queer people, and I run my own affairs, between times, and if I move about on rather short notice it's my loss, and I'm too old to change my ways. But I've got to change my quarters," he added, jumping from the table, "and all on account of that chauffeur you may have noticed lately. He's not my chauffeur—I feel safer on my feet, with the traffic the way it is in this town—and all I ever did for him was to give him a ticket to Canada; but a lot of people seem to have got interested in him lately, and I have an idea they'll be dropping in here, about now, to look him up. He and Grumbine were working on some Mexican business, but he was mixed up in another affair of his own, it seems, and now I understand that Mr. Grumbine regrets the acquaintance!"

"I'm sorry," said Miss Vanderpool vaguely, "and it seems rather hard that you should suffer, Mr. Hunt, just for giving them a place. And I - I'll always remember you were kind to Vincent!"

"Oh, come on!" cried Vincent violently. "Come on! I—I'm obliged to you, Hunt. You've certainly given me a square deal. I—I'm obliged. I'll never—you'll never regret it."

"I don't expect to, Vincent," said Mr. Hunt. "Good-by and good luck to you. Good-by, Miss Vanderpool. Don't forget that clipping I sent you. Will you shake hands?" He glanced at his watch and pocketed it. "I'll go out the other way," he said to Vincent. "Be sure you lock the door."

He held out his hand and she put her own into it.

"Good-by, Mr. Hunt," she said.

He nodded to Vincent and walked quickly down the hall and into the empty dining room at the back.

"Where is he going?" she asked, puzzled.

"There's another way," he answered shortly. "Hurry up. Go ahead of me."

"But Queenie, Vincent!" she begged. "Can't we take Queenie? Oh, Vincent, if it hadn't been for Queenie I should never have known you!"

He gave his characteristic sulky laugh.

"For God's sake, then, take her!" he agreed, and as they sat in the cab, his arm around her, Queenie, enthroned in her basket, sat superbly on Miss Vanderpool's lap.

Still in the cab they opened the envelope she had thrust into her bag. It was a week-old newspaper clipping which described the finding of the unsuspected will of Miss Harriet Vanderpool, a distant relative of the great family of that name, caretaker for an absentee branch of the tribe. For many years she had lived alone, eccentric and solitary, tended only by a young relative, who had left the house the day after the funeral, leaving no address. The will just found by a cleaning woman, sewed securely in the sleeping cushion of the old lady's favorite Angora cat, left her savings, ten thousand dollars in all, to her beloved niece, Dianthia Vanderpool, and inquiries were being pushed as to the said niece's whereabouts.

They looked at each other wildly.

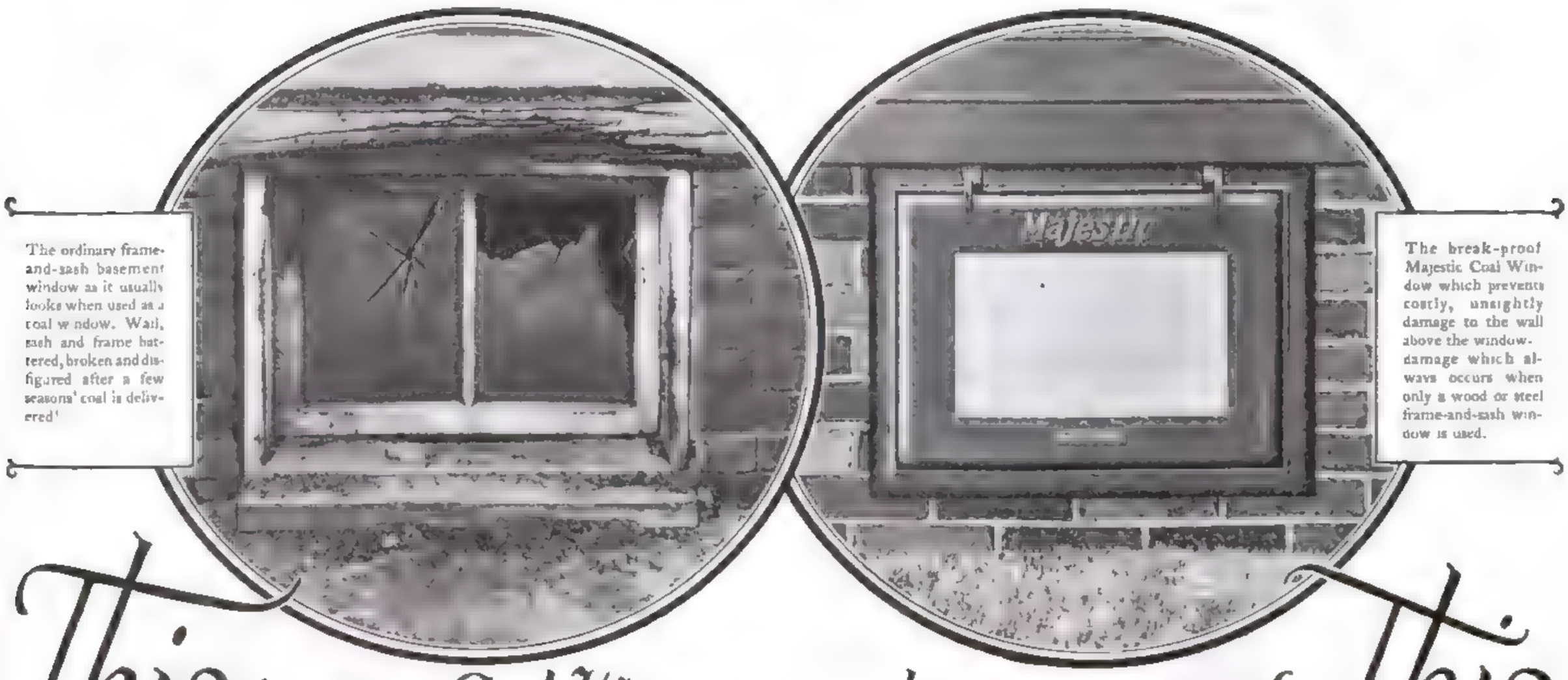
"Oh, Vincent," she breathed, leaning to him across the superb Queenie and his projecting violin, "if—if it's really so, then we can go on the ranch, can't we, after all!"

He held her solemnly.

"If anyone had told me," he began, then sighed. "It doesn't seem to matter, somehow," he said, "so long as I have you. Anywhere. When I think of where you have lived, and made it sort of heaven—oh, well, if you lived in hell you wouldn't know it!"

But Miss Vanderpool did not, then or ever, quite understand what he meant.

The Professor Ate Rapidly and Noisily, Reading Eagerly From His Papers the While



The ordinary frame-and-sash basement window as it usually looks when used as a coal window. Wall, sash and frame battered, broken and disfigured after a few seasons' coal is delivered

The break-proof Majestic Coal Window which prevents costly, unsightly damage to the wall above the window—damage which always occurs when only a wood or steel frame-and-sash window is used.

This is your Coal Window—unless you specify This

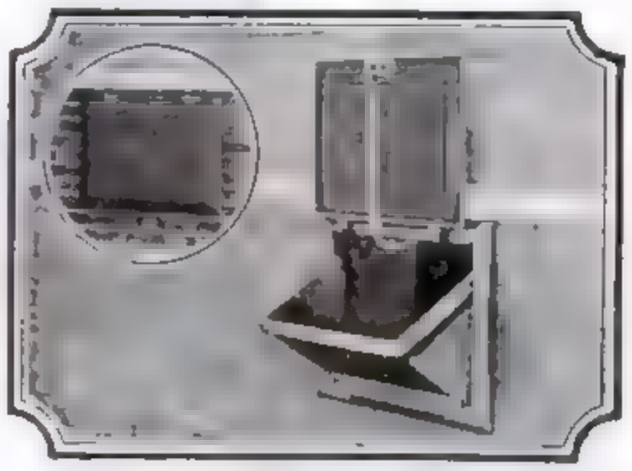
OF the two coal windows pictured above—you wouldn't choose the one at the left for your new home. But the chances are this is exactly what you will get—unless you specify the *break-proof* Majestic Coal Window at the right.

Thousands of good homes have an unsightly frame-and-sash coal window like the one shown at the left. Not because the owners *chose* or *wanted* such a coal window—but simply because they *didn't know* of the Majestic Coal Window, or they *didn't think* of it when they built. And by failing to specify the Majestic Coal Window, they got only a wood or steel frame-and-sash window which, with the wall above it, was battered, broken and disfigured when coal was delivered.

The *break-proof* Majestic Coal Window *prevents* the damage that *always occurs* where only a wood or steel window is used. And the difference in cost is *so little*, that every house or building would have a Majestic Coal Window, if every one thought of it when he built. If you are planning to build, don't fail to specify the *break-proof* Majestic Coal Window.

The Break-Proof
Majestic Coal Window

OPEN READY FOR COAL



NO. M101 OPEN and CLOSED

THERE are eight different styles of Majestic Coal Windows—styles with wire-glass panels—styles with solid doors—styles with hoppers to catch the coal—styles and sizes for every requirement. The frames are of certified malleable iron—a *break-proof* construction throughout. Attractive, improved design. Write for catalog and your dealer's name.

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Bury Your Garbage Can!

BURY your garbage can—in a Majestic Underground Garbage Receiver illustrated at left. Out of sight, odorless, dog-proof, sanitary! And in addition to all its advantages, the Majestic will save you money. Made in sizes from 5 to 20 gallons' capacity. Comes complete with can. Write for catalog describing Majestic Coal Windows, Garbage Receivers and other building specialties.

Majestic Products are Sold by 5000 Hardware, Building Supply and Lumber Dealers

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World's Largest Manufacturers of Coal Windows

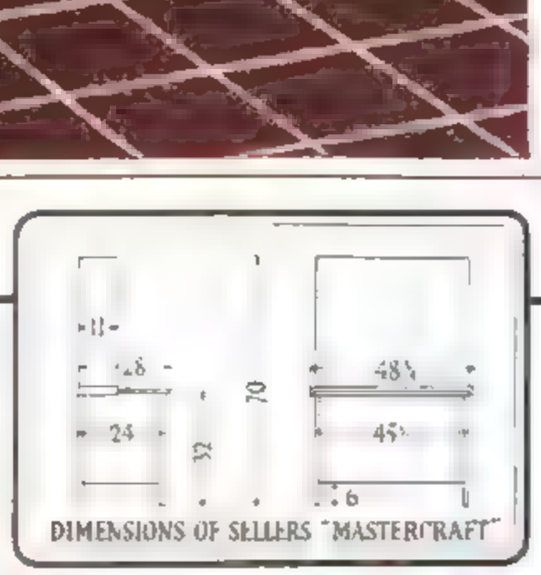
Majestic Coal Window

IMPROVED & BREAK-PROOF

The Mark of a Modern House or Building

THE BEST SERVANT IN YOUR HOUSE

Note the dimensions shown in this chart and plan your kitchen accordingly



DIMENSIONS OF SELLERS "MASTERCRAFT"

SELLERS KITCHEN

Your Neighbor *with the* Laughing *Eyes*

You may not recall her but you have met her just the same.

Her eyes are always laughing—always ready to smilingly greet her husband and children—always making light of kitchen work that is drudgery to others.

She is loved and envied by everybody.

Perhaps you will say it is because fortune has smiled upon her; because she has health and beauty, and a husband with a princely income. But this is not true. More often she is a woman with an average home and an average income.

Her secret is really not a secret at all. Thousands of women know it. You will find it in her modern kitchen—her work shop. The dreaded bugbear of long hours of laborious work has no place in this beautiful room. She has modern appliances. She does her work systematically—quickly—happily. A few hours and it is finished.

In the place of honor stands the beautiful white Sellers Kitchen Cabinet. It is the center of all her operations—the time-saver and work-saver upon which she depends in everything she does.

Why has she chosen the Sellers? For the same reason that thousands of other women prefer it. For the same reason that you will select it—because it is a kitchen cabinet made through years of experience to meet your needs—with features that are necessary to save time and work.

In all, there are Fifteen Famous Features in the Sellers, each and every one of which has a definite part to play in making kitchen work easy. In no other cabinet are these features combined.

Everywhere women know the advantages of the Automatic Lowering Flour Bin; the Automatic Base Shelf Extender; the Automatic Extending Table Drawer Section; the Sanitary Porcelain Work Table; the Silverware Drawer; the Ant-Proof Casters, to say nothing of such things as the Non-Sagging and Non-Sticking Drawers—the Invisible Dust-Proof Base Top, Dovetail Construction, Sanitary Leg Base and many others.

Is your kitchen work beginning to tell upon you? Are you needlessly tired when evening comes? Why not let this beautiful and practical Sellers do some of the work for you?

In sparkling, sanitary, white enamel or in the beautiful, golden oak, hand-rubbed finish, it costs no more than any good cabinet. And most any dealer will gladly arrange terms to suit your income.

See your local dealer today. Have him show you and demonstrate for you the many features we have described. If you do not know him, just write us for his name.

G. I. SELLERS & SONS COMPANY, Elwood, Indiana

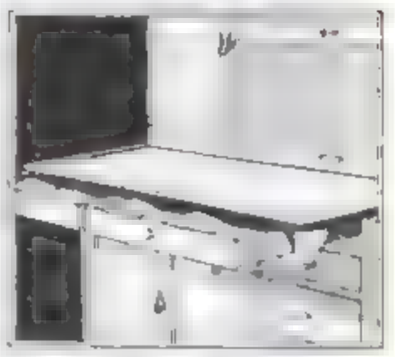
Canadian Branch: Sellers Kitchen Cabinets, Brantford, Canada

Are You Going to Build?

Instruct your architect to include space for a Sellers in your plans. Costs only half as much as building-in a cabinet. Occupies the same space as a kitchen table. Free plans sent upon request.

Automatic Base Shelf Extender—Brings base shelf and contents forward within easy reach.

Ant-Proof Casters—Fill the bowl with common borax. Ants and other vermin will not cross it.



Extending Table Drawer Section—Makes it possible to get into the big table drawers even when the work table is extended.

The Only Automatic Lowering Flour Bin—Comes down level with the work table. Filled with ease. Saves heavy lifting and dangerous climbing.

SELLERS CABINETS

"GOOD TO THE LAST DROP"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE is never sold in bulk, because the inimitable flavor of Maxwell House Coffee could never reach your table except for sealed tins.

It is not by accident that its taste is always "Good to the Last Drop". That flavor and goodness are the result of the skill of two generations of two families in selecting, roasting and blending the finest coffees of the world.

All this skill, however, would come to naught if Maxwell House Coffee was sold in bulk. Time and temperature would play a part, likewise moisture, and the flavor would vary. The sealed tins protect from dust as well as from deterioration.

Look for the Maxwell House Coffee tins on your dealer's shelf. Buy a can today.

Ask for it by name—"Maxwell House".

SOLD ONLY IN SEALED TIN CANS—CONVENIENT TO OPEN AND USE

c.c.beall

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

Also Maxwell House Tea

CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE CO.

NASHVILLE, HOUSTON, JACKSONVILLE, RICHMOND, NEW YORK

THE RUT

(Continued from Page 11)

But after supper he carried the mail and sales slips up to the Bowen house, instead. It had been a good day at the store; the deposit memorandum from the bank would cheer up the old man better than medicine. He rather enjoyed the half-hour's talk; queer, he hadn't noticed how white the old fellow's hair and whiskers were getting. There was a kind of satisfaction in having Bowen lean on him, give him a free hand about that lawn-mower business and the fuss with the jobber over that shortage.

Hester went to the door with him.

"Thanks for coming up, Webb. You've been good for him."

He shrugged. "That's all right. Have to do it more or less while he's sick." He hesitated. "Don't say anything about my quitting, will you? I'd hate to bother him."

"He'll have to be told pretty soon," she said slowly. "He'll need to find somebody else ——"

"Let it wait. I'll stick till he's all right. I wouldn't feel right about leaving him in a hole."

She thanked him. He looked at his watch as he waited at the corner for a downtown car. It was early—time enough to run out to the Drive and see Effie. He crossed and caught a north-bound trolley car. It would be good to hear Effie's cunning little gurgling laugh at his news, even if he couldn't tell her that he wasn't old Bowen's clerk any more.

But he decided, after all, to tell Effie nothing, just yet. She had received, that afternoon, a fat creamy envelope with the college postmark, and a perfectly adorable letter from George Bowen, supplementing and particularizing the formal invitation to the Junior Prom and the Crew Week house party at the Theta Beta House. The moment seemed unpropitious for fresh excitement; indeed, Effie herself assured him that she was already so thrilled that she just couldn't bear it.

He walked back to his ugly little room. It would be better, anyhow, to wait till he'd actually quit his rut at the store. It would dull the edge of the news for Effie if he had to admit that he was still behind old Jay Bowen's counter. He was vexed with himself for his submissive mood. He ought to hate all this; he ought to be sore at Effie and at George and at Jay Bowen and Hester; he ought to detest the prospect of going back to the humdrum routine of the store in the morning, instead of feeling a disgraceful sneaking relief, as if he'd escaped some unpleasant duty. He set his teeth and squared his shoulders, finding a mild reassurance in the determined air which his wrinkly mirror was thus encouraged to reflect. They couldn't keep Webb Hammill in the rut—not even if he was secretly such a poor thing that he wanted to stay there!

III

AFTERWARD Webb Hammill was able to find excuses. It couldn't have happened, even to him, if he'd been on guard; the thing was so unforeseen that he hadn't any answer ready. And even when he looked back on the interview he could think of no way in which he could have gracefully refused, with the old man so sure that he was doing the generous thing.

But these attempts at exculpation did not quite deceive his conscience. He knew well enough that he had consented because it was the easier course; because he hadn't spine and spirit enough to fight it out; because, when it came to downright fact, he was afraid to scramble out of the familiar, comfortable rut, to break a new road for himself through strange country; because, simply, he was lazy and contemptibly unambitious.

He tried to deal fairly with himself about it. The rut had deepened pretty fast, this last year, since Jay Bowen's stroke. There hadn't been much time to keep up with his law books at night, and he'd forgotten a lot of what he'd managed to learn at the night school; the store needed all the attention he could give it, with old Bowen unable even to give advice, with a couple of raw greenhorns to break in, and the new accessories department to be started. And it was more of a task to break away from a comfortable salary than to give up a clerk's pay too.

Besides, there was the moral obligation that he was silly enough to imagine; old Bowen needed him now; it seemed like a cheap trick to quit when the weight of the business rested on him, after the way the old man had treated him. He'd always irritated his stepmother by feeling a certain gratitude toward Bowen for that fifty-dollar gift, for starting him in at the same pay Loring Hammill had been getting. But not even these extenuations satisfied his conscience; it knew that the real reason lay deeper down.

He'd had Christmas dinner with Jay Bowen and his daughter—George hadn't come home for the holidays. Afterward, sitting in the little room the old man called his office, confronted by the funny photographs of the first store, there hadn't been any warning, any preface that might have let him collect his thoughts. Bowen had come out with it too bluntly.

"Webb, I got a little present for you. Call it that, anyhow, but you really earned it. Starting the first of the year you've got a fifth interest in the business."

He held out a document. Webb Hammill waded mechanically through its windy phrases; they made him uneasy, as if they deliberately obscured a meaning. In the back of his mind a cowardly thought suggested that he'd be a fine lawyer if a simple little agreement like this made him think and scowl.

"Don't say a word, Webb. It's less than it ought to be—the way you've acted. Hadn't been for you I'd have had to sell out."

Webb shook his head. Of course he couldn't take it. He'd have to explain now that he was going to get out as soon as it could be managed; old Bowen wouldn't like it, but there was no help for that. He fumbled for words; Hester might have given the old man a hint in all this time since he'd told her. It would have saved a lot of trouble.

"I'd have hated to let it go, Webb. Funny thing, the way you get to feel about a business—as if it was alive, I mean—as if you took and killed something you'd spent a lifetime nursing. Always kind of hoped George'd want it, when I was done."

Again Webb Hammill managed to shake his head. George running a little store! It was almost funny to think of it, remembering George, at Thanksgiving time, back from Columbia, magnificent in that coon-skin coat, eloquent of new plays and other metropolitan diversions.

"Hester told me something she heard you tell a traveling salesman, a while back, Webb. Said retailing was just relaying belief, or something like that. That's how I feel about it too." He paused. "Never could see any reason why a man wouldn't be proud of a business run that way." Another silence. "Guess George is kind of ashamed of it, though. Talks about staying East when he gets through law school. I was glad when Hester told me what you said—showed me you were proud of the business, all right."

Webb said nothing, but the words jarred him. Proud of being a clerk in a one-horse hardware store! He realized, with a sudden bitterness of self-appraisal, that it was true. He was proud of it, except when he remembered to be ashamed—proud of the solid prosperity of the store, of the new showcases and lights, of his own management, of that backward-leaning principle he'd laid down for himself. He remembered a conflicting rule they'd taught at law school, a rule they described as a basic principle of business law: *Caveat emptor*. And he was simple enough to pride himself on relieving his customers of all need to beware!

"I—I'm much obliged," he said. "I—I wasn't figuring on"—he honestly meant to say that he hadn't intended to stay beyond the emergency need, but the words twisted on his lips—"on anything like this. Always felt I owed you a lot."

He could almost hear his stepmother's harsh laugh, as if she had been there to listen to that absurd speech.

"Tried to do what I could for you, Webb. But you don't have to thank me. It's you—you've got a gift for the business. Feel just as safe with you running it as if I was down there myself."

Hester came in and listened to the old man's reiterations, her hands motionless in her lap. Webb noticed them absently; Hester was like that; she could sit still, listen. Her eyes seemed to be trying to tell him something; he tried to collect his wits and understand their message, but it was only when she came into the hall, as he was going, that he found out what was in her mind.

"I had to let him do it, Webb. I couldn't stop him without explaining—and that would worry him so much that I just didn't dare. It was good of you to let him keep on thinking you intend to stay. He takes a lot of comfort in the idea that the business won't stop when—when he does."

"That's all right, Hester. No use bothering him. I can stick, just as well as not."

"It isn't fair of us to let you," she said. "We haven't any right to stand in your way."

"You aren't." He spoke with a conviction that surprised him. "I'm in no hurry to get away. Plenty of time."

He discovered, as he walked back to his boarding house, that his fingers kept feeling of the folded paper in his pocket; that in the face of his accusing conscience he was pleased and proud. He thought, guiltily, of what Effie would say if she guessed how he felt. He'd made her believe that he was crazy to get away; if he hadn't ——

He arranged a compromise with himself. He'd stay at the store till the old man got well enough to take hold again, and then give back that fifth interest in the profits. It wouldn't be square to keep the extra money; he'd lay it aside until he could explain things, and pay it back. He was honest enough, all the same, to admit that this satisfied him chiefly because it involved another delay in climbing out of the rut.

IV

GEORGE'S later manner wore thin as his patience ran out. He lapsed into the flat, crude speech of earlier habit.

"Look here, Webb—I'm all through fooling with you. I haven't yelped about the way you slipped it over on father, but if you think you're going to dictate ——"

"I only say that Reardon's offer won't cover the inventory, George, let alone the goodwill."

"Don't I know it? But what use is the goodwill to us? We're not running the business along, are we? Suppose we wound it up, where'd the goodwill go? Talk sense, Webb. We're lucky that Reardon wants it at all. And it's a spot-cash deal too. Maybe you don't care about ready money, but I do—it takes that kind to keep going in New York."

"I haven't any right to interfere if you and Hester want to sell," said Webb slowly. "I don't know what you meant by saying I slipped something over on your father, but ——"

George chuckled. "Oh, no—nothing like that! Of course you didn't jolly father into thinking you'd keep the store going! Of course he'd have left you your split if he'd known you were going to get out the first minute you could! Forget it. I'm not kicking about that. But you can't hold up this Reardon deal ——"

"I didn't see that side of it." Webb Hammill spoke slowly. "Maybe—no, he wouldn't have treated me that way if he'd known. You're right. I—I'll give it back—divide it between you and Hester."

"Don't talk like a fish! The will's good, isn't it? I said I wasn't kicking. Only I want to cash in as quick as I can, and I'm darned if I see why you should try to stop me. You want to get out, don't you?"

"I could divide it, just the same—no matter what the will says. I will too. I haven't got any right to it, unless I ——"

George's manner underwent another abrupt change.

"Of course if you look at it that way—there's no legal obligation, but—I don't mind on my own account, but there's Hester. This three-way split doesn't leave her any too well fixed." He offered his cigarette case and when Webb shook his head helped himself. "The point is that you're blocking us off from our chance to get a quick-cash sale."

"I see that," Webb nodded. "It's no affair of mine, either way, you mean." He nodded again. "Unless—unless ——"

"Unless you what?" George smiled amiably. "I don't see, frankly, that it's your affair at all, as long as you don't mean to keep your third."

"No. I was just thinking that if I—if I did as he expected—if I kept the store going ——"

"Oh, I see. Well, you're not going to, so that doesn't matter, either. I'll see Reardon and fix it up." He got to his feet.

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There's more ketchup in a bottle of Heinz Tomato Ketchup than in a larger bottle of ordinary ketchup. More tomato and less water. Sound tomatoes and no artificial preservatives. Luscious red ripe tomatoes and no artificial coloring matter.

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Children like Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. They use it regularly and willingly because of its delicious flavor. Tooth-brushing becomes a treat instead of an "I-hate-to" task.

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Colgate's cleans teeth thoroughly. No safe dentifrice does more. A LARGE tube costs 25 cents. A tube for each of your family is a sound investment in sound teeth.

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"Washes" and Polishes Doesn't Injure the Enamel

AN OFFER

1—Buy a tube of Ribbon Dental Cream in its cardboard box.
2—Attach this coupon to the cardboard box. Slip both into an envelope and mail to Colgate & Co., Dept. P, Box 645, City Hall Station, New York City.
3—We will then send you a generous sample of Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

Your Name _____

Address _____

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture

"Want to say that I think you've behaved well, Webb."

Something in the tone left a lingering irritation with Webb Hammill, as he went on preparing his deposit, an eye on the clock. George wasn't convincing in that last speech. It sounded—well, as if he were secretly amused at Webb. He reached the bank just as the doors were closing. As he waited for the teller to check over his slip a hand touched his arm. He turned to see Henderson, the cashier, standing beside him.

"Want to talk to you, Hammill. Come in a minute."

He took the chair beside Henderson's desk, his thoughts still on George. Henderson leaned toward him, benevolently confidential.

"I hear Reardon's after your business, Hammill. Anything in it?"

"Made us an offer," said Webb. "George Bowen wants to take it." He named the figure. Henderson eyed him a moment.

"He would," he said with intention. "How about you?"

Webb shrugged. "I don't see that I've got any right to interfere. Of course it's pretty low."

"Look here, Hammill—we've kept pretty close watch on you. You strike us as a good risk. You save your money; you know your job; you're safe, but you're ambitious too. The bank doesn't like to see a good old account get away just because a conceited young pup wants the price of a front and a joy ride. Why don't you buy young Bowen's share and keep on with the business?"

Webb sat up straight. For a moment the idea seemed to smile and beckon.

"Couldn't swing it," he said. "I've only got thirty-five hundred or so, and George ——"

"You keep your money for working capital," said Henderson. "We'll put up what you need to buy out young Bowen."

The prospect tempted Webb again. He wanted to accept the offer in spite of everything. He didn't want to climb out of the comfortable familiar groove; he suddenly hated the thought of the clerkship that waited for him in Abe Schwarz's office, learning a new game.

"I—I'd have to think it over," he said slowly, resisting a shameful impulse to say yes. "There's Hester—Miss Bowen, you see. She's got a third interest too."

Henderson grinned. "We know about that. If she wants to sell out we'll fix it so you can take care of her interest too. We don't want that business killed, just to lessen competition for Reardon. There's too much momentum in it to be thrown away. And we think you're cut out for a successful retailer, Hammill."

Webb got to his feet. There it was again. That was all Henderson could see in him; he wasn't good enough for anything but a storekeeper. If he told Henderson he was going to be a lawyer the banker would probably laugh.

"I'll let you know," he said. "I'm much obliged to you."

Henderson shook hands. "That's all right. It's just business with us, Hammill. We helped old Bowen build that concern and don't want to see it torn down just because he wasn't as good at raising his boy as he was at running his store. You can swing it, Hammill. You've got nerve and brains and experience and ambition."

Ambition! Webb carried the echo of the word away with him, mocking him. Ambition! When he actually wanted to settle down forever in his rut! When he was willing to throw away all those hopes and plans to be something worth while, to give up his chance with Abe Schwarz, who had the best-paying law practice in town, willing to go on plugging away in the store till he died!

He made himself think of Effie, as a sort of spur to the lagging dreams. How would he look to Effie and her crowd if he gave in to this temptation? Effie demanded brilliance and glitter, even in her casual playmates; it was a wonder she hadn't dropped him long ago. Effie'd have a lot of use for a stick-in-the-mud who ——

He discovered that it made him strangely tired, thinking about Effie. He amazed himself by thinking of Effie without enthusiasm; there was, all at once, an astonishing lack of appeal in the idea of a lifetime of Effie's underscored superlatives, Effie's wriggling, flickering gestures and skips, Effie's background of junior intellectuals, who kept quoting from books that made bitter fun of Main Streets and retailers. He came into the store with a feeling of escape, as if he had managed to leave Effie and her friends on the doorstep, with the lock turned.

The sense of sanctuary deepened as he came back to the office and saw Hester Bowen sitting beside the desk. Her black clothes seemed to emphasize the clear wholesome color of her skin; he observed with a stupid satisfaction that her hands lay still in her lap and that she didn't scrape her feet about.

"I wanted to ask you about this Reardon offer, Webb. George wants to take it, and—and I think we've both imposed on you quite long enough."

"Imposed?" He scowled. "I don't get that."

"Why, we've kept you here, between us, running the business for these three or four years, instead of making a start in the law."

"Oh, that!" He nodded. "That's all right. I—kind of liked it, Hester." He yielded to a sudden need of confidence. "I guess I was never any too keen on getting out. Even now—this bid of Reardon's is way low, Hester—it's just giving him the business."

"Yes. That's what I think. But George—he really does need the money, Webb. It's hard to build up a law practice in New York."

"I had a talk with him. I don't feel that I've got any say in it. It's up to you two."

"You've a third interest—the same as ours."

"Yes, but I can't keep that. Your father left it to me just because he figured I'd keep on with the store. I told George I'd give it back if we sold."

Her lips tightened a little. There was a pause. Her eyes puzzled him; they seemed to be harder and softer at once.

"I see what you mean, Webb. But you'd feel entitled to your share if we kept on, wouldn't you?"

He nodded. "I guess so. That's what he wanted of me."

"Then if we could buy George's share—if we could find the ready money ——"

"Henderson, down at the bank, will put it up if I stick."

Her glance warmed to a glow. "Then it's clear sailing—if you want to go on. That's the only question. Do you, Webb? I mean, considering it without thinking of father or George or me."

"Yes!" He stopped trying to pretend. "I do—I always wanted to, I guess—even when I was kidding myself that I was all full of ambition, like George! It's all I'm good for. I know that now. I don't want to amount to anything, Hester—not at the price. I'm yellow. I'm afraid to get out and tackle a new game; I'm no good—except for this!"

Her eyes widened. "But you say it as if there was something to be ashamed of! I should think you'd be proud! You're sticking ——"

"Yes! I'm staying right in the rut where I started! I'll never have the nerve to pull out of it." He laughed. "The rut! It's sort of funny—after the way I was brought up—the way my father used to talk about it. He never got out—but he never stopped trying. I'm different—I won't even try—I don't even hate it—I like it—I guess that's something to be ashamed of, all right! Glad I can stay in the rut till I die!"

He stared blankly at Hester Bowen. She was laughing, laughing softly and restfully, not a bit like Effie Larned, he thought.

"You're funny, Webb. I never guessed—I thought you were like the rest all the time. Aching to do something new and different, instead of standing by the job you've learned. A rut! What's so dreadful about that word, Webb? Do you know what it means?"

He spread his hands vaguely. "Why, of course. Everybody knows what it means. It means ——"

She reached up to the row of books on the top of the desk and spread the little dictionary on his blotter. His glance followed the black-gloved finger to the type:

RUT, n. (Variant of Route.) A course in which anything runs; a smoothed or traveled path; a track.

Webb Hammill looked up to meet eyes that held a glint of laughter, laughter that sobered, as he watched it, to something—something incredibly like approval and respect. He could feel his shoulders straighten under that straight and steadfast look, feel his breath go deep. In the rut—on the track—he heard himself laughing softly, as if he looked out over gleaming rails and saw the signals set at clear.

From a Painting By Adolph Treidler

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NIGHTTIME. The big Kroehler davenport before the open fire. Beauty in its flowing, graceful lines. Elegance in its rich, subdued colorings. Lazy, luxurious comfort in its deep, soft cushioning.

Flickering light and dying embers. The closed book and the sleepy yawn. Then sleep. Deep, restful slumber. In a wide, soft, luxuriously comfortable bed. A bed entirely concealed by day within the Kroehler davenport.

Ready at the moment's need. Opening with a single easy motion. Its sheets and blankets, its pillows, all in place. Yet completely hidden when the Kroehler is folded into a daytime davenport.

Plenty of room to stretch out comfortably in this *real*, full-size bed. Surprising comfort in its strong, yielding, sagless bed springs—its thick, soft mattress.

Daytime luxury—nighttime comfort—and day after day economy in this distinguished piece of living-room furniture, that makes an extra bedroom unnecessary, and that subtracts from the family budget the extra rental which that room would cost.

What style in furnishings do you prefer? There are Kroehler davenport beds in overstuffed, colonial and period designs, in any wood finish, with chairs to match. What type of upholstery would you have? Kroehler davenport beds have upholstery of mohair plush, tapestry, velour, genuine leather or leather substitute. Have you set a price limit? You can find a Kroehler to meet your requirements. Leading furniture dealers everywhere sell them for cash or easy payments.

Ask for a demonstration. Look for the Kroehler trademark; do not accept a substitute; Kroehler davenport beds cost no more. Write for illustrated booklet and the name of the nearest dealer.

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KROEHLER

Davenport Bed

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 28

always-under-foot wastebasket of heavy metal (decorated). Draperies of fish nets and tennis nets, here and there; morris chairs and a foot rest. Divan, hard, high and narrow, with burnt-leather pillows showing heads of Indian braves. Pennants, now and then; tennis rackets, to and fro; pictures, hither and yon. Suitable for a blind man.

A Heart. Left vacant by the last tenant, this heart has been thoroughly cleaned and repaired and is now in perfect order. Bright, sunny and warm, it is an ideal dwelling place for a lonely man. Though large and roomy, but one tenant will be taken and he will have exclusive privileges and will at once recognize that home feeling. The right is reserved, however, to sublet during the summer months.

For Exchange

One Set Cocktail Glasses for a crystal Lemonade Set.
Apply MRS. A. MENDMENT.

Half dozen fancy silk stockings, for pair of long earrings. Apply A. FLAPPER.

Ouija Board for Doctor Coué's Book.
Apply PSYCHE ANN ALYSIS.

Mechanical Toys for Razor.
Apply JOHNNY JUNIOR.

Fine Collection Hotel Teaspoons, no two alike. What have you?
Apply TRAVELER.

Case Prewar Dewar for Touring Car or Bungalow. Apply INHERITOR.

Last Year's Telephone Book for Authoritative Spirit Photograph.
Apply CAREFUL APPRAISER.

Outline of the World's History for any Suppressed Books.
Apply EAGER READER.

Rogers Group, Weighing the Baby, for Polychrome Art Lamp. Apply ARTISTIC.

Last Year's Flapper costume, short skirt, low-necked blouse, open galoshes, Bobbed hair and striking Bead Necklace. Suitable for Scarecrow. Apply SUB-DEB.

—*Carolyn Wells.*

The Life Story of Herman Cecil Mimph

The Man Who Dared

III

WE LEFT Mr. Mimph on the verge of entering the shoe-polish industry. As this chapter opens he is still on the verge. All he needed was a little push. This interview describes how he got it.

"The reason I chose the shoe-polish business," said Mr. Mimph, "is that every person is born with two feet, except perhaps in Winsted, Connecticut. That was the trade I was after—the two-footed, two-fisted, red-blooded American man. My problem was to get Mimph's dressing on every pair of shoes. As you know, every shoe has a tongue, and there is nothing like word-of-mouth advertising.

"We bribed baseball stars and buck-and-wing dancers to indorse our brand. We hired sandwich men from the best bread lines in town. We flew kites with my name on them over dozens of unfortified cities and towns, and we gave sample cans to veterans of the Spanish War. But it was still a losing fight.

"The first time we failed it was a case of involuntary bankruptcy. The second time it was voluntary, proving that we learned as we went along. But I shall never forget the summer of 1908. It was one of the blackest no, one of the whitest—periods of our career.

"We had put out eleven million tin packages of black polish when the sport-shoe craze came in. Everybody immediately wanted whiting for their shoes. Another failure stared me in the eye, but by this time a sheriff no longer jarred me. I solved the problem suddenly and boldly by cornering the market on wheat. That supplied us with flour for the sport-shoe trade and chaff for feeding our delivery horses. But it left us with the black polish on our hands and black polish on one's hands is a nasty mess!

"But luck was with us once again. I dictated—and read—letters to manufacturers in the licorice, the eyebrow pencil and the domino trade, and disposed of the black polish to them for $1.12 on the dollar. We have never had a bad year since, except for income-tax purposes."

Workman: "I'm Comin' to the Idea That Strike Was Useless"
Organizer: "Never Mind That, Boy, We'll Have a Much More Useless One Next Summer"

DRAWN BY ELLISON HOOVER

Today Mr. Mimph is forty-three. He attributes his longevity to total abstinence from taxicab riding. He is hale and hearty, in the order named, stands five-feet-six in front of his mirror and has a genial outlook.

"Success," he says, "has never gone to my head. I am a man that can take it or let it alone. I exercise eight hours a day riding my office force. I have always believed in government for the people, of the people, by the people, and in the Red, White and Blue and black and tan."

A delicious insight into Mr. Mimph's thrift is gained from the fact that he has three daughters in a private school, all of them acquiring polish. —*Neal O'Hara.*

The Idiot's Delight

A CURIOUS man of the human clan
Is a man who fools himself;
Who thinks he can swing the Pierian spring
Through a conduit of books on a shelf!
Who thinks if he pores in the old bookstores
And browses among the rares,
He is fit to belong to the scholarly throng
And gives himself scholarly airs.

He gasps as he speaks of his worn antiques—
With emotion almost dumb!
Or he solemnly turns his Kilmarnock Burns
With an awed and reverent thumb;
He'll scrimp to possess a Kelmscott Press,
And hoards up his hard-earned wage
Till he saves the cost of a Paradise Lost
With the right sort of title page.

If he has on his shelves some dumpy twelves,
Of which he's a connoisseur,
The bibliophile, with a fatuous smile,
Believes he's a littérateur!
Because he achieves incunabula leaves,
On himself as a scholar he'll look;
Though I'm ready to bet no scholar I've met
Has ever collected a book!

The difference, you see, in the viewpoint must be,
And it is a distinction nice;
A scholar will look at the worth of a book,
A collector will think of its price.
He nearly bursts with pride in his firsts;
And you can't get it into his dome
That he cannot affect his intellect
By buying a tattered tome!

A collector may have matter gray,
He may have wisdom, too;
As he may have a head of a carroty red
Or eyes of a chic-ory blue.
But he has these things by the grace of God;
Especially his good looks;
By Nature's laws, and not because
The things he collects are books!

And so I maintain there is no brain,
No genius or talent or mind,
Required to look for a certain book,
Or to struggle that book to find.
No collector reads his precious screeds,
He appraises his books by sight;
And I make claim that the blooming game
Is the idiot's delight! —*Carolyn Wells.*

Who Killed Cock Robin?

(As It Might Have Been Written if the Modern Newspaper Had Handled It)

MOTIVE SOUGHT IN ROBIN MURDER

VICTIM DESPONDENT, SAYS MATE OF SLAIN BIRD. ARRESTS NEAR

"Mr. Robin had been acting queer for some time," according to Mrs. Jenny Robin, widow of Cock Robin, whose alleged body was discovered early yesterday morning on the edge of an abandoned bird bath owned by the Mayor's Committee of Plants and Structures of Hoboken, N. J. Mrs. Robin, who was formerly a Miss Wren, of Jersey City, was seen by a reporter for the Bazoo at the Robins' pretty home on Pine Street. "Yes, my husband never seemed the same since the children were born," declared the sad-eyed little woman. "You see, there were five this time. I remember Cock saying that two was company and three was a crowd, but that five was too much of a good thing. Sunday morning he was terribly discouraged. 'What's the use?' he said to me. 'I might just as well go out in the garden and eat worms!' And that was the last I saw of him."

Prosecutor Boob predicts an arrest within twenty-four hours.

ROBIN HAD LOVE NEST!

DOVE ADMITS SHE WAS CUCKOO OVER CRIME VICTIM

(Special Article, With Pictures, by Effie Irene Sobb)

Cherchez la femme! One of the most pathetic angles of the Robin murder mystery is Bertha Dove, the plump, pretty little bird who was in love with the slaughtered victim. "Who'll be chief mourner?" we asked her. "I," said Miss Dove, "I mourn for my love. I'll be chief mourner."

And as we left her we murmured again, "*Cherchez la femme!*"

FISH GRILLED IN ROBIN SLAYING

AUTOPSY SHOWS MURDERED BIRD BLED TO DEATH

Dr. A. Poore Fish, of Bound Brook, who performed the autopsy on the alleged body of Cock Robin, issued the following statement from the prosecutor's office, in response to the Bazoo reporter's query: "Who caught his blood?" "I," said Doctor Fish, "with my little dish. I caught his blood."

EYEWITNESS QUIZZED IN ROBIN KILLING

LADY BIRD AT SCENE OF CRIME SOUGHT

The mystery of the Robin slaying is on the eve of solution with the appearance in the case today of an eyewitness in the person of Mr. Philip Fly, who has for many years been connected with the Street Cleaning Department of this city. When asked point-blank if he had seen him—the murdered bird die, "Yes," replied Mr. Fly, "with my little eye. I saw him die!" When questioned further by the Bazoo reporter as to what he Mr. Fly—was doing at the abandoned bird bath at such a time, Mr. Fly became confused. "Can't you boys lemme alone?" he pleaded with the reporters. "I wasn't doin' nothin'! Just buzzin' round!" Arrests are expected at least three times a day after meals.

GANGSTER CONFESSES ROBIN SLAYING

MEMBER OF UNDERWORLD PLAYED BY PROSECUTOR. ARROW WAS WEAPON

With the arrest and confession today of "The Sparrow," as he is known to the police of two continents—names furnished on request—the celebrated Robin mystery has been solved. The alleged slayer's confession is as follows: "Who killed Cock Robin? I," said The Sparrow, "with my bow and arrow. I killed Cock Robin."

—*Katharine Dayton.*

If Modern Magazines Were Made for Men

SOCIAL NOTES

ONE of the prettiest weddings of the season took place yesterday in St. Swithin's Church, when handsome Harold Knotthere, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Knotthere, became the husband of Mary G. Flukus. Mr. Knotthere, who is one of the best toddlers among New York's really old families, looked radiant in a dark broadcloth cutaway, the tails of which were edged with rare old braid that had been in the family for years. A pretty touch of sentiment was the trousers, of some rich striped material, which were said to have been worn by Mr. Knotthere's father and grandfather on their wedding days. The effect was indeed quaint.

The best man, Mr. Arthur Mink, wore a white semistiff plaited-bosom shirt and smart light gray striped-cashmere trousers cut wide at the knee and cuff, and held in place by deep mauve suspenders. The pretty groomsmen, who included the Messrs. Gitt, Mufflt, Slemp and Blissit, wore shirts in the rainbow shades, with spats and ties to match. Their trousers were held up by belts. The groom and his attendants carried bunches of large red hands.

The bride wore the conventional veil.

DODO'S BEAUTY HINTS

A. E. F. It is difficult to suggest a remedy for such excessive blueness of the jowls after shaving as you describe. I think you had better consult your own physician.

D. K. E. There is no cure, I am sorry to say. Try to swallow as seldom as possible. It is only while holding the breath that the Adam's apple will not show.

A. W. O. L. You should have had them straightened when young. Why not give up sea bathing altogether if you are so sensitive?

UNCLE NED'S HOUSEHOLD HELPS

½ doz. raisins 7½ potatoes
2 yeast cakes 1 cup sugar
2 pts. water

Mix thoroughly, and let stand for six weeks. This is a very nice recipe, which should easily kill six persons.

—*Katharine Dayton.*

Announcing a Service unheard of before —

REAL

Match your shoes and gowns with silk hosiery right in your own home—comfortably and leisurely, the new way—no more guessing—no more inconvenience of trying to remember colors until you get down town.

Our Representative will bring to your home a full range of thirty-five colors, including all evening shades as well as distinct colors for street wear.

Such a service has never before been possible.

"From Mill

REAL SILK GUARANTEED HOSIERY

35 ADVANCE COLORS
matched to your shoes and gowns
right in your own home

Imagine yourself sitting comfortably in your home, where your entire wardrobe is handy; and being able to match your shoes and gowns with just the right shades of silk hosiery, leisurely and comfortably—without even getting out of your chair.

Never before has such a *service* been rendered the women of America.

The wide range of thirty-five beautiful shades gives you all in the way of color selection that the most exclusive Fifth Avenue shops could offer you—*months in advance.*

REAL SILK GUARANTEED HOSIERY is known to be made of the finest 12-thread silk-worm silk—100 per cent. pure.

Judge the quality, fit, and beauty of this hosiery by comparison with any genuine silk hosiery you have ever bought.

It combines that delicious silk "feel" with extreme serviceability—toe, heel, and top are made of special processed lisle to insure longer wear.

And it *fits*—permanently—because of our own special process of knitting.

REAL SILK HOSIERY is *guaranteed* to give complete satisfaction—our written Guarantee is in every box.

Telephone the REAL SILK office in your city—our Representative will call promptly with this full range of *thirty-five colors.*

BOX OF FOUR PAIRS • *Five Dollars*

Price in Canada, Box of Four Pairs $7

HOW TO OBTAIN THIS HOSIERY

It is not obtainable in retail stores. We have our own branches in more than 200 cities. (Consult phone directory for branch in your city.) If not convenient write us and we will send a Representative to you. Our Representative will call with samples; take your order and collect $1 deposit. Pay $4 balance when hosiery is delivered by your postman direct from our mills through the mails. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction is in every box.

REAL SILK METHODS WHICH BENEFIT YOU

Your opportunity to obtain this unusual quality of genuine silk hosiery at this price is made possible because: 1. We sell direct from our mills to you. 2. We are the world's largest exclusive makers of genuine silk hosiery specializing on a single style. 3. We import our raw silk direct from Japan. 4. We perform every manufacturing process, from raw silk to finished product, in our own mills.

Every authorized Real Silk Representative wears a gold identification button in his lapel

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

World's largest exclusive makers of genuine silk hosiery specializing on one style

to Millions"

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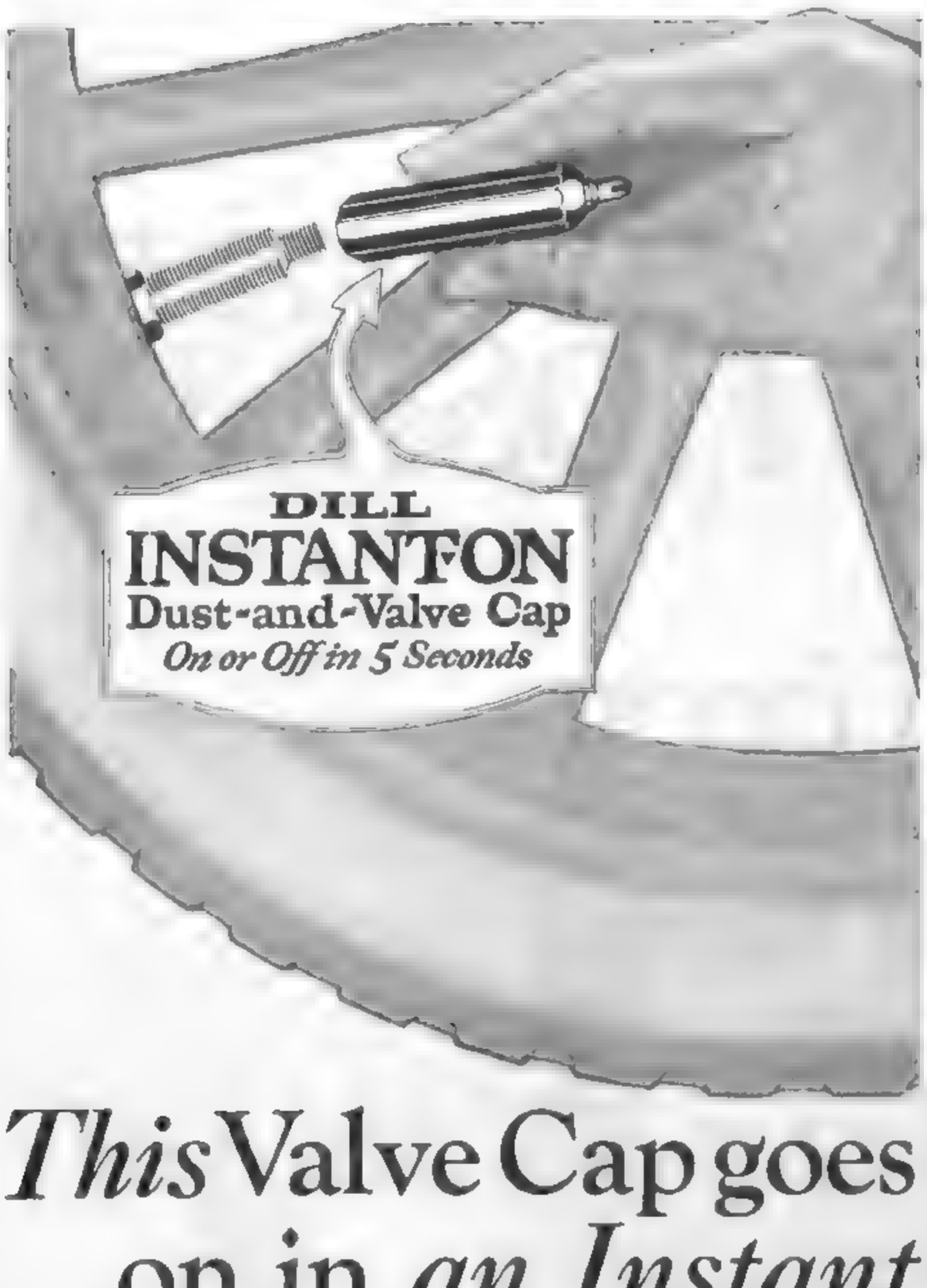


This Valve Cap goes on in *an Instant*

INSTANT-ON combines in one unit the heretofore separate valve cap and dust cap. But it does more—its ingenious construction enables the car owner to put it on or take it off in half the time required by either the ordinary dust or valve cap alone.

Give Instant-on a turn or two, then slide it the rest of the way, a couple more turns and it's on.

If your car is not equipped, buy a set today from your dealer. One dollar for a box of five.

By mail, postpaid, if your dealer cannot supply you.

THE DILL MANUFACTURING CO., Cleveland, O.
Also Manufacturers of Dill Complete Tire Valves and Dill Valve Insides

Many of the leading car manufacturers specify these caps as standard on their tire equipment. *Look for Instant-ons on the valve stems of the car you buy.*

DILL
Tire Valves and Valve Parts

LOW BRIDGE

(Continued from Page 9)

was to play for that much and lose two or three rubbers you wouldn't be able to pay no rent until 1956, and I wouldn't never have no chances of getting that machine you is talking about, even if I got any now."

After which we gets busy and while I plays pretty fair I takes care to make enough boob bids to slip the lull to any suspicions the wife might have. The Nelsons ain't much and I coulda butchered them and copped enough outta penalties alone to get a vermin-lined overcoat, but I holds my brains down. A coupla times I forgets myself and puts over some real slick acts, but when Katie looks kinda surprised and pats me on the back I quick turn around and slaps the last trump in the game on her ace of clubs, and a sure rubber goes down on the books for a set of two hundred. I ain't ready yet for her to know how good I is at the game, she and that Magruder frail being too thick for my purposes.

"For a beginner," says Mrs. Nelson, when we quits about even, "you play very good."

"Well," I comes back, "they is two chapters in the book that I ain't had no chances to read yet. When I get them done they won't be nothing left for me to learn. I kinda like the game because it don't take no more than a hour to get to the head of the class in it, providing you has even as many brains as a humming bird with paresis."

When the Nelsons beat it back to their dump the missis turns the hot steam on me.

"That was a sweet crack you made," says she, "about you learning bridge so easy and comparing the Nelsons to cuckoo humming birds."

"Me," I gasps, "compare ——"

"Yeh, you!" cuts in the wife. "Here these people has been trying for a year to learn how to play without even knowing yet whether a finesse is a kinda salad or a part of the game, and you breezes in and practically tells 'em to their faces that they is total losses without no insurance. Where do you get the ideas that you is good, anyways?"

"Ain't I?" I asks.

"I can't even laugh," says she. "If it wasn't for the facts that the Nelsons is no good and you had me for a partner you wouldn't have won one hand, even if you didn't have nothing but pianolas dealt to you. Wait till you try some of them fast brains of yours against the Magruders."

"Lead 'em to me," I comes back.

"They is coming over tomorrow night," says the wife, "and please try to give a imitation of a gentleman. You can learn a lots by watching Jim."

"About the game or being a gentleman?" I wants to know.

"Both," says she.

III

"WELL," says I to Katie the next evening, "I finished them other two chapters in the book today."

"Got your diploma with you?" she asks.

"I figure on getting that tonight," I answers, "providing you don't gum the works."

"Me?" she inquires, and I explains.

"When we was playing with the Nelsons you kinda got the idea every time I bid that I was kidding and it was up to you to take it away to save the family honors or something. When I bid I means it. Besides, every time I was doubled you got into a panic and ran around like a chicken with its feet off. Don't take me outta no doubles. Don't try to get me outta no jams. You don't in nothing else, so why do it in bridge?"

The wife's dragging up the heavy guns for the come-back my stuff calls for when the Magruders arrives. Me and my family owes a lots to them folks. They always pops in at the cricketal moment, just in time to save our coats of arms from being ripped up the back and thrown over the fence to the dogs.

"Halloo," I greets Lizzie. "What's new at the Rialto?"

"Katie tells me you is learning to play bridge," says this baby.

"What do you mean, learning?" I comes back. "I knows all they is to know about it. I read the book through and I took a postal-graduate course with the Nelsons last night."

"Whose book was that?" asks Magruder.

"McGullible on Auction," I tells him.

"McGullible," sneers Jim. "Why, that bozo's stuff was passy ten years before the game was invented. Why didn't you ask me? I'd 'a' tipped you off on a live one."

"Anyways," cuts in Lizzie, "Jim says you can't learn to play no bridge outta no books."

"Maybe he can't," I comes back, "but I can read good and I don't figure the hour I put in with McGullible was wasted. I wasn't so bad last night, was I, Katie?"

"They is a bare chancet," says the frau, "that somebody could be worser; but, serious, though, he done pretty good considering that he didn't never play the game before."

"Against the Nelsons," scoffs Magruder.

"I'm ready for all comers," I announces.

"After reading a has-been book for a hour and playing one game?" asks Jim. "You'd have a swell chancet with a regular player. Do you know even the rules of the game?"

"You bet I do," I answers. "I suppose you folks don't overlook none of them in your sessions?"

"Jim says," breaks in Lizzie, "that bridge ain't bridge unless you live up to all them rules, the way they does in the New York Whist Club, which is like the Four Hundred when it comes to what is right in this picture."

"Let's play a little while," says Katie, "just to teach Mr. Gullible's friend that a book a day won't keep the losings away. How about it, Jim?"

"All right," says he. "We'll just fool around for nothing."

"Not with me, you won't," I replies. "I can play as good as you cuckoos right now, and I'm ready to put my jack on the witness stand to prove it. Give that a sneer."

"Don't be silly," suggests Katie.

"We'll play for a cent a point or we don't play," I comes back. "I ain't gonna waste a whole day learning bridge without no chance of cashing in. It's a kid game, anyways, and I got to be paid for putting my time to it."

"All right," says Jim with a grin, but I sees him tip the wink to the wife, meaning that he'll slip back to her all the dough he cops.

This don't worry me none, me not figuring on losing to that cuckoo, even if I has to do something to the back of the deck. Besides, I don't care nothing about the money, my whole ideas being to make the Magruders mark down their brains from one dollar to one mark after seeing what a cinch the game is for a lad that's got bottled-in-bond gray matter and not stuff that was bought from a bootlegger.

So we all sits down and the riot opens up. I catch the deal on a deuce spot and if I'd spread 'em out face up I couldn't 'a' done better for myself. I ain't got nothing worth talking about excepting three aces, four kings, a mess of typewriters and a jack here and there.

"Four no trumps," says I.

"How many?" asks the wife.

"Four, *f*-o-u-r," I repeats. "Let's keep out the grocery clerks."

"You understand," cuts in Magruder, "that you got to make ten tricks to get away with that, don't you?"

"That's what McGullible says," I comes back. "You folks got anything to say or is you just talking."

Nobody peeps, and Lizzie flips outta card. I grabs it off, and before me and the dummy—which don't describe my wife a-tall—quits operating back and forth I ain't done nobody no harm except to slap 'em in the face with a small slam. Magruder cashes in with the ace I ain't got.

"That's sixty below the line and eighty above," says Lizzie.

"And some," I adds. "Turn over your cards, kid, and I'll show you where you revoked back yonder."

"Me," she yelps. "I ain't never revoked in my life."

"You mean," says I, "you ain't never played with anybody with brains enough to catch you at it. No wonder you folks win so often. Turn 'em over."

Which Magruder does, and sure enough Lizzie ain't acted right with her clubs.

"We won't count it," says the wife. "It wouldn't have made no difference in the score, anyways."

"It's all right with me to pass it up," I comes in, sarcastic, "but Jim says that

bridge ain't bridge unless you live up to all them rules. Hey, Jim?"

Magruder looks kinda funny, but mumbles that I is right, so I takes what is coming to me.

"How you like my stuff?" I asks Jim. "Not bad for a beginner, huh?"

"Even you couldn't ball the hand," he shoots back.

"Me and Mr. McGullible thanks you," I grins. "Deal 'em out, Lizzie."

Which she done, but towards the end she flips an eight spot face up.

"Deal 'em over," says I. "Card exposed."

"Come on, play," growls Magruder. "A eight ain't no honor."

"What of it?" I wants to know. "I guess you ain't read Section 27 A of the rule book lately."

"Don't be so smart," chimes in the wife. "You ain't in no gambling house now. This is a friendly game and ——"

"Listen here," I cuts in. "I ain't so particular, but I wouldn't want Jim here to get in bad with the New York Whist Club by busting any of the rules."

This time I ain't got such a wolf of a mitt, but I finally gets the play for three hearts doubled.

"Try and make it," says Magruder.

"Cinch," I comes back, giving the dummy the O. O., "now that I know where the eight spot is."

I gets by with a coupla tricky finesses, works a stunt which High Spade told me about to make Lizzie discard what she oughtn't of and cops with four odd. To capper the climax Magruder pulls a boner that's so crude that even Lizzie forgets whose wife she is and hands him the razz.

"So this is the game it took you a year to learn which calls for such a wonderful mind," I jeers. "What's there to it?"

"The evening's young," says Magruder, "and you ain't gonna have all the luck. I'll show you where to head in before the night's out. You and McGullible!"

In a other hour we is carrying about twenty-five hundred points and I ain't playing the cards no more. Magruder's so mad by this time he's making bids that is cuckoo and he's got his wife jumping sideways with the bawling-outs he hands her. I just play him like a fish and he falls for any kinda bait.

Then the luck changes. I handles the cards all right, but when you ain't got the papers everything you do looks blah; anyways it does to Katie, and I comes in for my end of the razzing. I think the wife's sore, anyways, at how good I been playing, me only having one lesson, so she thinks, and her and them side kicks having been messing around with auction for a year, anyways.

When we is nearly even and Jim is feeling better I says to him, "How's my stuff?"

"I got to admit you is there for a beginner," he answers. "What's the name of that book you been reading?"

"McGullible," I tells him. "But he was a has-been twenty years ago, I hear."

"I got the names mixed," says he. "I remembers now, McGullible is the latest authorities. You sure you only played once before this?"

"Ask the wife," I comes back.

For the next hour we sticks around even, but I put over some trick stuff that makes Magruder and the janes look goggle-eyed. When we is playing the last rubber and we each is got a game, I get the kinda hand I been hoping for all night so as to put over a snappy act that High Spade says is the best ever if you gets away with it. They is eight spades with the four top honors, a coupla side tricks and a blank in hearts. I'm the dealer.

"Four hearts," I says.

I see the wife look funny, I figures because I jumps in so high. Lizzie passes and I don't feel so good, but Magruder grins and saves the day, for a minute, anyways.

"Double," says he. "I might as well grab off a coupla hundred points before taking the rubber."

I looks at the cards a long time without saying nothing, scratching my head and going through all the motions of a guy that's got one foot in a beaver trap and the other on a hole in the ice.

"Four spades," I finally says in a kinda weak voice.

"Double," jumps in Lizzie quick, without doing no more thinking than is usual with that frail.

The wife looks kinda dopey and is giving me the open mouth. She acts like she's gonna say something but don't.

"Pass," says Magruder, and I'm sitting on top of the world.

"Redouble," I yelps, and starts figuring up the score and the laughs I'll hand Jim and his hen.

Lizzie passes, and then, blam, down I slide on my neck.

"Five hearts," says the wife, defiant like.

I loses all commands to myself and flops the cards face up on the table.

"Of all the total losses in the world!" I yelps. "Ain't I told you a million times not to take me outta no doubles? I'm through! This ain't no game for a guy with brains if his wife ain't got none."

"Who ain't got none?" snaps Katie. "Don't you talk to me like that! What do you want me to do with this hand?" And she lays down a mitt with all the hearts in the world. She's just as strong in them as I was in spades.

"What do I care what you got?" I howls. "Why the hell didn't you let me alone? I'd 'a' sure taken these babies to the cleaners."

"Don't you hell me!" yipps the wife. "How do I know anything about them barroom tricks you got from that McGullible book? Don't you open your mouth or I'll throw the cards in your face."

"We're all about even, anyways," says Magruder. "Let's go, Lizzie."

Me and the wife don't say a word while we is cleaning up the room, but we could easily get a divorce apiece for what we is thinking.

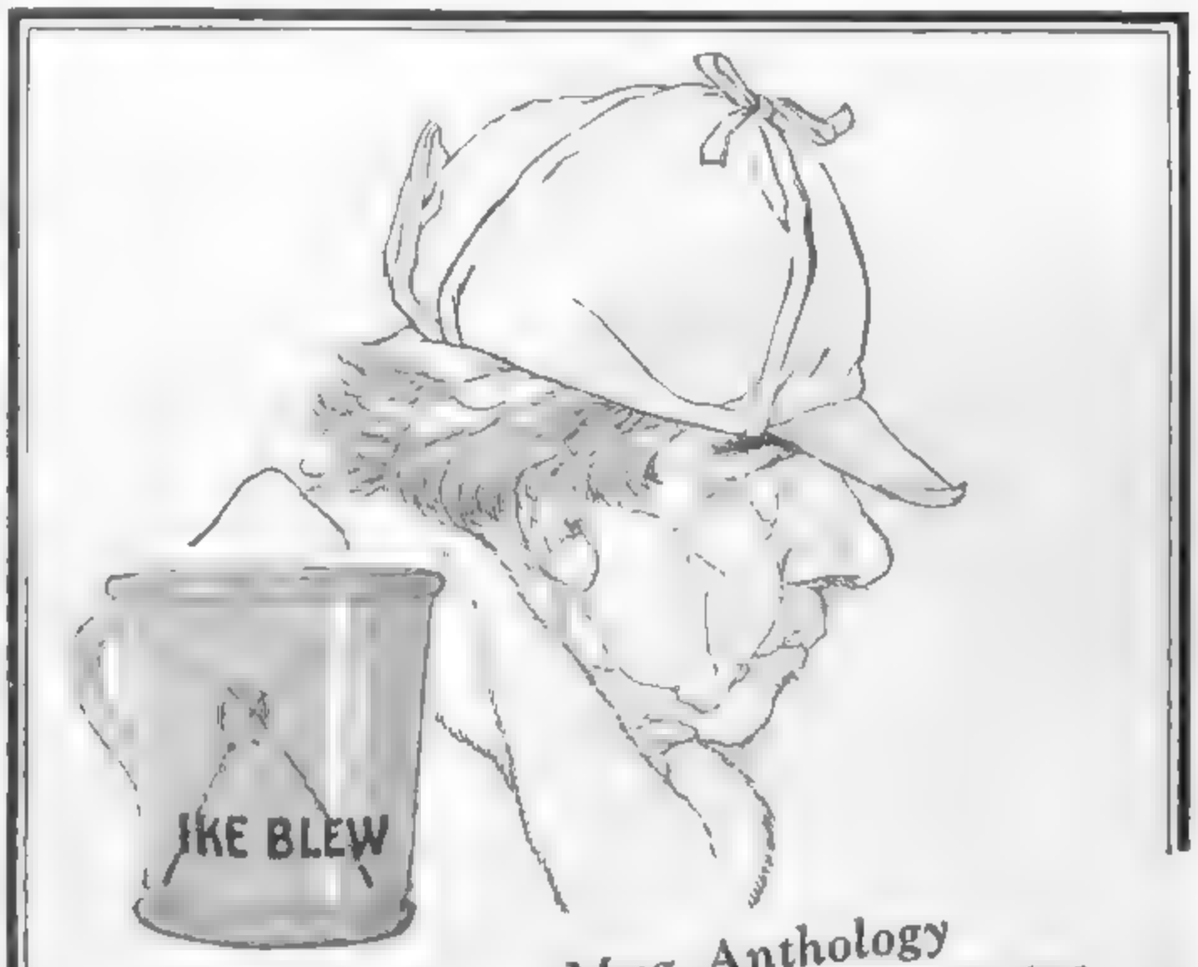
After we is done I asks, "Ain't you gonna kiss me good night?"

"You should live so long," she comes back.

"Busting the agreement, huh?" I sneers. "Gone to bed without kissing me."

"I ain't busting no agreement," says Katie. "I ain't gone to bed. I'm gonna sit up all night, you cheap gambler! You and your whole rotten family ——"

So this is bridge!



The Shaving Mug Anthology

Being the driver of the Commercial House bus, Ike Blew had a shaving mug with crossed coaching whips upon it. Sliver Niles never dropped a dime in the cash drawer when he scraped Ike's weathered face, Ike paying in cigars—four Sweet Nellies—that always sold for a nickel apiece. The drummers always told their new stories to Ike on the way from the depot, and Ike always roared at them. That's how he got the cigars. Ike didn't use tobacco in any form. He said it was a filthy habit. He chewed snuff.

Do you pack a wet brush in your bag?

Thousands of men will tell you, voluntarily, that you can't beat, or even tie, a Barbasol shave.

The world's greatest Barbasol booster, however, is the man who travels, shaving in crowded Pullman washrooms or in tank town hotels where the hot water is cold.

The way he talks, you'd think he was selling Barbasol instead of using it.

He is done with chasing a shaving brush around the washroom floor and packing it, wet and soggy, in his traveling bag.

He is through, too, with the tedious lather rub-in, and with after-shaving lotions.

He merely washes his face in hot or cold water, spreads a thin film of Barbasol over his beard, and shaves with a few long, even strokes of his razor.

He gets head-barber shaves seven mornings a week, close, clean, quick shaves that are cool and soothing to his skin.

He'll tell you that Barbasol holds each hair erect for the razor's edge and softens the beard as well.

Your druggist sells Barbasol in tubes, 35 and 65 cents, or a dime and the attached coupon will introduce you to enough Barbasol for six shaves, at least, and presto! a change from daily morning grief to lifetime shaving comfort.

Barbasol

no soap no brush no rub-in

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

I want to give Barbasol a fair trial. Herewith find ten cents (stamps or coin). Send your one week's trial tube.

Name

Address

SEP 3321

Puget Sound from Chuckanut Drive, Washington

Jesse L. Lasky *presents*

Cecil B. DeMille's PRODUCTION "ADAM'S RIB"

By Jeanie Macpherson

with MILTON SILLS · ELLIOTT DEXTER
THEODORE KOSLOFF, ANNA Q. NILSSON
and PAULINE GARON

IN "Manslaughter" Cecil B. DeMille showed you the modern girl as pleasure-hunter, thrill seeker.

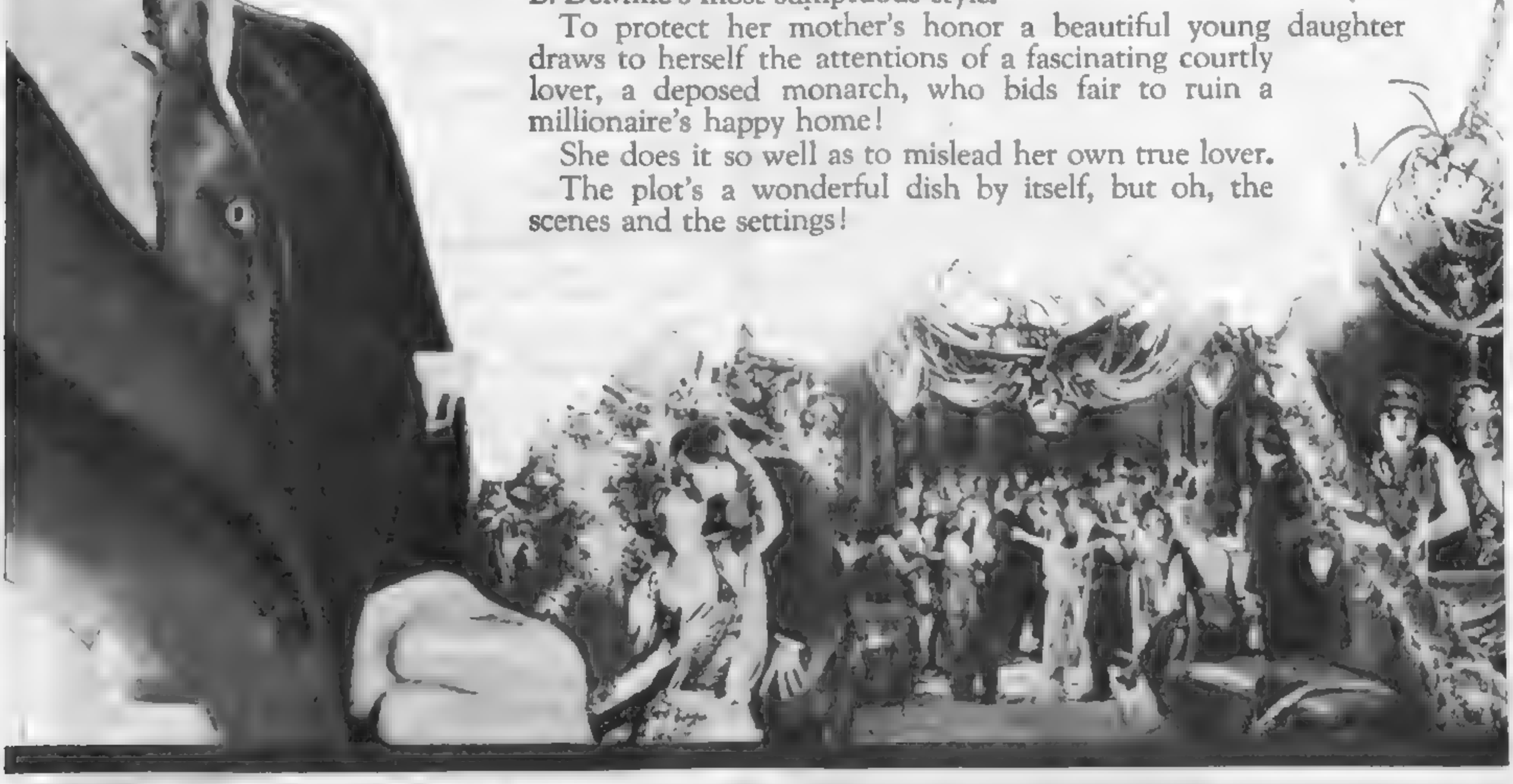
In "Adam's Rib" he shows you her as a fine conspirator in finer things, the real pal of her mother, although just as exciting and mischief-making among men's hearts as any flapper.

This is an intensely modern drama of heart-relations in Cecil B. DeMille's most sumptuous style.

To protect her mother's honor a beautiful young daughter draws to herself the attentions of a fascinating courtly lover, a deposed monarch, who bids fair to ruin a millionaire's happy home!

She does it so well as to mislead her own true lover.

The plot's a wonderful dish by itself, but oh, the scenes and the settings!



It's a Paramount

"ADAM'S RIB" is just what the title implies, a picture of woman in all her frailty and all her strength.

For better understanding of and sympathy with the problems of the girl of today, see this wonderful photoplay.

To see it is to realize that the Eves of today are quite as much worthy of Adam's love and respect as the Eves of any generation since the world began!

There's something new in motion pictures today, and "Adam's Rib" is it!

Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP
ADOLPH ZUKOR — PRESIDENT
NEW YORK CITY

Picture

ONE of 8

of one month's productions of Paramount's Super Thirty-nine

Today millions use foresight in deciding what pictures to see.

Those millions who follow Paramount know that the surest advance guarantee of quality is this brand name.

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

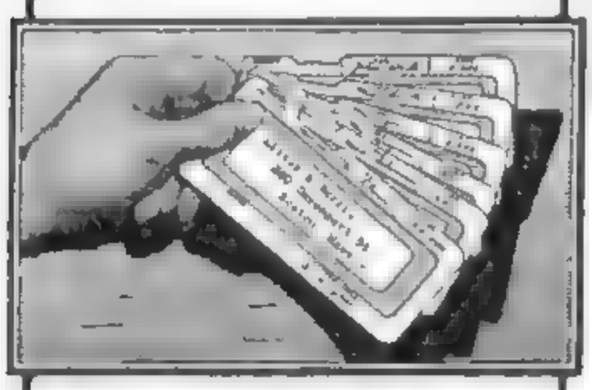
OF THE 110,000,000 PEOPLE IN THE UNITED STATES, HOW MANY OUGHT TO BE BUYING WHAT YOU HAVE TO SELL?

The Elliott Addressing System

NO business can be properly developed without a *mailing list*. And no concern ever developed a profitable mailing list without using a *MECHANICAL Addressing System*

Sears Roebuck & Co have created and maintain a $180,000,000.00 yearly business with their ELLIOTT ADDRESSING SYSTEM and

"Index Cards that print their own Addresses"



HENRY FORD uses the ELLIOTT ADDRESSING SYSTEM. So do *Swift & Co.—the General Electric Co.—the Larkin Soap Co.*—and most of the other big business concerns whose names are known to everyone.

At the same time, in thousands of small, out-of-the-way towns the most progressive retail merchants are using the smaller size ELLIOTT Addressing Machines. And their businesses are *growing*.

You can buy an ELLIOTT ADDRESSING MACHINE for as little as $30. On your regular office typewriter you can easily stencil into ELLIOTT INDEX-ADDRESS CARDS the names and addresses of all who you think OUGHT to be buying what you have to sell.

Then, just as your telephone puts you in quick personal touch with ONE man, these Elliott Cards and your ELLIOTT ADDRESSING MACHINE will forever keep you in quick, continuous, economical, EFFECTIVE contact with your *every prospective customer*.

The simple, flexible, versatile, Business-Building System that has no limitations"

Just as necessary on a list of 100 addresses as on lists of many thousands of addresses.

Mechanical Addressing"

THE ELLIOTT COMPANY

196 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.

Or communicate with any of these Elliott offices:—

New Orleans, Title Guarantee Bldg.
New York, 321 Broadway
Norfolk, Va. Carnegie Office
Phila., 1520 Chestnut St.
Pittsburg, 213 Fitzsimmons Bldg.
Prov., R. I. 30 Kesper St.
San Francisco, 4 Sansome St.
Winnipeg, Man. Modern Office
London, Eng. Hayward Co.

MOUNTAIN-LYING-DOWN

(Continued from Page 15)

"You've caught enough for one mess," Bill decided. "Leave some for breakfast."

We managed to cook with this mixture after boiling it; but later in the evening Bill took a gallon canteen and rode off in search of a spring, finding a very small one two miles away and under the rims, and succeeded in collecting a slender supply of water that we could drink without its first being processed.

Many mustangs, after being harassed in their natural range in the desert, have taken to the shelter of the forest, and we had found evidence of their presence; but as yet had failed to sight a wild horse. Of all the wild things in existence, the mustang is by all odds the wildest. The mountain sheep is a tame canary by comparison. Even in a country that is hunted over with considerable frequency, an elk, moose, deer or sheep is apt to stop and look back at his pursuer, linger in the vicinity or conduct himself in any one of a dozen foolish ways that lead to his downfall; a mustang never! All he requires is one whiff of scent in the breeze, one sound to indicate the approach of man, and he's off to a running start. He does not linger to make sure. The slightest suspicion is quite enough to set him in swift motion; and distance seems to constitute his notion of salvation, for he travels fast and far. On several occasions we found the tracks of mustangs that had left their beds or their feeding ground on the run long before we drew within sight. There was sign to indicate that mustangs were using the slimy pool as a water hole.

Half an hour before dark I stood inside the corral that had been built round the pool. A band of does, fawns and yearlings came down for a drink, but bounded away as they discovered my presence. They returned cautiously, thirst rising above fear, and eventually an old doe jumped the five-foot pole fence and the rest followed her lead; all save one yearling that elected to crawl under the bottom pole, hesitating midway to eye me suspiciously, drawing back on the far side for a better view, but at last crawling through. They watered within thirty yards of where I stood in the open, with many a sudden flurry of near-panic among them, during which one or two would jump the fence, only to return a few seconds later. Then there sounded a shrill, explosive whistle, a sound such as a locomotive emits when blowing off steam, and I whirled just in time for a farewell glimpse of a sorrel stallion and a blue-roan yearling as they disappeared in the dense tangle of scrub oak 300 yards down the bottoms, and they faltered not, but pulled straight out of the country.

Quite a Buck

The rolling hills to the west of Indian Hollow are covered with dense jungles of brush, excellent browse for the deer, and when the heavy snows blanket the Kaibab the western deer herds linger in these brush-clad areas, subsisting on the twigs and bark until this intermediate zone in turn is deep-laid with snow; whereupon they descend to the benches under the rims of the cañons for the rest of the winter. We rode for two days over this area, visiting Big Sawatts and Little Sawatts cañons, filling the gallon canteen from the springs found there and thus transporting our water supply for the following night. Our evenings were spent in wandering through the draws that broke into the hollow and watching the big mule-deer bucks coming out into the open to feed. One morning just at daylight the two Vaughns sighted a buck that carried by far the largest set of antlers that they had seen in all their years on the mountain. That evening McNaghten and I were prowling along a grassy bottom, having already seen perhaps twenty big bucks, when I chanced to look through a close-growing bunch of aspens toward a little open park on the opposite side of the thicket. I could see one great antler, lifted and lowered as the buck that wore it fed in the open beyond that clump of trees.

"There's a buck over there with a beam as big as my leg," I told Mac.

"That would be quite a buck," Mac returned, surveying the member in question. "Sure it wasn't his middle you seen?"

We turned up the side draw and skirted the trees. There was a clatter and crash and the whole vicinity seemed to be covered with stampeding bucks. There were not less than a dozen, all big fellows, that flushed from that two-acre flat. A band of six ascended the sidehill and halted on the point of an outcropping shoulder, lined up and gazed down at us. We approached to within fifty yards, directly beneath them, and that group formed a picture that will ever be fresh in my memory; six big antlered bucks posing there on the sky line a stone's throw away. They all sported good heads, but there were two in the lot that wore a spread of horns that beat anything I had seen in the past. But the one real old he buck whose horns I had glimpsed through the trees was not there. We moved on up the draw, stopping to survey the adjacent sidehills after advancing 100 yards. Then the big buck appeared. He stepped from behind a patch of scrub oak forty yards distant, and his antlers seemed those of a bull elk rather than those of a deer. The old fellow stood, stiff and startled, for a single second, then fled up the bottoms, his nose thrown forward and the mighty antlers depressed to the level of his back.

"You haven't got such an awful big leg, after all," said Mac. "That was one buck."

If I should live to be a thousand I should never see another such head of horns on a deer.

Negotiating a One-Way Trail

We had planned to go down under the rims in the morning and have a look at the winter range of the deer herds. We left camp at seven, Bill and myself heading down the Big Saddle, while Mac and Bob took a short cut down another gulch that led to Little Saddle, a route that would bring them down on the first tier of benches some eighteen or twenty miles from the point where we would descend. We dropped over the first rims at the mouth of Big Saddle, scrambled down a mile and struck bad going. The steeply pitching crack narrowed and melting snows had swept it clear of all save bare rock in the more precipitous spots. Dislodged bowlders had fallen to become wedged in the bottom of this crack in the earth. If the horses had been forced to go over these obstructions they would have been faced with drops of six feet or so on the downhill side, and with only steep pitches on which to land. We pried these bowlders loose as we reached them, allowing them to roll on down the mountain. Then the horses could set their feet and slide through. They didn't care for that sort of travel, and showed it; but we had crossed down through one or two stretches over which no horse could return, so held on down the country, and the bottom seemed ever farther away. We watered at Crazy Jug Spring and filled Bill's pint canteen, after which, the country opening out somewhat, we side-hilled it in such fashion as to round the heads of the hundreds of cañons that broke away under the rims.

It was hot and dry on the Sandrock Benches, a typical desert area—juniper and scrub oak the only trees of any size—mesquite, cat-claw and manzanita, cactus, ooze and prickly pear, with stretches of bare sand between; sometimes the white glare of a desert sink. At noon we sought the shelter of a cliff dwelling and lunched on the contents of Bill's little canteen. There were rude paintings on the red sandstone walls of this prehistoric abode. Near its center stood a small, square, raised platform of stones and red-clay cement; possibly the family settee, perhaps a sacrificial altar, mayhap a sarcophagus containing the mummified remains of departed great. Or it might have been the table where cliff-dwelling hostesses of these central levels served yucca tea when the ladies' sewing circle squatted round it to appoint a committee to censor the amusements of those who lived in the congested kivas under the third and fourth tiers of rims, meanwhile buzzing angrily over the haughty airs and scandalous carryings on of the folk that dwelt on the ledges just above the Sandrock Benches.

As I fanned myself with a hat, while the unsaddled horses steamed near by, I speculated as to whether the cliff dwellers had not been afflicted with the local slant, a petty clash of sectional difference of interests between cañon and cañon, between tier and tier. No doubt they were, otherwise they would have survived; for it is that local slant, the perpetual splitting off of tribes through some trivial factional difference, rather than the development of a race-wide unity of outlook, that is the chief factor that retards the progress of savages and of semisavage or self-isolated civilizations.

A couple of large, dark-red, waspish creatures made a determined effort to rout me and I was forced to slay them with my hat. Three others soon appeared and hovered angrily before my face, so I staged an investigation and found that my head, tilted back against the cliff, had been blocking the entrance to their bailiwick. I applied my eye to the aperture and the crevice proved to be laden with comb—perhaps the last haunt of some variety of honey bees encouraged by the cliff dwellers. Hundreds of the big wasps crawled about over the comb. They set up an angry hum, so Bill and I moved over.

That elevated platform held out many attractive possibilities, yet I hesitated to rifle it, even though its construction presented no obstacle that would prevent my razing it with the aid of a sharp-edged slat of rock. But on the whole it seemed rather an act of vandalism, so I elected to let it rest until such time as a scientist, who would know what he had found when he found it, should visit the spot and gloat over the contents; besides, it was hotter than proverbial blasts.

A fire had at one time burned on the center of the little platform, but the sign was much too fresh to have lasted over from any sacrificial fire of the original occupants; and there was evidence tending to prove that some roving puncher had found it a convenient place to prepare a sacrifice of coffee, bacon and beans. He, like ourselves, had also brought his horse in out of the sun.

An hour later, as we rode near the overhanging face of a cliff, I noted, through a break in the growth of junipers that screened it, a single white arrow, some six inches long, painted on the red face of the rock just an inch or two above the sand. Dismounting, I prospected behind the junipers and discovered the upper portion of two other paintings. The general contour of the cliff indicated that it shelved back as it disappeared beneath the level of the sand, and there is little doubt that it is a cliff dwelling, covered deep with the drifting sands of the centuries. This supposition was further borne out by the remains of a yant pit near by. These early residents were in the habit of roasting heaps of yucca, Spanish bayonet, yant or ooze, as this plant is variously called, and these roasting spots eventually assumed goodly proportions from continued use, taking on the appearance of a well-scorched trash heap. They are easily identified by bushels of heat-chipped rock and always a few bits of broken pottery. No doubt the sifting of these heaps would be productive of many curious but probably scorched relics. That buried dwelling under the cliffs also holds out attractive possibilities.

The Fish Tail Ridge

We topped a ridge and a broad view opened out before us. The main rim bowed back, then swept to the south in a sharp curve, forming a semicircular half basin. The sheer rims rose thousands of feet on the upper side, falling away below in tremendous drops and unbelievable gorges—a shattered half soup bowl with a general and precipitous list to the depths of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Its opposite extremity, the point of the southern sweep of the wall, terminated in the Fish Tail, a lofty promontory that floats far out into the void of the cañon. The Fish Tail is long and narrow, shaped like a mammoth battleship, its walls sheer and unscalable and its top quite flat, extending out some six or seven miles on the same level as the upper rims, but connected with them only by a sagging knife-blade ridge that is extremely difficult to cross. So far as is known, only two men, Bill Vaughn and Ambrose Means, have ever topped out on the Fish Tail.

The Sandrock Benches once afforded a refuge for droves of mustangs, but their numbers have been largely depleted of late years.

"If there are any fuzz-tails off in there we'll put 'em out," Bill asserted.

(Continued on Page 97)

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(Continued from Page 94)

He lifted his voice in a shrill cowboy yelp. A half mile away a band of mustangs broke cover on the run. That piercing whoop echoed and rolled on under the rims and we could estimate the speed with which it traveled, for mustangs leaped away ahead of it, galvanized into action by the first note as if they had been prodded from their beds with a pitchfork; a second band, bays and grays, with a black colt among them; five blocky, well-built browns with a rangy stallion at their head. Always there was a stallion with each band. I watched the sight with the glasses, and those scattered bands failed to waver or turn, but held straight on at top speed. Out in the center of the picture a black horse ran alone, stepping springily in contrast to the flowing, effortless gait of the mustangs, stopping occasionally to look back and veering from side to side as if prospecting for some feasible turn-off whereby he could side-wheel and double back.

"Broke horse," Bill stated.

There are many reverts among the mustangs, saddle stock that has been turned out on the range only to revert to the wild bunch.

We pulled in behind the mustangs, and they held to the slope close under the base of the rims in order to round the heads of the feathering cañons that butted against the parent wall. Not one of those wild horses would turn off down a box cañon that might—most certainly would—prove to be a trap with boxed walls along its full course and a 1000-foot drop from the lower lip of the gash. Neither would they resort to any of the scores of narrow, flat-topped benches between, some of which protruded out into the cañon for miles. Once out upon such a narrow tableland there would be no route of return left open. A rider could station himself on the neck and cut off all retreat, and they knew it. We rode the length of a cliff dwelling at one point where the country pinched down to a ledge. The black revert had watched his chance, doubled back and made good his escape.

Just at dusk we had come almost under the shadow of the Fish Tail, with the mustangs a mile or more out ahead, when a slender thread of smoke, rising from a pile of red sandstone in a tangle near the head of a cañon, indicated the spot where Bob and McNaghten had elected to camp. The mustangs fled past, but we turned off toward the smoke, for we had not tasted water since morning save for that pint flask at noon. The fire smoldered at the edge of a big cliff dwelling in the sandrock. The spot was quite deserted, but the gallon canteen had been placed on the top of a big rock where it could not fail to be seen. We drank long and deep, then heard Mac and Bob shooting, so we mounted again and rode up a trail that led out on top of the sandrocks.

They had headed the mustangs on a ledge along the base of the Fish Tail and turned the wild horses back on their tracks. The ponies veered out into the breaks toward the cañon and fled down a V-shaped slope, and the four of us closed in and crowded them across a narrow neck of land. Beyond that slender strip the country opened into a long floating point that thrust its four-mile expanse out into the chasm through which, thousands of feet below, flowed the Colorado River. Practically every wild horse left in the Sandrock Benches had been trapped in that rocky pasture, four miles long by one in width, every inch of its edge dropping away in 1000-foot walls, and there was no route of escape save across that narrow connecting strip of bare rock.

Scorpio Crawfishiensis

A fire was kindled in the neck and saddle blankets draped there to turn back any mustangs that might attempt to cross out during the night. This done, we headed back toward the shelter of the cliff dwellers' palace. Before reaching it we rode up the steep slope of a sandrock dome that rose above its surroundings. On its crest was a wind-worn depression that had collected water from a rain of some time in the dim past; not so far past, however, but that a little of the moisture had defied evaporation and remained in the bottom of this little rock vat. The water was sufficiently clear to permit of our seeing the bottom. What we saw there was no particular aid toward creating a thirst, for insects and such will inevitably be drowned in a pool during the course of the years. Nevertheless, the water, though hot, was not unpleasant to taste. These little erosion-formed reservoirs on the domes of the yellow sandrock furnish the only source of water in these desert stretches under the rims. After refreshing ourselves we permitted the horses to slide down into the vat and drink as much as they would.

The sloping roof and walls of the cliff dwellers' resort were covered with paintings, two being life sized likenesses of humans, each surmounted by three feathers stuck into the hair. These were evidently the work of Indians who had occupied the premises since the day of the original builders. McNaghten killed a rattler just outside, and while I was prospecting round on the yant pit at one end I suddenly observed a bilious-looking creature advancing toward my extended hand with warlike gestures. I was in some doubt as to whether it should be classified as an insect or a shellfish, but it proved to be a five-inch scorpion.

After a minute examination of his remains I arrived at a conclusion concerning the origin of this particular breed of scorpion which will no doubt be scorned by scientists. The beast was armed with a pair of pincers identical with those of a large crawfish. Its body showed a cross-sectioned effect similar to that of the tail of a crawfish and had the same sets of legs on each side. The tail was horny and jointed and tipped with a poisonous barb. I'm told that this country was once the bottom of a great inland sea. Therefore I contend that this species of scorpion is merely a crawfish that survived the draining of his former abode and turned poisonous through the necessity for self-protection and a natural dislike of the desert in which the receding waters left him stranded. And in the course of those intervening ages he has become poisonous indeed, and he looks the part.

The place was full of tiny darting lizards, quite harmless but productive of scurrying, rustling sounds that caused me to speculate on the stealthy approach of rattlers and scorpions whenever I woke up in the night, which was often.

A Natural Trap

Early in the morning we rode to the rocky neck that cut off the retreat of the mustangs. It opened into a cluster of eroded sandrock through which there was but one exit between two of the pillars. At the far end of the little opening stood a sandstone cliff fifty feet high, a ten-foot crack in its center. This gash proved to be a natural gateway to the most curious of all corrals. It opened into a pocket in the solid sandrock, seventy yards long by thirty in width, a natural trap, shaped like a giant tureen with rock walls fifty feet high. The Vaughns regarded this spot with some speculation.

"Now if only we could shove those ponies through that slit it would be some sight," Bob stated. "They'd whirl round those ledges like squirrels in a cage."

It was a long shot, but we had time in plenty. We rode to and fro across the stretch of sand before the crevice, fashioning a trail that led to it, then stretched a rope across the opening between the two sandrocks through which the regular mustang trail led out to safety. The rope was draped with saddle blankets and clothing, and the average mustang will not approach within gunshot of such a fence. However, among the wild-horse bands there are some individuals that have learned that these rag fences are harmless. Perhaps they have learned it from reverts, renegade saddle stock that chanced to be in the ranks of a band that was caught in a drive and through their greater knowledge of the ways of man had staged some headlong charge through a scare fence and led the band to safety. Perhaps some had learned it themselves when, in the last extremity, they had charged the fearsome thing with that mustang desperation that ever prefers death to capture; and if one of these canvas busters chances to be caught in a drive he will invariably upset the calculations of the mustang trapper.

McNaghten and the two Vaughns rode across the neck that led to the point, while I stood guard behind the rag fence. The wild horses raced the four miles to the far end of the plateau, then circled to veer back past the riders, who thereupon closed in behind the wild bunch and pressed on at full speed toward the crossing.

The shrill yelps of the riders sounded nearer, rising above the rumble of hoofs. The mustangs appeared on the sky line,

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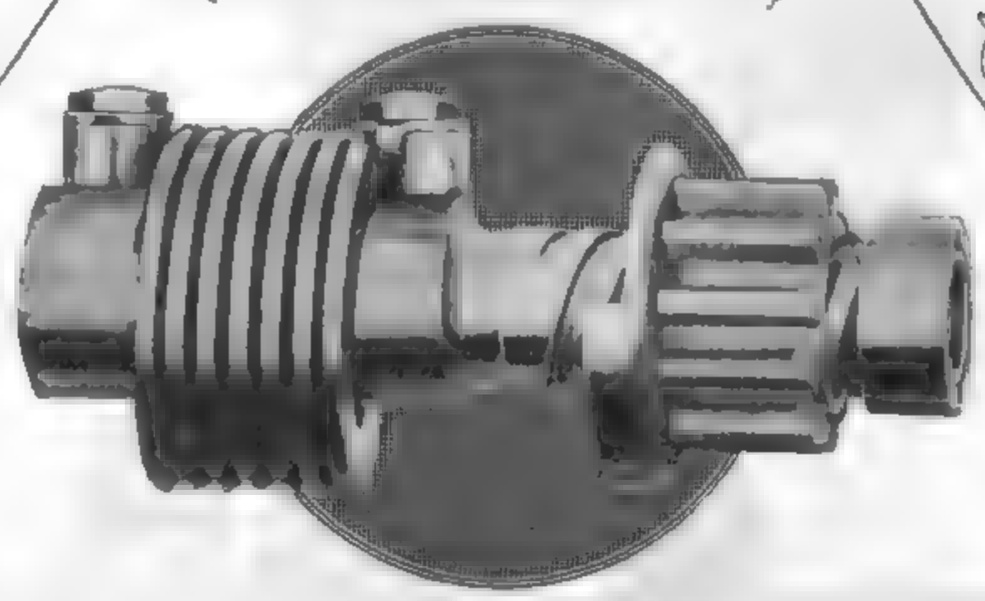

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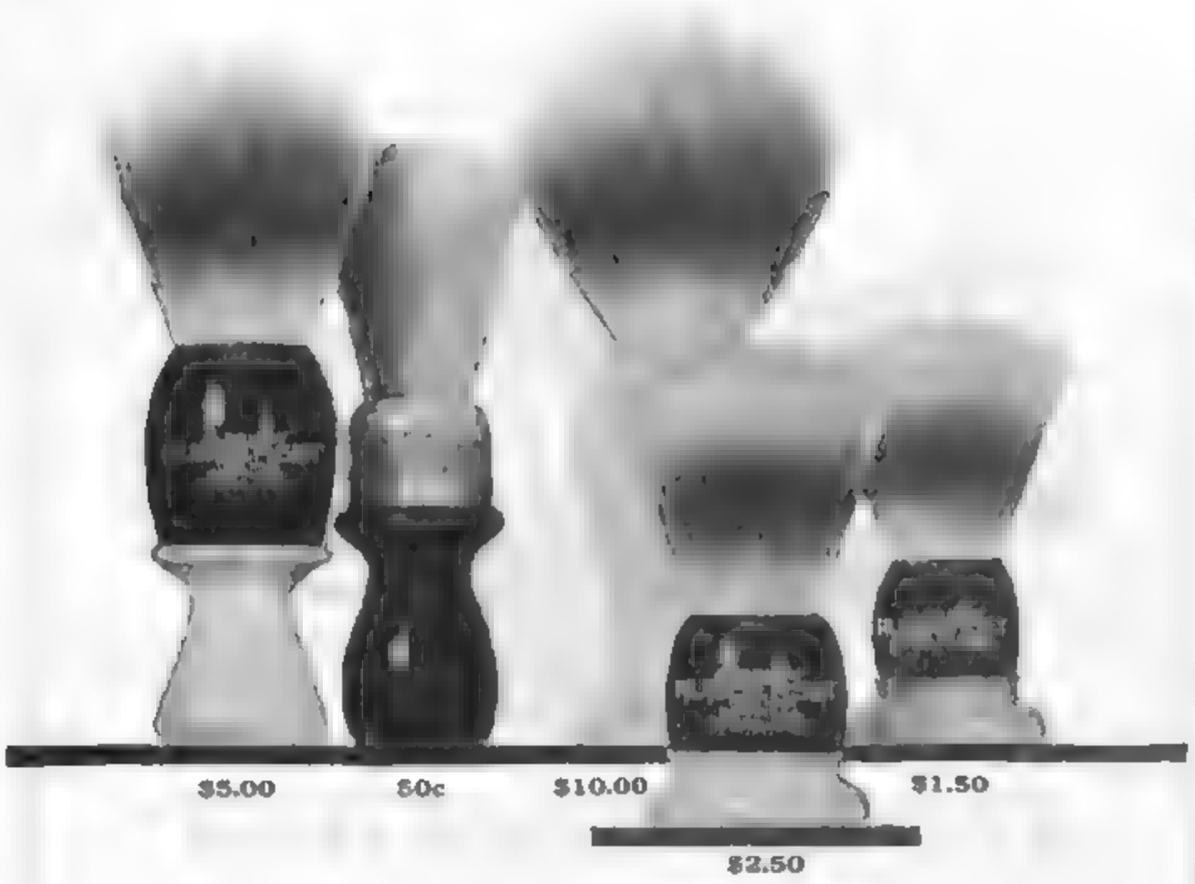

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each little band holding together, then converging on a single line as they raced down the dip toward the neck. The stallion of each band had his eye on those fluttering apparitions that blocked the mustang trail through the lower opening in the sandrock colonnades. Each one loosed his pealing whistle of warning, and the whole lot slowed up as they clattered over the connecting strip from the point. A big rangy stallion, leader of the five brown mares, leaped out ahead, snorted his challenge and led the charge on the fence.

I stepped out into sight near the center of the rope and began to shoot. The stallion's stride wavered and broke; at ten yards he wheeled and turned back. The strip that led back to the point was blocked by three riders. Then the brown leader picked up the fresh horse tracks, a beaten trail that led through the crack in the sandrock wall. He followed it, with the rest of the ponies crowding close at his heels. He entered the narrow rift, stopped in his tracks, whirled and bored his way back through the surging ranks of those that would have crowded him into the trap. The mustangs wheeled in behind him as he sounded one screeching whistle and headed back down the basin. He chose a rag fence and one man on foot in preference to the three mounted men who guarded the neck.

This time his stride did not waver, for he knew there was no turning back, and he drew on every ounce of his reserve speed as he led the mustang herd down on the fence, a fear-crazed mob.

They hit the taut rope, some leaping high to clear it, some throwing their fore parts low to the ground in a desperate slide under the flapping blankets. Then they were gone in a flare of dust and a clatter of hoofs on the sandrocks, streaming back to the freedom of their desert benches.

The heat was oppressive and we reclined in the shade of the cliff dwelling. I swept the far rims of the cañon with the glasses, peering into the impenetrable gorges below it, watching the colorful, everchanging lights and shadows in the whirlpool basins that none but a bird could explore.

These Sandrock Benches are the winter range of the deer on the western edge of the mountain. This strip under the rims from Powell's Plateau clear round to the Fish Tail would make the one best antelope preserve that I know of. The bison, notwithstanding the publicity his case still receives, is comparatively sure to survive and increase; but his smaller plainsmate, the pronghorn, is passing. Perhaps few realize the fact, but the antelope is in far greater danger of extinction than is the buffalo today. Even in the face of a nation-wide closed season on antelope over a number of years, their ranks grow fewer and fewer, and it seems that the end is not far. This sandrock country under the rims is largely covered with the natural feed of the pronghorn and there is range for thousands of head. Severe winters would not bother them here, and if a few head of the animals were introduced they could not stray off their range. A fence, which two men could construct in a day, erected on the ledge rounding the Fish Tail would cut off all avenues of escape to the west. It is doubtful if the antelope would essay the long, steep climb up through the few breaks that lead out on top of the rim and a fifty-mile journey through forest before they could reach open country again. If such a contingency was feared it would be a simple matter to fence off those few possible routes of escape. A dozen or more head, introduced from the Yellowstone herds, might serve to perpetuate the species and start it on the increase. There is a chance that the experiment would fail, but it is well worth trying.

Coaly Sows His Wild Oats

There was not so much as a trace of sourness or putrefaction about the water that we salvaged from the little vats in the rocks, not the least unpleasant odor or taste; yet even after the water had been boiled and converted into coffee it would curdle canned milk on the instant of contact. No doubt this was occasioned by some mineral matter carried in solution after the months of stagnation in the rock basins.

"That will give a man's inwards a good coat of calcimine," said Bill, viewing the curdled milk in his coffee. "Let's make a nightride back to camp. At least the water up yonder is soft."

"Soft and pulpy," I agreed, with a swift vision of the steer that had met his finish in the edge of the slimy pool on the mountain. "Fill the gallon canteen with calcimine for me and I'm ready to start."

We made the long climb up the precipitous trail that led through a break of the rims at Little Saddle, and by thus traveling in the cool of the evening the trip was far less wearing on the horses than if we had essayed the journey during the heat of the day. Darkness was just shutting down when we topped out on the rim with a dozen-mile ride across the mountain still before us. Something less than two hours later we pulled into camp at Indian Hollow and early the next morning we started on the back trip to Quaking Asp Spring.

We had been somewhat short of pack stock since an occurrence at V T Park. Bob had traded for a horse named Skyrocket, a big, powerful animal, but rather an outlaw, and immediately after the trade Skyrocket had departed, remaining for the better part of a year on Powell's Plateau, his old range. Bob had recaptured him a few days before our start, and while we were camped at V T he had put in a day in knocking the wire edge off Skyrocket's unwillingness to be burdened with either rider or pack. On our first night at Quaking Asp, Skyrocket had gone back to the wild bunch, taking with him one Coaly, a misguided three-year-old colt.

Bill and I left the outfit and rode out onto the long point between Locust and Parishwampus cañons. There was a sudden shrill nicker of welcome, and Coaly, lost for these past ten days, came plunging through the brush to greet us. The colt had apparently tired of the ways of his wild brethren and quit them, for he followed close to our horses throughout the long ride back to Quaking Asp. The dogs picked up a cougar track and refused to quit it for an hour, working it out for a distance of perhaps three miles by sheer persistence, circling widely and catching a cold bit of scent here and there in some more sheltered patch of brush. But they were foredoomed to failure, for the lion had descended to a great stretch of sandstone ledges under the rims of a side cañon and the heat had long ago blotted out every faintest trace of his crossing. They jumped a cat during their search for the cougar, according it scarcely a glance as it took to a tree, from which I shot it after the dogs had passed on.

Down the Kaibab Trail

Mr. Roque, supervisor of the Kaibab Forest; Mr. Locke, of the forest service, with headquarters in Ogden; and Major Goldman, of the Bureau of Biological Survey, were in camp at Quaking Asp Spring for the purpose of making a survey of the deer on the mountain.

We had, very naturally, chanced across a great many cattle scattered all over the Kaibab, but I am satisfied that we had encountered eight deer for every one cow. There are perhaps 5000 cows on the mountain, and if this ratio could be accepted as the basis of an equation it would mean that some 40,000 deer ranged in the forest, which is too large an estimate. Different observers have variously estimated the deer at from 20,000 to 50,000, and certainly the smaller figure cannot be any too great.

After leaving Quaking Asp Spring we made a side pack into the Kanaboonas country before returning to Bright Angel Point. The long-timbered plateaus of this section reach far out into the cañon like the extended fingers of a giant hand with dizzy sheer-walled gorges between. Cougars had been taking their toll of the herds in this neighborhood, too, for we found the carcasses of a number of deer.

A month had elapsed since we left the railroad at Lund, a month of daily new interest in a wonderful land. The day after we returned at last to the Vaughns' little log cabin.

We started at noon on the twenty-mile ride down the Kaibab Trail to the river by way of Bright Angel Creek. As we neared the bottom the way narrowed to a box cañon through which the stream poured. In most places the walls, rising hundreds of feet on each side, were no farther apart than the width of the creek, necessitating many a crossing; and there were many stretches where we rode straight down the current, our horses stepping warily among the slippery submerged bowlders of the stream bed. It seemed that fully half our travel was by water for five miles through that box cañon, and we forded the stream over eighty times in that distance. This cañon, in many places

no more than ten yards across, floored by a rushing creek and with only a slender strip of sky visible far overhead, is a unique horseback trail. Just at dark we came out at the little Phantom Camp in the Bright Angel bottoms, a few hundred yards from the river.

We left Phantom Camp early, crossed the four-hundred-odd feet of the swaying suspension bridge that swings perhaps seventy feet above the waters of the Colorado River, and headed up the far side, as we wished to make the climb to the south rim of the cañon during the cool of the morning.

A few days later we stood on that rim and looked back across for a farewell glimpse of the Kaibab. A strange desert sunset of pale gray and gold shed a pearly luster that softened the harsh outlines of the cañon, drew its depths nearer and created that impression of lesser distances that is peculiar to desert places in the period between sundown and dark. On that far north rim there were tiny patches of orange where the first heavy frosts had tinted the leaves of the aspens along the edge of the Kaibab. And we wondered if that wonderful bit of country would be preserved as a wilderness playground: one spot left of all the great outdoors where others could go as we had, for a day, a month or a year, and follow the trails through forest, desert and cañon.

That southernmost strip of Kaibab should be preserved intact, virgin and primitive as it stands today, for the whole American people. There are a dozen sound, valid reasons for preserving it and not one against it.

First let us examine a pack-trail park on the north rim in its relation to the tourist possibilities of Southern Utah and the Arizona Strip north of the cañon. That stretch of country has probably been developed to its utmost capacity as a stock-growing locality. It is also likely that it has attained to somewhere near the limit of its agricultural possibilities. At least, let us assume that both these statements are not far wide of the mark. Its future expansion, then, must be along some other line; and the tourist business, the richest harvest of all, is yet to be developed.

It is one great playground and its potentialities are vast. Its scenic attractions stand unique of their sort, and they are of a sort that is yet to be viewed for the first time by the great bulk of the traveling public; the magnificent painted cañon of Zion, the phantom city of tinted towers and spires unrolling beneath the west rim; the crimson miles of the Cedar Breaks, most exquisitely etched by erosion; Bryce Cañon, acceptedly the superior of even the Breaks; Navaho Lake and the sparkling miles of Duck Creek, its waters alive with Eastern brook trout; the hundreds of cliff dwellings and the 200-mile drift of the Vermilion Cliffs; on through the desert to the vast Kaibab Forest and Bright Angel Point on the north rim of the world's greatest cañon. Imagine, then, a trip through that from end to end, in a climate that permits the camper to spend 90 per cent of his nights in the open without so much as a tent for his shelter; overnight stops of his own choosing, night camps in heavily forested areas, open woodland glens or in the wide desert spaces, with only the sky for his canopy; buying his food from the scattered ranch houses; milk, butter, chickens and eggs direct from the farm to the camp fire, delicious thirst-slaking melons and fruits of a score of varieties. Do you imagine that the campers will pass up such a trip after they learn of this country? They will not!

A New Field for Sportsmen

There are also great possibilities for the sportsman, in addition to the attractions for the automobile tourist; possibilities that have not been exploited by the local residents and brought to the notice of the pleasure seeker. The one which I considered possibly the greatest potential asset of all is one that, as far as I know, has never been called to the attention of sportsmen. The remaining bands of mustangs that range in the Escalante, the sand hills northeast of Kanab, the Sandrock Benches under the rims and in the desert reaches of the Arizona Strip, instead of a nuisance, can be converted into good round profits.

Millions of our sportsmen spend their money on the hunting trips that constitute their annual vacations—deer, elk and moose hunting, grouse, duck and quail shooting. Thousands make annual trips to distant shooting grounds and would welcome some new form of hunting. Why not the king of all sports—a mustang hunt? A hunt for antlered animals has all the thrill of a game of dominoes when compared to a hunt for the wild horse of the desert. There is some kick in bear hunting, but all of it that has fallen to my lot compares favorably with gunning for cottontails when contrasted to a wild-horse drive.

There are scores of young ranchers who would guarantee a wild horse to each member of a party of outsiders that would come in for a wild-pony hunt. The sportsman could take his choice and have his brand run on a roped mustang, to be later freed to run with his wild brothers; or the guides would gentle a yearling or two-year-old mustang colt, descended straight from the chargers of the first Spanish explorers, to be shipped home to the fortunate hunter.

I made inquiry along that line and found that any of these desert riders would be overjoyed to handle mustang hunters from the outside, but they seemed somewhat doubtful as to anyone's desiring to hunt for a mustang.

"Take your own case," I requested of each one in turn. "Wouldn't you rather join in one good wild-horse chase than to hunt deer all the rest of your life?"

The verdict was unanimous. They would. So would the average sportsman who has shot his quota of antlered game and is ready for some new form of sport. There are many such. The one deterrent would be the idea that a man must be an expert horseman to engage in a wild-horse drive. The guides will perform all the hairbreadth bits necessary to its consummation. I'm an admittedly rotten horseman myself, yet there was more thrill in hazing the wildlings of the sandrocks than in anything in which I had indulged up to that time. It even surpassed the thrill of lifting my first mink from a trap twenty years back.

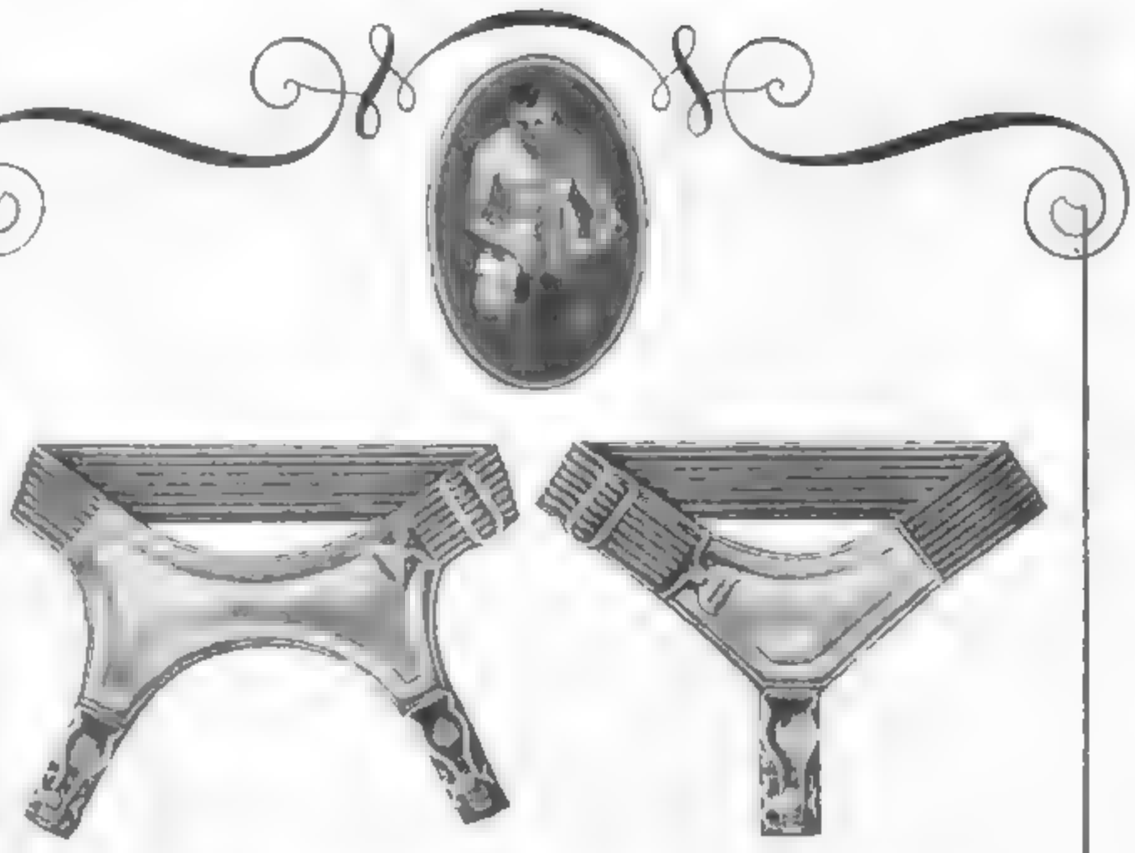
The Tourists' Greatest Magnet

It has come to be an accepted fact that a national park is the one greatest magnet to attract tourist travel, so well known in fact that none of the available mass of testimony need be cited in proof of the assertion. One of the chief reasons for this drawing power of a national park is the fact that it is common knowledge that every unit in the system has been chosen solely on its merits to a place of honor among the rest. One expects to find there the very best of its kind that the world affords. Next in order is the fact that a national park is largely a self-advertising affair. Park travel has assumed such tremendous proportions that it has become national news and is broadcast by the press. This self-starting, self-perpetuating publicity—publicity of the sort that attracts—has become so pronounced that tourist resorts removed from the vicinity of national parks are forced to wage national advertising campaigns setting forth their attractions in order to compete. The day will come, and come soon, when, instead of the usual fight against the establishment of a park on the grounds of its being a local white elephant, those communities not favored by an adjacent national park will be petitioning most earnestly for the establishment of one in their neighborhood. It will then be too late, for the park system needs but a few more units to round it out as the most perfect chain of tourist attractions that the world has ever known or will know. The membership will then be closed for all time.

A pack-trail park on the north rim of the Grand Cañon will make a worthy addition. It is eligible for a place among the others. Its establishment will stand as a guaranty that this bit of the Southwest will come in for a great share of the tourist travel of the world. That is inevitable. It may require a few years before it comes in for sufficient publicity to attract any considerable crowds, but that publicity will be set under way of its own weight with its entrance into the system of parks.

At the other end of the neighborhood stands Zion, not very well known at present, but destined to come into its own. Once the traveling public comes to know about the wonders of Zion—the desert Yosemite done in oils—they will visit the spot in

(Continued on Page 102)



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GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU
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Every year more men come to PARIS—because men who have worn them constantly endorse their comfort and service and good dealers everywhere recommend them.

Whether you prefer the single grip or double grip style, get the genuine PARIS every time. You'll be agreeably surprised with the extra value found in them. PARIS Garters are always higher in quality than in price.

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The Thing that Makes it Different

This battery has inside of it no wood whatever. The plates are insulated from each other by sheets of hard rubber pierced with 196,000 little threads. The rubber supplies durability. The threads give a uniform passage for the electrical energy. This results in a greater amount and force of current, kept up continuously through the battery's life—and saves you from the common experience of a repair bill for renewing the insulation.

Willard

with Studebaker —two years with Willard Wood-Insulated Batteries —seven years with Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries

The Studebaker Corporation has often demonstrated its progressiveness to American car owners. Therefore it is not surprising that Studebaker saw, seven years ago, that the invention of Threaded Rubber Insulation meant a new and better kind of automobile starting and lighting battery.

But before either Willard or Studebaker was willing to say: "Here is a Willard Battery still better than the Willard Wood-Insulated Battery that has in the past faithfully served so many Studebaker owners," they waited two years, during which the new battery was tested in a large number of cars under all conditions of service.

Finally the evidence was too positive to be doubted and the Studebaker Corporation adopted Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries as their standard of original equipment.

Other car-builders, too, were interested in this thorough testing of a new battery principle. Like Studebaker they required positive evidence before changing from the Willard Wood-Insulated Battery which they had been using. Today Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries are standard equipment on 134 makes of cars and trucks, and are purchased for replacement by hundreds of thousands of car owners.

The results of the widespread adoption of Threaded Rubber Insulation are visible on a national scale. They are seen in the elimination of complaints to car builders, in the reduction of repairs and recharging done by battery service stations, in longer average life of automobile batteries, in the higher voltage, or "punch" that starts two million engines.

You can still buy the reliable Willard Wood-Insulated Battery. It represents the best value that Willard's long experience can put into it.

But it costs only a little more to get that same good Willard value plus Threaded Rubber Insulation.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Made in Canada by the Willard Storage Battery Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

93% of the Builders of these Motor Cars and Trucks who install Willard Batteries as standard equipment have always used Willards

Acason
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Case
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Clermont
Clydesdale
Cole
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Crawford
Cunningham
Daniels
Dart
Davis
Day-Elder
Defiance
Denby
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Diamond T
Dodge
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Dort (Export)
Elcar
F W D
Fifth Ave. Coach
Franklin
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G M C
Gardner
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Henney
Highway
Holmes
Holt
Huffman
Hupmobile
Hurlburt
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Kissel
Koehler
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Lexington
Little Giant
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Marmon
McFarlan
Menominee
Mercedes
Mercer
Meteor (Piqua)
Metz
Miller
Mitchell
Monroe
Nash
Nash Six
Nelson-LeMoon
Ogren
Oldsmobile
Paige
Paterson
Phianna
Pierce Arrow
R & V Knight
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Signal
Standard
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Stanwood
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Tiffin
Titan
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Batteries

Christie Comedies

strike a joyous happy medium between light farce and broad comedy. Christie's recent satires have set a new standard for short film comedies.

These two-reel gems of fun are based on real stories. They present young men and women of the highest ability as comedy artists. They are all clean, and can be depended on to

Entertain the Whole Family

Progressive theatres everywhere are showing Christie Comedies—and there is one in your neighborhood.

Like all of Educational's Short Subjects, Christie Comedies can be identified by the Educational Pictures trade-mark on the film and on lobby displays in theatre entrances.

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Educational Pictures

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. HAMMONS, President
Executive Offices
New York

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droves. Imagine, then, the pack-trail park of the Kaibab at one end and Zion at the other extremity, with a 150-mile playground between. If such a combination will not clinch its share of the traveling public's attention for all time, then there's no combination on the face of our map that will do it. There is no need to cite classic examples of the sudden swift rise of other national parks to vast popularity. All that is well known; and no spot lacking those same potentialities will be selected for a place in the chain.

Not all the Kaibab Forest should be set aside as a park. Perhaps less than half of it will answer the purpose, and ideally so, leaving the rest in the national forest. That strip should be along the full length of the southern extremity of the mountain, a margin some twenty or twenty-five miles in width and ranging the full east-and-west length of the forest.

There are many sound reasons why that particular strip will constitute an ideal pack-trail park. It will include the heads of all the wonderful gorges that break back from the Grand Cañon, and the rims and depths of that great chasm itself, an area of virgin wilderness twenty miles wide that will flank it all, and still leave the greater half of the Kaibab, the northern portion, clear down to where it blends into the desert, for the perpetual summer grazing ground for the flocks of the stockmen of Southern Utah and the Arizona Strip. Its south-central areas, out on Bright Angel Point, and from that spot to the take-off of the Kaibab Trail that leads down over the rims to Bright Angel Creek, will afford camp sites for thousands of tourists without in the least disturbing the possibility of a wilderness playground on round the rims to the west.

The Lure of Isolation

A series of trails could be built down into the various cañons and to the cliff dwellers' abodes; a saddle-horse company—such as that which exists in Glacier—put in operation to handle parties for trail trips of any length. Also that particular stretch along the north rim would constitute the best of all game preserves. It would include summer range for thousands of deer; late-fall range in the brush-covered areas of Big and Little Sawatts cañons, where the western herds congregate after the snow drives them off the main mountain; similar late-fall range in North and Saddle cañons for the deer that drop off the east slope of the mountain. Best of all, it will be quite self-sustaining in regard to its winter range for the deer—that one chief obstacle to game preservation in the Western hills and the chief lack of nearly all game preserves. There is winter feed grounds for 20,000 head of deer in the breaks and cañons, side hills and sandrock benches under the rims, one vast jungle of brush upon which they may browse.

Its possibilities as an antelope preserve have already been mentioned. On to the west of the Fish Tail a few bands of the rare desert bighorn sheep still range in the breaks, and it is probable that these animals would work round into the sanctuary in sufficient numbers to form the nucleus of the bands that would one day repopulate the sandrock benches with the wild sheep of the desert. In fact, it holds forth every appeal to the Nature lover and camper: unexplored gorges and pinnacles that have never been climbed, a challenge to those with mountain-climbing proclivities; cliff dwellings in hundreds for those who would prospect in the haunts of past peoples. It is all here!

The popularity of summer motoring and camping is further evidenced by an item in a recent bulletin of the Colorado State Highways Commission, the substance of which is as follows:

A total of 617,285 automobiles entered Canada for touring purposes during the last calendar year, according to returns compiled by the Canadian Department of Customs, an increase of 561.6 per cent over the previous year, when 93,300 cars were registered. . . . Experts of the parks branch of the Canadian Government calculated that this motor traffic represents an expenditure in Canada of more than $108,000,000. And so on.

Now, that is all as it should be. Canada is our neighbor and we shall always gladly spend our American money within her domain. Yet we should not overdo it to the point where the big bulk of our tourist money would be spent beyond our own borders. Before that time comes we had better discover just what it is that attracts those American millions to Canada, and then take steps to retain a few similar attractions on our side of the line and keep at least a part of those dollars at home. The one great attraction of the Canadian Northwest is its wild, rugged scenery and the wilderness areas of the Canadian Rockies, a paradise for the camper. It hardly seems plausible that many of those who motored over the Canadian Northwest went there with the purpose of viewing the development of the country, its cities, its farms and its power sites; though of course those things were of interest. But that interest was incidental, not the primary attraction that drew the crowds. It must be confessed that the wilderness itself was largely the magnet that drew them.

That one little group of statistics is an illuminating point in the evidence that under certain conditions a wilderness area is not a white elephant; that a plea for its retention need not be urged on merely sentimental or recreational platforms; but that there are also economic potentialities in the preservation of a few pack-trail parks. Those figures are tangible proof that now, since our own wilderness is passing, the wilderness of Canada is calling to the millions of our outdoor-loving people. Also, they constitute a flat refutation of the old cry that certain localities are too isolated to attract tourist travel, even if it had not already been proved fallacious by the present travel in isolated communities where, a few years ago, that same cry was raised.

The motorist is hunting for isolation, provided that it is accessible. Otherwise those millions would not have gone to Canada in search of it. It is reaching the point where the recitation of the number of long miles from any point on the railroad, instead of acting as a deterrent to motor travel, operates as an incentive to encourage it, a challenge.

Those figures, viewed from any possible angle, stand as a signpost pointing to the advisability of retaining a few bits of wilderness playground within our own borders, and the Kaibab is a good place to begin.

It may appear that the recitation of automobile-travel statistics is inconsistent—unrelated to any program of creating a few pack-trail parks. But the motorist of today is the potential patron of the pack-trail park of tomorrow. Canvass the campers in free automobile camp grounds of your own city and you'll find them for it, 99 per cent strong. Besides, it is not the purpose of the national-park service to exclude auto campers from these wilderness areas. There will be automobile camps, located in the best available spots, to accommodate all who may come, but with automobile roads that would accomplish no purpose save that of cluttering up the landscape excluded.

Much might be written of the future economic possibilities of a pack-trail park, taking those figures of Canadian travel and the present economic status of certain of our own national parks as the basis of premise; but that would be encroaching upon the realm of surmise and theory, while it is the purpose here to present only known facts. One such, and one that has its significance, is the fact that during the past season in the Grand Cañon National Park, on its south rim just across from the Kaibab, there were 9434 tourists who followed the trails for one or more days on horseback or on mules.

Well-Meaning Obstructionists

There is only one obstacle to our having this strip of the Kaibab for a wilderness playground. It is now in a national forest, and the forest service believes that it should remain as such. The forest service is a splendid organization. It is my privilege to have a number of forest rangers among my friends. They are a fine body of men, those rangers, with a vast loyalty to the service. It is the very strength of that departmental loyalty that constitutes the chief obstacle to the creation of a park in the Kaibab. Since that boundless belief in the service has built it up to its present proportions and efficiency, it is quite natural that the whole of its personnel can see no valid reason why any area is not far better left under its authority than transferred to that of another.

But there are other points to consider. By far the greater part of our remaining forests is privately owned. Those private holdings constitute a supply that will last well into the future without drawing upon our publicly owned reserves, which, however, is no argument against logging, thinning and regrowing timber in our national forests. But the Kaibab Forest as a whole lies an average of more than 200 miles from the railroad over which its timber must be shipped. Any present sale of timber there could mean only one thing an effort to block the establishment of a park along that slender southern edge of the Kaibab. A few logging concessions will forever destroy the possibility of our retaining this bit of the last virgin forest. Already there has been at least one cruiser in there making tentative estimates of the timber on certain areas. If a sale is made in that forest, 200 miles off the railroad, it will constitute a crime against the whole American people; perhaps not actuated by a malicious intent, but through factional loyalty carried to an unhealthy extreme, or at best through some train of economic reasoning so unsound as to appear infantile.

For Future Security

We will grant without question that the present forest service will never be guilty of such a program; but the mere fact that the present authorities could do that if they wished is cited as the best of all possible reasons why the Kaibab will never be safe until that strip along its southern extremity has been set aside as a park. Safe enough under the present park-service officials, as their past course there has shown; but the power that they now hold to wreck it by executive authority will also be vested in any officials who may succeed them in a few years, a few days or in the next hour. And for just so long as every successive official is vested with executive authority to grant the sale of that timber without recourse to the will of the public, but solely upon his own personal pleasure and judgment, for just that long will the Kaibab be insecure. No man, no matter how high his aims or how great his faith and his loyalty, can predict with any degree of certainty the course which his successor may follow; so it must not be considered in the least sense a reflection upon the present forestry officials to state that the only means of making certain of the security of that strip of the Kaibab is to set it aside as a park.

There is a simple method by which you may determine your own stand in the matter. Personify yourself as the American public. You own the Kaibab as it now stands, a national forest. You will still own that strip if it is set aside as a park. In your case it is merely a transfer from one account to another; simply a question of where you desire to have that account carried in your interests. You will not need to bother with minor details.

However, if you prefer to go into them, there are a few major facts to consider. Any presentation of the commercial possibilities of the Kaibab will loom in big figures, so remember to compare them with a broad national outlook, not with the local slant. It is doubtful if the outright sale of every stick of timber in that strip along the southern edge of the Kaibab which is herein suggested for a park would pay the operating costs of the Government for a period of ten days; but we'll call it two months to make sure. Viewed from that angle, the figures will show up rather small.

If the day ever comes when you are in such desperate need of the relatively few millions of feet of lumber it will supply, an act of Congress will always serve to make it available. In the meantime you will not have suffered a shrinkage of value by holding it, for that day of its necessary utilization will not come until those vast private holdings of timber have become depleted, when transportation has moved nearer than 200 miles from the Kaibab. It will be worth far more to you then than it is today. Do not allow a mass of minor details to obscure the main issue on this particular point.

Remember just this: If holding it does not constitute good sound business, then just why is the greater share of the nation's timber supply being held by shrewd private investors today?

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Evarts. The sixth will appear in an early issue

Growing Preference for USL among Battery Service Stations

MORE than 5500 Battery Stations in all parts of the country stand back of USL Storage Batteries for automobiles.

The number of USL distributors and service stations increased 61% during 1922. Of this increase 46% was made in the latter six months. December was the banner month, with an increase at the rate of 115% per annum.

These service men are discriminating judges. They see and test all makes of batteries daily. They could have chosen any make of battery to sell and service. Basing their action on experience and definite knowledge, they chose USL.

Sixty-one makes of motor cars now use USL batteries as standard equipment.

Of seven automobile makers who changed batteries in 1922, five changed to USL. Five of the six new motor cars launched in 1922 are equipped with USL Batteries. No car maker who has used USL Batteries within the past three years has changed from USL.

And the public—the court of last resort—

Recently 75,000 owners of 15 different makes of automobiles equipped with the four leading batteries were questioned by an independent agency about their batteries. USL stood second to none in their esteem, and only one other battery was accorded equal standing.

Nearly three times as many batteries were sold through the USL distributing organization the latter six months of 1922 as during the corresponding period in 1921.

This definite approval and preference from automobile manufacturers, battery service stations and car owners is a safe guide to you in the selection of the battery for your car.

U. S. LIGHT & HEAT CORPORATION, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

U. S. Light & Heat, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont. Canada

U. S. Light & Heat Corporation of California, Oakland, Calif.

storage USL *batteries*

Even her 18-year-old rugs are still in good condition

Once or twice a week for nearly fourteen years, Mrs. Maertz has beaten, swept and suction-cleaned her rugs with The Hoover. She has twenty-four rugs; the newest are twelve years old, while the oldest are eighteen. And she keeps roomers.

"My rugs are frequently admired for their bright and clean appearance, yet I never have to send them out for cleaning—*I use The Hoover.* People can scarcely believe it when I tell them the age of my rugs, for nothing is harder on rugs than roomers."

And Mrs. Wm. F. Maertz, whose house at 880 First Street, Milwaukee, is pictured below, adds: "I have been told by people who knew nothing about The Hoover that it was injurious to rugs. My own experience causes me to believe that rugs not Hoover-cleaned wear out twice as fast. I know that The Hoover has paid for itself over and over by making my rugs last many years longer. Besides it makes sweeping a pleasure."

Surely she is qualified to speak with authority!

"Some of my friends," continues Mrs. Maertz, "liked my Hoover so well that they sold their cleaners and bought Hoovers. Others are sorry they didn't know about The Hoover before buying. Many people are satisfied with their cleaners until they see The Hoover work.

"Personally I have tried other cleaners since I have had The Hoover and am convinced I would have no other."

Write us for names of Authorized Dealers who will gladly demonstrate The Hoover on your rugs—no obligation. On the divided payment plan, 17c to 23c a day soon pays for a Hoover.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

The home of Mrs. Wm. F. Maertz at 880 First Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

THE CLOAK OF ST. MARTIN

(Continued from Page 19

me spend hours every month going over my check books, comparing the canceled vouchers with the bank statements, and trying to make them conform; and they never have yet—in thirty-seven years! They never will, either!"

"Not so long as you draw checks without entering them on your stubs, or forget to put down the amounts!" she retorted. "A child could rob you!"

"But no child would want to rob me!" he protested gently. "I should hate to go through life expecting to be taken advantage of or cheated in some way at every turn! I'd rather lose my money than my belief in human nature."

"Then why do you get into this stew every month?" asked Miss Wiggin.

"Because you insist that I shall do so, my dear!" he lamented.

"Bunk!" remarked Tutt, laying down his cup and lighting a cigarette. "He knows well enough there's a point where any man will yield to temptation and that everybody—including banks—makes mistakes! So he tries to add up his figures, and simply finds he can't! He's just lazy, that's all!"

"Nonsense!" answered Mr. Tutt. "I could add up the figures on my counterfoils perfectly well if I wanted to—and if there were any. I can add as well as you can, Tutt! And anyhow, they use adding machines in the banks. Machines don't can't—make mistakes! I never heard of a bank making an error yet, in all the thirty-seven years ——"

"You wouldn't know it if they had," retorted his partner. "You acknowledge you never yet succeeded in balancing your own check book. No wonder, either, when you go wandering round town all night like a nitwit, without a cent in your pocket, and then borrow a blank check from the night clerk at the Astor and cash it on the Century Roof! Criminal negligence! You deserve to lose your money!"

"When I lose any it will be time enough for you to talk!" replied Mr. Tutt stiffly. "Meanwhile ——"

"Meanwhile, you'll go on signing every check that's shoved at you without looking and have St. Vitus' dance, delirium tremens and senile hysteria the first of every month, simply because you won't take the trouble to make a note of what checks you draw while away from the office, to fill out the stubs of those you draw when you're here, or to sign your name on any of 'em so anybody can read it."

"I write as legibly as any of you!" replied Mr. Tutt with dignity. "Anyhow, the bank has no difficulty in reading my signature, and, after all, that's the important thing, isn't it? As for filling out my stubs—Scraggs does all that for me. If occasionally I draw a check outside—why, I usually remember the amount."

He winked mischievously at Miss Wiggin, who made a face at him in return and then proceeded to pick up the scattered vouchers, which she placed upon his desk in two neat piles.

"There!" she said. "In that pile are the canceled vouchers returned by the bank with last month's statement, and in this pile are the checks Scraggs has just drawn for you to sign in payment of your bills that came in the first of the month. Now be a good boy, and look them all over carefully."

"Look 'em over fiddlesticks!" retorted the old man in pretended wrath. "Not much! What do I pay Scraggs for? I refuse to look at that infernal bank statement again. I don't care what it says. Take it away. I'd rather go bankrupt. As for those other checks, I suppose I've got to sign 'em, but I really don't see why Scraggs or Willie shouldn't do it for me."

"He's incorrigible!" grumbled Tutt as Miss Wiggin rinsed out the cups and called Willie to put back the table. "But some day something may happen!"

"Crape-hanger!" shouted his partner indignantly. "Get out of my office! Here, Minerva! Hand me those checks! How's that for a John Hancock?"

The old lawyer affixed his name to the topmost of the pile with a flourish worthy of Mr. Spencer himself.

Mr. Tutt was not peculiar in his distaste for the details of elementary bookkeeping, which is shared by most professional men. Who of us does not contemplate with dread the monthly comparison of the bank's statement with our own—up to that moment—supposedly accurately ascertained balance? Why is it that we who faithfully and even cheerfully perform most of the routine duties of our humdrum lives, find it difficult if not impossible to bring ourselves to fill out our check stubs and add up the amounts upon the counterfoils? To do so requires no knowledge of bookkeeping or accountancy. It demands only accuracy, which involves only the ability to add. Yet when a professional man keeps his own accounts his books will almost inevitably reveal inaccuracies in addition. His check book refuses to synchronize with the bank balance. Both can't be right, but his own error is lost in a mass of detail, and after poring over his accounts for an hour without result he throws up his hands in despair, concludes that the bank is probably right, and accepts its figures, although—as some of us know—banks do sometimes make mistakes.

III

AS THE afternoon wore on, the benign effect of the Teague and Teague wore off, leaving Scraggs more depressed than ever, and tortured with a devouring thirst. The taste of the whisky had roused in him a sleeping lion that seemed clawing him to bits. It was as if he and the lion were caged in there together. Mr. Tutt had signed the checks and handed them to him on his way out of the office, and now the scrivener kept doggedly on at his monthly task of placing each one with its accompanying bill in a properly addressed stamped envelope. There were a lot of them, and everybody had left the office, as he had intended that they should, long before he finished. Mr. Gill was coming at half past five with the case of Teague and Teague, and although Scraggs knew that it was impossible for him to pay for it he nevertheless did not wish to lose his hold on the bootlegger, who, after all, was an old friend. Meantime the menagerie inside him grew more and more ravenous. Maybe Gill would let him have another pint! Scraggs kept on folding the bills, inserting the checks and laboriously addressing the envelopes. He did not stamp or seal them in the cage however. To lick the mucilage under the circumstances would have been too desperate a torture. He would wait and moisten the lot with one fell swoop of Willie Toothaker's sponge.

He had just finished addressing the last envelope when Mr. Gill entered.

"Well, Mr. Scraggs," he said good-naturedly, "how about it? Shall I bring up that case? It's right down in my bus at the bottom of the freight elevator. I'm practically giving it to you for one hundred and twenty, but you're an old customer."

Scraggs was suffering an excruciating agony. The lion's claws were deep in his viscera. He swallowed, finding difficulty in replying to Mr. Gill; all of which Mr. Gill duly observed. This time the latter held no package in his hand.

"I'm sorry," Scraggs answered at length in a husky voice, "but I really can't afford the money." He did not have the nerve to ask Gill if he ever let anything go retail—broke a case.

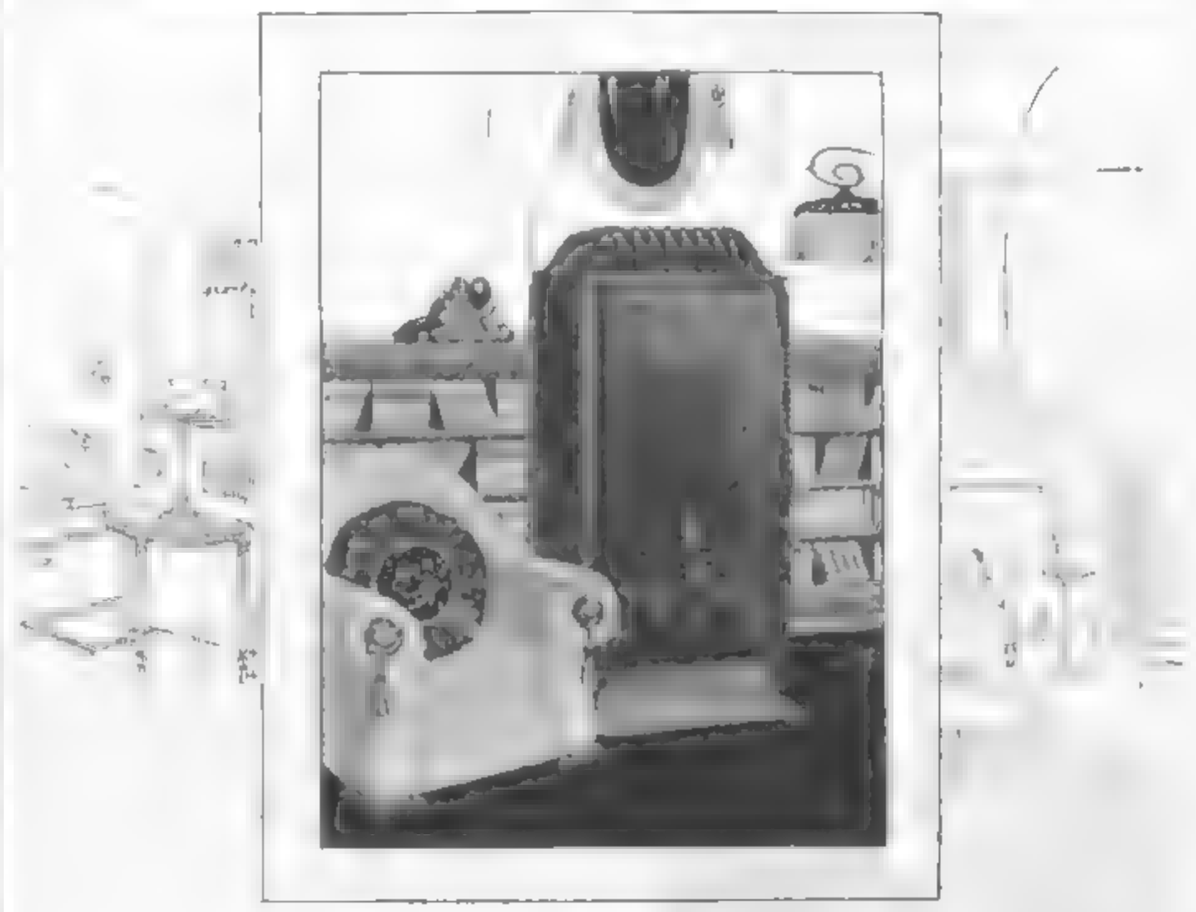
"Only a hundred and twenty!" repeated Gill encouragingly. "Last you forever!"

He sauntered through the offices, glanced into the chamber sacred to Mr. Tutt, and stood looking through Miss Wiggin's window, giving the poison time to work.

Meantime Scraggs sat rigid at his desk, his bloodshot eyes hypnotized by an oblong piece of paper which he now for the first time perceived lying inconspicuously at one side of the blotter—a check bearing the almost undecipherable signature of Mr. Tutt to the order of Jno. E. Watts for one hundred and twenty dollars!

One hundred and twenty dollars! The precise amount. He experienced a contraction of the larynx and a slight numbing of his motor centers. One hundred and twenty dollars! Just the price of a case! How had he happened to omit to put the check in its proper envelope? He ran his finger through the pile, found the one addressed to Jno. E. Watts, opened it, and discovered there was a check in it already for one hundred and twenty dollars! He must have drawn two checks for the same bill! He remembered now that Watts was Mr. Tutt's grocer, and the Watts check was the last one he had drawn before going out to lunch. He had duplicated it on his return. Everything had gone double about that time.

Furnace Comfort for Small Homes



No Cold Rooms

This new way keeps the whole house warm

HERE is adequate heat, modern warm-air heat, for small homes with or without basements. A heater that heats the whole house. It is called the Estate Heatrola and authorities say it is changing the heating habits of the nation. The 78-year-old Estate Stove Company makes and guarantees it.

If you are living in an underheated house, we urge you to get the facts without delay.

Furnace comfort

The Heatrola is a practical and proved efficient warm-air heating device of the most modern type. Burns any sort of fuel. You can place it in one of the living rooms and have no cold rooms in your house.

Great volumes of warm, moist air are supplied to every room—upstairs and downstairs, and changed twice each hour—the most healthful heat, as any doctor will tell you.

Looks like a phonograph

Beautifully designed, and finished in rich grained mahogany, the Heatrola looks like a handsome phonograph. You can rub it and dust it with a cloth, just as you do your furniture.

The finish is of vitreous enamel, baked on, hence smooth as glass and everlasting

No stoves to tend. No black iron or nickel to polish. No fireplaces or inadequate heating devices this new way. The Heatrola marks a new era in home heating.

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Where to see one

See the Heatrola at leading furniture, hardware stores and at heating contractors'. Or, mail the coupon for complete and interesting details postpaid.

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BUILDERS SINCE 1845 OF THE FAMOUS ESTATE STOVES,
RANGES AND FURNACES

If you prefer a basement furnace

—check the coupon for booklet and full information about Estate Sanitary Warm-Air Furnaces, in pipe and pipeless models. All cast-iron construction; five-year guaranteed fire-pot; ball-bearing grate; new-type grate shaker; swinging vapor tank; many other fine features.

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Send me free information regarding heating system checked below and name of nearest dealer.

☐ ESTATE HEATROLA
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Name _____

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Watch This Column

UNIVERSAL is releasing a new photo-drama this week entitled "Driven," which, in my estimation, should occupy a place in the moving-picture hall of fame. The picture, which is a Charles Brabin Production, is an epic of the Kentucky Hills and smacks of love and moonshine. It was made from a prize-winning story by Jay Gelzer, which appeared in the Cosmopolitan Magazine.

CHARLES MACK and ELINOR FAIR in "DRIVEN"

The people in the cast are little known to the screen, with two exceptions, but their work is so excellent that from now on they must necessarily rank with many stars. A young man named Charles Mack is the feature by courtesy of David W. Griffith. The rest of the cast is Elinor Fair, Burr McIntosh, George Bancroft and Emily Fitzroy.

When you have seen this remarkable picture I wish you would write to me and tell me how it impresses you. I want to know if you confirm my judgment of it. If you know anything about life in the moonshine country, I know you will say that the picture is faithful to the people and their ways. The acting is superb. No other word can express it.

Keep watch of all Universal releases and you will be more than repaid. We are making some very unusual picture-plays and I believe they will help to convince you that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see Universals.

* * *

The pleasure is all yours.

Carl Laemmle

President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

A wicked but wonderful and fascinatingly clever scheme slowly formulated itself in his mind. He could indorse Watts' name on the back of the check and give it to Gill in payment for the whisky. The bootlegger could, of course, cash it on the strength of his own indorsement. He, Scraggs, would alter the stub; mark it "Canceled" or "Void." At the end of the month he could abstract the check itself from among those returned from the bank without Mr. Tutt being any the wiser. There would be nothing to show that any such check had ever been issued! A chill ran along his spine and a dampness collected behind his ears! The only possibility of detection lay in the consequent failure of Mr. Tutt's balance to agree with that of the bank; but this could be disregarded, since the two never balanced. Checks were always turning up which Mr. Tutt had forgotten entirely. The old lawyer rarely looked over his returned checks, but, should he do so, and even should he notice the second Watts check, indorsed and cashed by Mr. Gill, there would be nothing to arouse his suspicion, since the signature would be genuine. Even that situation, harmless as it probably would turn out to be, could be obviated just as he planned, by removing the check from the bundle and destroying it before handing the bank statement over to his employer. Every evidence of irregularity would be wiped out, except the bank's debit charge of one hundred and twenty dollars on its statement, for which there would be no corresponding voucher. That discrepancy would not, however, necessarily involve him, since the voucher might have been lost or mislaid at the bank, and so not included with the others. If any question arose it would naturally be assumed that the missing check was one of those irresponsibly cashed by Mr. Tutt upon some one of his nocturnal rambles about town. Scraggs' woozy brain grasped all these angles in an instant; they were in his line of business. The lion tore at his vitals, roaring in his ears, drowning the voice of conscience. He must satisfy it, quench its thirst!

With an astonishing facility he reversed the check, and wrote swiftly across the back the name "Jno. E. Watts."

"All right," he said nonchalantly. "You don't mind a check, do you?"

"Not if it's good!" laughed Mr. Gill, taking it. "Who's this Watts?"

"Mr. Tutt's grocer," answered Scraggs. "I was just going to mail it to him, when he came in himself and asked for cash. Rather than have all the bother of canceling the check and charging it off, I had him indorse it. If you'd prefer the money I'll go downstairs and get it for you at the bank. No, I can't either, at this hour—5:30."

"I don't want cash," answered Gill. "I guess I can take a chance on Ephraim Tutt's signature for a hundred and twenty dollars. Where'll you have the stuff?"

There was no place in Scraggs' tiny bedroom to conceal even a phial from the watchful eye of his landlady. Another bright idea occurred to him.

"Bring it up here!" he said.

IV

THERE were times during the ensuing month when Scraggs achieved a blurred sort of happiness. These were the evenings when, under a pretense of having work to do, he stayed on at the office, and locking himself in after the departure of the Lithuanian scrubwomen, surrendered himself to the consolation of the Teague and Teague. Yet no sooner did he, on these occasions, take down his old fur-trimmed overcoat and put it on, than he invariably began to experience such pangs of contrition as to make his life almost unendurable. These usually lasted throughout the night, and until he got safely back into his cage the following morning.

From that time on, habit would reassert itself, and he would go through the motions of his various duties with an appearance of calmness which in reality concealed sickening apprehension.

For he could not bring himself to look Mr. Tutt in the face. With the others in the office he affected a strange and unbecoming bravado. All sensed something the matter with the old man. They had always looked upon him as one already dead; and this galvanic return to life under an unseen stimulus had something grotesque and even terrible about it. As the days passed he became, during his intervals of sobriety, more and more fearful lest in some unexpected fashion his crime should be revealed. Every casual remark, every look, exchanged between Tutt and Willie Toothaker, Miss Sondheim, Miss Wiggin or Bonnie Doon seemed charged with significance. Any reference to a bank statement made him nearly swoon. He pictured his guilt discovered, the officers of the law summoned, himself locked in a prison cell—the Tombs!

At such times the wire cage in which he sat became the symbol of the dock in the criminal court in which he would eventually be tried and hear his doom pronounced. He particularly feared Miss Wiggin. Her eye seemed to be in every place. As for Willie Toothaker, the gibes and taunts of that young imp, which heretofore he had regarded as but the harmless vaporings of an adolescent mind, now appeared to Scraggs as laden with deep and hidden meanings. Humorous references to his coat seemed somehow almost equivalent to direct accusations of guilt.

He aged perceptibly during the three weeks of torture through which he passed, becoming furtive, apologetic, palpably more feeble and uncertain in his movements. Willie declared that he could hear the hardening of Scraggs' arteries. It was bad enough by day, when he had the momentum of thirty-seven years of habit behind him to bolster him up and shove him along. But at night, to the fear of discovery was added the excoriation of his conscience. From the moment when at five o'clock he turned and slipped his right arm through the sleeve of his fur-trimmed coat, to the following morning when he rehung it upon its hook, he was the prey to a remorse far more bitter than the suffering of his unsatisfied thirst. The consciousness that he had betrayed Mr. Tutt's confidence, had turned upon and stung him like a snake in the grass, made his nights a hell. He had robbed his benefactor. He was as despicable as Judas. He could no longer sleep, no longer eat. The only thing that kept him going was the Teague and Teague.

The end of the month—the shortest in the year—leaped towards him. Three more days, and the bulky envelope containing the evidence of his crime—the monthly bank statement with its accompanying bundle of canceled vouchers—would be delivered in the morning mail. Suppose Miss Wiggin, or even Mr. Tutt, should happen to get to the office ahead of him, open the envelope, check off the vouchers against the statement, and discover the second check for one hundred and twenty dollars with the forged indorsement? Jail for him! Worse than that, the look of sadness in Mr. Tutt's eyes! He could not chance it. He must get that check from the bank and destroy it before it could be returned to his employer.

Unable to trust his shaking fingers to indite a letter to the bank, he picked one out on Miss Sondheim's typewriter, requesting the cashier to "deliver to bearer check for $120 drawn by me February 4th, to the order of Jno. E. Watts." This he signed "Ephraim Tutt, per E. S.," and at the noon hour delivered it himself, stating that he would return later for the reply. An hour afterwards when he went back to the window, in place of the long envelope containing the check possession of which he sought, he was handed a note addressed to Ephraim Tutt, Esq., stating that in response to the latter's request the bank had searched its files and found no such check as that described. It appeared that a check for one hundred and twenty dollars to the order of Jno. E. Watts had in fact been presented for payment through the Chemical National Bank and paid on February sixth, but was dated February first, not February fourth. Should this be the check desired they would be pleased to return same if so advised, and meantime they respectfully begged to remain, E. and O. E., and so on, and so on, his obedient servants, World without End, Amen! The Utopia Trust Co., per O. M. Fithian, 2d Cashier.

V

SCRAGGS' relief on learning that the forged check had not been deposited for collection was but momentary, for it was immediately followed by the ghastly realization that outstanding in the hands of a man like Gill it was infinitely more dangerous. He at once became convinced that the bootlegger intended to hold it over his head as a club with which to blackmail him for the rest of his life, to compel him to commit forgery after forgery until finally he should be abandoned to the harsh mercies of the criminal law. He had fatuously fancied that Gill had been taken in by his silly story about the grocer wanting cash. He now perceived that it could not have fooled anybody, much less the crafty bootlegger. He would be coming around any time now demanding more money; and no mere hundred and twenty dollars either! Gill would try to stick him up for thousands—thousands! Alarm at what the future might hold in store turned his bowels to water. What an abject idiot he had been to forge Watts' name on the check! He must get the check back from Gill somehow—anyhow!

The possibility that Gill might have lost the check occurred to him, but in that event the bootlegger would have come around again asking for another. No, Gill was going to suck his blood, strip the withered skin from his old bones! The end of the month under these circumstances, unless the check should be presented for payment in the meantime, which seemed unlikely, no longer held any special terrors for him. It was now simply a question of when Gill would begin his fiendish scheme of blackmail.

The bootlegger made his appearance that very afternoon. He came at half past four, while all the staff, including both Tutts, were still there, and walked right up to the cage and thrust his hand through the grille. To the half-fainting Scraggs his face, seen through the apertures of the wire, seemed like that of a hideous, grinning hyena.

"Well," he said in a circumspect whisper, "how about it? Want any more of the stuff? I can let you have some while it lasts."

Scraggs, bewildered, ran his fingers through the half dozen spikes of gray hair protruding from his withered dome. Gill did not look as if he harbored any evil purposes—any other, at least, than those implied by his profession.

"How'd you like the last?" he inquired.

"All right," croaked Scraggs, his lips clicking.

The next thing, he felt sure, would be an order from Gill to slip him a check for five hundred dollars. That, of course, was why he had come so early in the afternoon—in order to terrorize him with fear of instant disclosure before the firm.

"S'pose anybody else here—any of your—er—associates—might like a little something?" breathed Gill almost inaudibly.

A huge relief, almost like ecstasy, pervaded Scraggs. He shook his head with decision.

"No, no! But meet me outside in the hall. I'll join you in two minutes," he said in a guttural tone, and Gill, with a disappointed glance around the office, reluctantly walked out of the door through which he had entered so shortly before.

"Look here," demanded Scraggs as they confronted each other in the hall behind the elevator, "why haven't you cashed that check for a hundred and twenty dollars I gave you?"

"I did, next morning," replied Gill. "Do you suppose I can afford to let money sit and wait for me? Not me! I have to keep it moving."

"It hasn't been presented for payment!" persisted Scraggs, as if distrustful of the bootlegger's reply.

"That's funny!" answered Gill. "I deposited it right off, as I told you, in my own bank—the Chemical National. It must have gone through all right, because my account was credited with it. I drew against it long ago."

"Well, where the devil is it?" demanded the scrivener, now satisfied of the ingenuousness of Gill, but even more apprehensive lest some other person, unknown, might have secured possession of the damning bit of paper. "Where do you suppose it can be?"

"Hanged if I know!" replied Gill. "Your bank ought to have it. They must have paid it, because my bank got the money. Yes, sir, they must have that check. Unless ——" and he paused humorously.

"Unless what?" cried Scraggs anxiously.

"Unless some mouse has et it!" concluded Gill. "Say, if I can't sell you any more today I must be hoppin' along. If you want some, give me a ring!"

Thoroughly mystified Scraggs reëntered his cage. Had Providence intervened to save him? Was it conceivable that the great Utopia Trust Company, which financed half the international loans, and was almost as powerful as the Government itself, had lost the check. It wasn't possible! Its

(Continued on Page 108)

A Million Miles from Dull Care

SOMEWHERE far beyond the place where men and motors race through canyons of the town—somewhere on the top of the world—there is a peak which dull care has never climbed.

You can go there light-hearted in a Jordan Playboy—for it's always happy in the hills.

A car for a man's man—that's certain.

Or for the girl who loves to take the open road with top down, in the summer time.

Lighter than any on the road, for its wheelbase, rare in beauty and supremely balanced, as a fine car must be—distinctive as only a car of personality can be—the Playboy is an apt companion for all Americans who dare never to grow old.

Strangely we have always underestimated the Playboy demand.

We have never built enough.

But we never will—you may be assured.

There's too much real fun in building a few less than the people want.

It's friendly, human—you know—to want to have something the other fellow can't get.

Frankly, the Playboy is built for those admirable people of good taste, who know how to distinguish high quality from extravagance—those rare individuals to whom experience affords the possession of the pride of economy, which is just another name for common sense.

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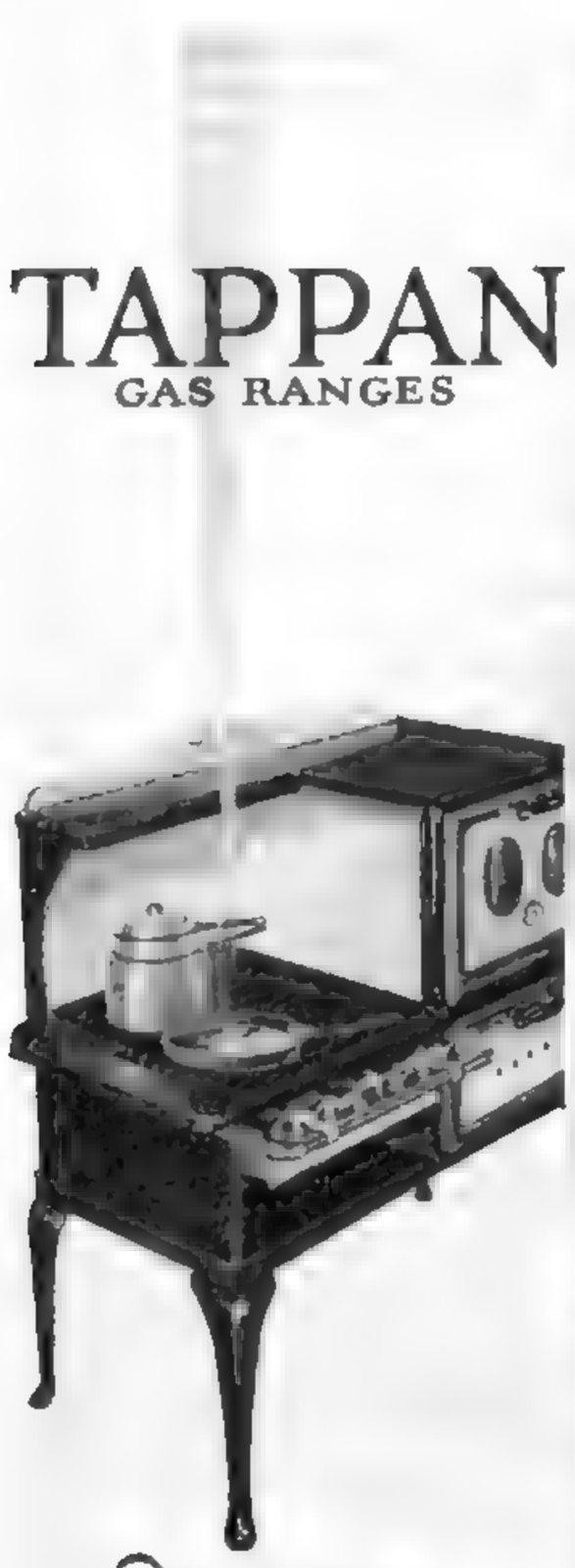
TAPPAN
GAS RANGES



The RANGE WITH THE ROUNDED CORNERS

THE simple beauty of the Tappan gas range at once speaks of genuine fineness. And when you consider all its modern refinements you can well understand why the Tappan stands as a leader among cooking devices—why it is so desirable in any kitchen.

Compact, just right in height, with rounded corners and easily-cleaned porcelain-enamel finish, removable cast-iron oven bottom equipped with extra boiling lid, oven heat regulator and high burners—these are Tappan features that help you cook better and with the utmost convenience.

The Tappan complete line gives you a wide selection of styles and prices. Write for a copy of the Tappan cook book and the name of your Tappan dealer.

Dealers: The Tappan franchise in your community offers some unusual opportunities.

THE TAPPAN STOVE CO.
MANSFIELD OHIO
ESTABLISHED 1881

TAPPAN

(Continued from Page 106

system of recording and balancing was automatic and mechanically perfect. The Utopia Trust Company could not err, even if it could not forgive. But where was the check?

"Who was that fellow that came in?" asked Tutt of Bonnie, as the accountant left his cage and limped to the door.

"That is Scraggs' private bootlegger," Mr. Doon informed him. "And"—he elevated his nose slightly in the direction of the empty cage—"I should say that he was probably a good one!"

VI

SCRAGGS' anxieties did not abate by reason of the fact that he no longer feared being blackmailed by Gill. Someone in the bank might have got hold of the check and intend using it for the same purpose; or, almost as bad, it might have been mislaid in some way, in which case, on its eventual discovery, it would be returned to Mr. Tutt in a separate envelope with a note of explanation, thus drawing attention to it in a manner inviting certain detection.

He tossed feverishly on his cot throughout the entire night of February twenty-eighth, afraid to go to sleep lest he should not wake up early enough to reach the office in time to intercept the bank's monthly statement in the morning mail; and he arose at the first daylight, dressed, put on his fur-trimmed coat, and, without stopping for breakfast, hurried downtown. It was not yet six o'clock, and the mail did not come until 8:30, at which hour Willie Toothaker was supposed to be on hand, although Scraggs knew, as they all did, that he never was. Nevertheless he was determined to take no chances. There might have been an extra delivery of mail the night before, after they had all gone home, and the statement be in it. He signed the book for the night watchman, ascended in the elevator, walked down the long marble corridor, in which his steps echoed as in a lonely chapel, and unlocked the outer door.

How deserted the rooms seemed, and yet, somehow, instinct with life! The steam had not been turned on yet, and it was a trifle cold. He got out a bottle of whisky and took a stiff drink, neat. It made him feel much better, but he kept his coat on, and foraging for a cigarette in the top drawer of Bonnie Doon's desk, lit it and sat down in the sag-bottomed easy-chair in Tutt's office.

He could look straight through the open door to where Mr. Tutt always sat at his rickety old desk. Although Scraggs had worked there half his life he had never been down at such an hour. The place seemed alive with ghosts, not of the departed, but of those who spent their days there. He could see Miss Wiggin's narrow back as she bent over her books, and Bonnie Doon's long legs as he lounged half beneath the table. A paper crackled and a snicker eddied softly from where Willie lurked at the office rail, and he could hear Miss Sondheim's typewriter clicking "Tut-tutt-Tutt and Tutt! Tut-a-tut-tut-Tutt and Tutt!" And there was old Scraggs, the scrivener, perched on his high stool in the cage. Funny dried-up old man! "Tut-a-tut-tut-Tutt and Tutt!" went Miss Sondheim's machine.

He moved uneasily and glanced through the door at Mr. Tutt. The old man was gazing reproachfully at him, elbows on the desk, his chin on his hands. How sad he looked! As if he bore upon his high rounded shoulders most of the sorrows of mankind. Scraggs turned away his eyes. He could not look at Mr. Tutt. What an ungrateful wretch he had been! Thirty-seven years together! Mr. Tutt had rescued him from the gutter, held out the hand of affection and encouragement, put his own coat upon his back! And how had he repaid him? With a sob Scraggs dropped his head upon the moth-eaten collar of the surtout. Once he raised his eyes furtively. Mr. Tutt was holding out his arms to him in mute appeal.

Click! The postman was shoving the mail through the letter slide, and it was dropping, plopping and flopping in a pile upon the floor. Scraggs awoke abruptly. He looked about, startled. Where was everybody? Click! The cover of the slide closed, and the steps of the postman crossed the corridor. He recalled where he was, and why. Taking off his coat he hung it on the peg inside the cage, and pawed over the mail. The monthly statement was there! He opened it hurriedly and examined the canceled vouchers. The check drawn to Jno. E. Watts and dated February fourth was not among them! Luck was with him!

With a deep sigh of relief he replaced the vouchers and statement in the envelope, laid it with the rest of the mail for Mr. Tutt upon the latter's desk, and descended to the basement for a bite of breakfast at the cafeteria.

The girl behind the counter chaffed him good-naturedly about having been up "stravagling" all night, and the hot coffee and frankfurter started the sap flowing through his withered limbs. His spirits rose with the steam from the canteen. He began to feel that he had been unduly fearful of discovery. The check was lost—had slipped down a crack, probably, or into a waste-paper basket, and was gone forever. Otherwise it would have come back long ago to plague him. No, he could breathe freely! The chances were now all in his favor. After all, what was a hundred and twenty dollars to Mr. Tutt? A mere nothing! Besides, he, Scraggs, had earned that amount over his salary a thousand times. His mercury began to rise. For the first time since he had parted with the check he felt reasonably at ease. He bought one of his favorite five-cent cigars, paid for his breakfast, and returned to the office. It was empty—only ten minutes to nine. That young rapscallion of a Willie might not come along for another half hour. Scraggs found himself humming an old song:

"Each rosy morn with hounds and horn
Let Bucks a-hunting go!
Let Bucks a-hunting go-o-o!
Let Bucks a-hunting go-o-o!
For all my fancy dwells with Nancy.
Hark! Sweet tally-ho!"

A good old song! His cracked voice quavered through the rooms.

It was still cold up there and he put on his coat again.

"Let Bucks a-hunting go!"

He remembered now why the song held a special sentiment for him. He had known a girl named Nancy—Nance O'Dell—up in Kingston, back when he was a lad.

"For all my fancy dwells with Nancy!"

She had died, poor thing, drowned in the Rondout Creek! His rheumy eyes filled. He had not thought of her for years. He felt now that he had known Nance O'Dell very well, although in point of fact this was not so. She had drowned herself in the creek for love of another, but Scraggs had forgotten that. Fifty years ago, that was! His handkerchief was still crummy from the frankfurter, but he wiped his eyes with it and went back into the cage. That was the way of it! You died and were forgotten—just as he had forgotten his sweet little love, Nancy. There would be nobody to remember him after he was gone. There would be the customary office funeral—a wreath, "We mourn our loss!"—and then some other moth-eaten old squirrel would be stuck into the cage to go whirring round. Moth-eaten old squirrel! That was just what he was!

He had forfeited the dearest blessing life had to offer—a home of his own, hallowed by the love of a wife and children. If only he had had a child! He laughed. Why, it would be old enough to have children of its own by this time. He might have had grandchildren who would gather prattling about him in the evening before the fire and listen with eyes of wonder while he told them stories of his boyhood, instead of sitting alone in his chilly little room studying the evening paper until it was time to go to bed. Nobody's fault but his own! He had thrown away every chance of happiness—for what? Rum! Those mocking pleasures of the bottle, that had robbed him of his self-control, his powers of mind and body, until now he was—just what he was!—a moth-eaten old squirrel, spinning in its cage until it died.

And once again he squirmed at the thought of how he had treated Mr. Tutt. Rum had done that too! Another black mark to be added to the hateful score. Well, it was too late to do anything about it now. He must stick it out. A loathsome business it was! Disgusting and despicable! A forger! That was what he was. He knew the penalty—twenty years. He darsn't take a chance on admitting it. Even if Mr. Tutt might be moved to pity there was always the other fellow, whose name he had violated—Watts. And the bank! All the banks belonged to some association or other that obligated them to prosecute forgers to the bitter end. He looked down at the sleeves of his coat—Mr. Tutt's coat, given him just because he had been cold. A fine way to pay him back! With a groan he went back into his cage and clanged-to the door behind him.

He climbed to his seat on the high stool and huddled there shivering, with the skirts of his patched old surtout dangling about his thin legs.

There was a slight noise at the door. A short thickset woman in dingy black, holding a baby, was standing just inside the threshold. She gave the appearance of having on a large wardrobe of petticoats. A scrubwoman probably! They were apt to come to Mr. Tutt if they got into difficulties. This one was swarthy, her young-old face marked, as most of them were, by anxiety and undernourishment, but with something rather fine about it—of patience, courage, cheerfulness. A good woman, anybody could see that—even if she was a foreigner and a peasant. The baby—one of the fat, gurgling variety—wriggled and poked her cheek with its fist.

"Eesa—eeesa thees Meester Tutt?" she asked with a faint smile, as she dodged the fingers that clutched at her lips.

Scraggs shook his head.

The woman looked disappointed, but the baby, intrigued at the sight of an old gentleman in a cage, began to coo and hold out its chubby arms. Scraggs was greatly flattered. He had always liked babies, and there was something particularly jolly and enticing about this one. He yearned to lift it out of its mother's arms, crunch it up against the collar of his surtout, and stick his old nose in its soft little neck.

"Da-da!" it said, nodding violently.

Scraggs beamed. It was an age since he had made a hit with anybody, even a baby. For the moment he forgot all his misery.

"Goo-ee!" he replied, following up the communication with a series of those clucking sounds supposed to give gratification to the young. The infant squawked with delight, waving its arms, and the mother grinned appreciatively. Even if he were not the great Mr. Tutt, this was a nice man!

"Ho-ho! Good baby!" chirped Scraggs, coming out of the cage. Then abandoning all reserve he suddenly began to sing:

"Each rosy morn with hounds and horn
Let Bucks a-hunting go!
Let Bucks a-hunting go-o-o!
Let Bucks a-hunting go-o-o!
For all my fancy dwells with Nancy.
Hark! Sweet tally-ho!"

"Well, well!" he ejaculated, out of breath. "Who'd 'a' thought I'd be singin' to a baby at this hour of the morning?" He coughed in a deprecating manner. "Won't you sit down and wait?"

The woman shook her head in turn. "I come again. Or I loosa the job!"

"Is there anything I can do?" inquired Scraggs politely.

The woman shrugged her shoulders. Then shifting the baby she took from her bosom a piece of paper, and held it out to him.

Scraggs' knees turned wabbly. It was the check for one hundred and twenty dollars bearing the forged indorsement! His Adam's apple seemed to swell to enormous proportions and fill his entire throat.

"Thees notta my name!" she said. "But the bank maka me pay!"

Scraggs subsided upon Willie Toothaker's desk. The worst had happened. The bank had made some crazy sort of mistake. Everything would come out! He was ruined!

He waved his hand feebly towards the chair usually occupied by Miss Wiggin.

"Sit down!" he faltered, feeling a thousand years old.

The woman put the baby on the desk beside her and pulled out the chair. Scraggs looked at the clock. It was only a few minutes past nine. She followed his eyes.

"I stay twenta min!" she said.

But in spite of her ignorance of English she managed, in some way, to communicate to him the nature of her trouble in less time. It may have been that the tension under which he was laboring had keyed up the old man's powers of interpretation, or that the woman herself possessed an extraordinary faculty of transmitting her ideas by gesture and expression. Probably it was a little of both, with the added element that Scraggs must intuitively have suspected what had occurred. The gist of it was simple enough: Her name was Tull; an Italian girl wedded to an English cockney. Her husband, a window washer, had

(Continued on Page 111)

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died the year before, leaving a hundred and fifty dollars in the Utopia Trust Company. She had wisely resolved to leave it there and never to touch it. She had found a job as a cleaner at thirteen dollars a week and had got along well enough until she had caught the flu. The doctor's bill had been thirty-five dollars. She had gone to the bank, filled out a check for that amount—and been informed that the account contained a balance of only thirty dollars! Not enough to meet her check for the doctor. They had given her a statement and a canceled voucher which had been charged against her account for one hundred and twenty dollars. This was it, in her hand. It was not hers. She had lost a hundred and twenty dollars! The cashier had given her a list of depositors with somewhat similar names. Mr. Tutt's had been the first.

Again she extended the check to Scraggs for his examination. He had no need to look at it. He already realized precisely what must have occurred. Gill had deposited the check at his own bank, the Utopia's cashier had honored it on its receipt from the clearing house on the strength of the Chemical National's indorsement, barely glancing at the face of it, if, in fact, even doing that, and then, when he had sought later in the day to charge it to the right account, had been unable to read the signature. He had probably therefore looked through the "T" cards to find the nearest thing to it, and having reached Mrs. Tull's signature had assumed that it was the same as that on the check. Once he had charged the check to her account his pride had naturally demanded that he should make at least a show of requiring further proof before acknowledging his mistake. The name on the check might have been almost anybody's -Tull, Tall, Tell, Teel, or any one of a thousand others. He, Scraggs, could recognize it easily enough as Mr. Tutt's signature, but nobody else, including Mr. Tutt himself, could be blamed for not doing so, particularly as there was no identifying name engraved or printed upon the check

The baby, doubtless desiring a vocal encore, had started crawling towards him across Miss Wiggin's desk.

"Da-da!" it remarked again with a gluey chuckle.

Mrs. Tull pulled it back by the legs, gurgling on its stomach.

"You keepa the check! You tella him. You tella Meester Tutt!" she said placidly. "I come back tomorrow!"

Smiling she got up and hoisted the baby upon her shoulder.

A strange and fearful exhilaration seized Scraggs. He moistened his cracked lips and looked at the clock again. In his shaking hand was the only existing evidence of his crime. He could retain it, and by destroying it after her departure, be safe forever! He mitigated the baseness of this treachery by telling himself that he could make the amount good to her in installments—later on. It would be easy! The blood rushed to his eyes and sang in his ears. Every instinct of self-preservation was urging him to this one last act, which, compared with what he had already done, seemed insignificant.

Yet—he hesitated. Could he rob this poor woman of her savings? Deprive her of all that might at any moment stand between her and actual starvation? A month ago such an idea would have filled him with abhorrence. When he had yielded to the temptation to buy the Teague and Teague he had never contemplated the possibility of his act having any such far-reaching effect as this. The roof of his mouth seemed coated with sand. His solar plexus palpitated like a fluttering bird beneath his waistcoat. A fiery spot burned in either cheek. His hands were as ice. The desk on which he sat was acting like a raft. He clung to it like a half-drowning man, unable longer to swim.

The battle going on within him transcended any of his previous struggles against even that all-devouring thirst. This was something deeper, more fundamental, involving his moral life or death. He had an almost irresistible impulse to rush into the other room and burn or destroy the check. It seemed as though some malignant power were standing at his elbow urging him on.

Shuddering he drew his old coat closer about his shoulders, and as he did so he felt a sudden strength steal through his body, as if the shabby patched old garment were warming and invigorating his soul. He perceived that he simply couldn't do this despicable thing. He might be a bad egg, an old rummy, no better than a crook, but he had left some self-respect worth preserving. How could he have thought for a moment of anything so contemptible? He'd rather go to jail for a thousand years! Yes, he would—a thousand years! To jail

The woman had nearly reached the door. The baby was peeking over her shoulder at him. A wave of tremulous emotion passed through Scraggs. He had felt something like it before, though not exactly like it, when he had been rather drunk. He wanted to cry, yet he was curiously happy happy enough to sing!

The woman opened the door and smiled back at him, slightly elevating the baby, who evidently regarded its withdrawal from the society of so entrancing a person as unwarrantable.

Scraggs contorted his withered features into a sardonic grin, but in his eyes was an expression almost like that of Mr. Tutt.

"Good-by, baby!" he said, waving the check after it. "Be a good baby!"

He sat there motionless for several minutes after the door had closed behind them.

Then he rubbed his right sleeve across his eyes, got to his feet and walking stiffly into Mr. Tutt's room laid the check on the top of the desk. A moment later his voice quavered resolutely through the offices:

"Each rosy morn with hounds and horn
Let Bucks a-hunting go!
Let Bucks a-hunting go-o-o!
Let Bucks a-hunting go-o-o!"

Willie Toothaker slipping surreptitiously in at half past nine watched in amazement from the outer hallway as he saw Scraggs place a ladder against Mr. Tutt's southerly bookcase and cautiously ascend far enough to reach the topmost shelf, where reposed the most ancient and least-used volumes. Taking from his pocket a slip of paper, which he thereupon consulted, he peered along the row of dusty tomes until his eyes had found the one he sought.

"'Thirteen Mason and Welsby, New Series,'" he muttered, and removing the volume, disclosed in the hollow immediately behind it an unopened quart of Teague and Teague. Clasping the precious bottle to his bosom Scraggs felt his way to the floor in safety, and holding the label to the light appeared to read something written upon it.

"'Three Howards' State Trials,'" he repeated.

Then having placed the bottle on Mr. Tutt's desk the old fellow leaned the ladder against another section of the bookcase, climbed up and retrieved a second bottle, the label of which he examined in like manner.

"'Two Crown Cases Reserved,'" murmured the scrivener, with evident satisfaction.

And now having similarly exhumed a third bottle from the custody of the criminal courts Scraggs passed from law to equity, which yielded a fourth, and sought finally the jurisdiction of the Admiralty and Divorce Division, from which he recaptured still two more.

He was engaged in marshaling them upon Mr. Tutt's blotter when the old lawyer entered.

"What on earth ——" he began.

Scraggs covered his face with his hands.

It was then that to Willie's deep disappointment Mr. Tutt quickly turned and closed his office door. When it was opened half an hour later a different and much younger Scraggs emerged.

"What's that tune you've been humming all day?" asked Willie as he paused outside the scrivener's cage on his way to lunch.

"That? Oh, just an old song I used to sing when I was a boy!" answered Scraggs.

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THE CINDER BUGGY

(Continued from Page 23)

"I am we," he said. "Naturally all of us couldn't come at one time and ——" He stopped. She wasn't the kind of girl he was expecting. She ruined his style of rhetoric.

"And hide in the hedge," she said, finishing his sentence. "Why not? It wouldn't be any less rude if twenty did it."

"That isn't fair," he said. "We don't mean to be rude. We only want to get you out."

"You think I couldn't get out by myself if I wanted to?"

"Yes," he said. "That's what we thought. It's so, isn't it?"

She framed a reply, but withheld it, or, rather, she bit it in two and threw it away, symbolically. It was a clover stem. She sat on her feet, bent over, plucking at the grass, with an occasional glance at the woman on the bench.

"Do you think it's nice to spy on a girl as you have been doing?" she asked.

"Very nice," he said, to tease her.

"And is this the way you get girls for your parties—over their garden walls?"

"May we drive up to your door and ask for you there?"

"You may."

"Then will you come?"

"No, I won't be home."

"Why not?"

"I won't, that's why not."

"Do you dislike parties?"

"Yes."

"Do you hate people?"

"I hate people who feel sorry for me."

"Do you wish me to go away?"

"Not if you like what you are doing."

"I'm not doing this because I like doing it," he answered. "I'm doing it because I was asked."

"Oh," she said.

"They felt sor—I mean, they had this friendly impulse to give you a party. But they didn't know how to get you and asked me to manage it. Now what shall I say to them? Shall I say you hate parties and wish them to mind their own business?"

"Tell them what you like," she said. "I can't talk to you any longer," she added. "It will be noticed."

"I won't tell them anything," he said. "But I'll be here a week from tonight at this time if it doesn't rain, and the week after that if it does, and every week for the rest of the summer until you say positively you will not come."

"Haven't I said that?" she asked.

"No."

She got up, shrugged her shoulders and walked away.

Silly! Silly! Silly! That was what John kept saying to himself, without subject or predicate. It was the way he felt. The situation was silly. His part in it was silly. They were all a lot of sillies save one. But for the impression she had made upon him he would have thrown the business up. What he really minded was the sense of having come off badly with her. She was not the wistful, longing prisoner people imagined her to be. He could not make out precisely what she was. She was under restraint. Not only had she not denied this; she had treated it as a fact. Her attitude seemed to be simply that it was nobody's business. Meddling was unwelcome. And such puerile interference as he represented had been treated as it deserved, with high disdain.

Never had he met a girl with so much bite and tang. And the game was not lost. She might have cut him away clean. Instead, she had left it as it was.

What he said to his friends was: "I think she will come."

"Have you seen her?" they asked.

"Yes, I've talked to her."

"Oh, what is she like?"

"Like a grain of salt," he said.

At this several girls looked at him anxiously, and although they pretended to be as keen as ever for the party, even more than before, still misgivings assailed them and secretly their enthusiasm fell. John was an uninclosed infatuation in which everyone had rights of commonage. Numbers preserved him. And here he was keeping tryst with a girl they knew nothing about. It was not his fault; but it was too romantic.

Well, another thing youth knows is that there are sudden, leaping, dare-me-not moments, wild moments of yes, in which the most improbable events come naturally to pass.

It did not rain on Thursday. John waited in the boxwood. She came slowly, in the magnetized direction, went back, returned, loitered about for some time, then sat on the grass again.

"Aren't you ashamed to be standing there?" she asked.

"I feel a perfect fool," he said.

"Oh, do you?" she retorted, and with not another word she rose and walked away.

Whistling softly John departed. It became more interesting. Thursday he was there again, and so was she.

"Then why do you do it?" she asked, resuming the conversation at the point where she broke it, as if a week had not elapsed.

"I've told you why," he said. "Can you see me?"

"No."

"How did you know I was here?"

"I didn't -only that you said you would be," she answered.

"That meant last Thursday," he said.

"Do you mean to annoy me like this all summer?"

"As long as you will come to talk to me," he said.

"Or until I say positively I won't come to the party. That's what you said before."

"Will you come?" he asked.

So they went on in a spirit of banter, touching invisible strings, attending less and less to the meaning of words and more to the language of sound.

Scientists ask: Is there such a thing as biactinism, vital animal magnetism, producing an effect apart from itself with no mechanical means of transmission? Is personality radioactive? Does the human organism possess the power of acting at a distance upon another human organism? Ask youth.

The barrier gave way the next week. John dwelt as usual in the boxwood. The girl was tardy. Portent one. She wore a pretty dress and high-heeled French boots. Portent two. She was on terms of amiability with the jailer woman. Portent three. It was a musky, August evening, coming twilight. For half an hour or more she walked in an aimless, listless way, stopping, starting, plucking here and there a flower until she had a handful, and then with steps unhurried, with still an air of sauntering, she came straight on.

"Oh, here you are," she said, in the cool, entrancing way youth has of doing an audacious thing.

"I'll have to hand you down," said John.

Below them in the road, twenty paces off, a horse and buggy waited.

XVI

THE party took place in John's rooms. First there was a dainty supper; then dancing. It was a heart-breaking failure. Everyone tried to save it. A party that needs to be saved is already hopeless. The more everyone tried the worse it was, until the lovely, dark-eyed little matron who chaperoned it was on the verge of tears, the girls were divided between sulks and hysterics and the men wondered vaguely what was wrong. It was inevitable. The fluids were perverse.

In the first place, the guest of honor flatly declined the rôle of Cinderella. She was not in the least grateful. The little matron on receiving her said: "We've tried so long to get you."

What could be more innocent.

She replied "Oh!" with ascending accent.

The wreck began there. The matron's tone and manner revealed to her the light in which she was regarded. She was an object of curiosity and a subject of commiseration. One figure she hated as much as the other. To be pitied—particularly that—was intolerable. She was stung with chagrin and humiliation. It was nobody's fault—at least, no more theirs than her own. She might have known it would be so; she had placed herself in this situation. None the less—or perhaps all the more for that reason—she could not help behaving in that way which is meant when one says she took it out of them. She took it out of her own sex, of course. Her power to do that was extraordinary.

The matron did not know what next to say. That was generally the trouble. None of the women knew how to talk to her. There was nothing in common to talk

about, except the circumstances, and these could not be mentioned. At the slightest reference to them she coldly cut the conversation.

"If she couldn't get into the spirit of it why did she come at all?" one girl asked another.

"That's easy to see, I should think," the other said.

What was easy to see was that she was too good-looking. No other girl was anywhere near so attractive to the male principle. That was why she could carry off a reckless part. She became more heedless and dangerous about it as the psychic tension increased. She did not care in the least what happened.

It was nothing she did, nothing you could isolate as an example and criticize. Her behavior was basically naïve. It was what she was. It was what she had been for thousands of threaded years. It was life at a pitch of intensity, life of a certain quality, looking out of her eyes, seeking itself.

"Don't you see what she is doing?" asked a feline girl, speaking to John in the dance.

"No," he said; "I don't see what she is doing. I see only that you are treating her badly. I suppose it can't be helped."

"She's having a very good time, all the same," the girl retorted.

Most of the young men felt as John did and took pains to keep her supplied with attention. She received it not ungraciously, but lightly, with an amused and cynical smile. She seemed to be saying to herself, "All grapes are a little sour."

The party was rapidly approaching a state of distress when a call for Mr. Breakspeare was handed in from the office. He went out. A feeling of suspense went all around. It seemed only at that moment to have occurred to anyone that there might reasonably be some sort of sequel. John returned in ten minutes, claimed his partner and entered the dance as if nothing had happened. But there was an uneasy look on his face.

When the dance was over he went about looking for someone. Then he began to ask. No one had seen her go. She had taken no leave. She had simply vanished.

When the fact was definitely established John excused himself and went in pursuit. He hoped to overtake her on the road home, supposing, as was true, that she had scented trouble and wished to meet it alone. That much of her character he already understood. His anxiety was real.

The man who had called for him at the inn was no other than his corrupted gardener. And what he had come to say was that whoever brought the young lady home had better wear armor and carry something in his hand. He would do much better not to bring her at all. For Enoch Gib, in waiting with a blunderbuss, yearned to abate his existence.

"An' he is after findin' out who be takin' th' young lady away," the news bringer said at the end of his tidings.

All that had happened might have been foreseen if anyone had been thinking of consequences. When the jailer woman discovered that Agnes was gone the first thing she did was to go to her room and search it. She found John's notes—all of them. As the whole exhibit made too strong a case against her jailership she destroyed all but the last two. These, which referred only to the surreptitious meetings at the boxwood, she took to Enoch, saying she was sure from certain other evidence that it was not an elopement but an escapade. Agnes would return before daylight.

The result upon Enoch may be imagined. This was Aaron again—the same Aaron who stole Esther away from him. That terrible wound fell wide open. The pain of it wrecked his mind. It would have killed him, perhaps, but for the solacing thought that revenge was near.

So John pursued Agnes, Agnes was lost, and Enoch waited with death in his heart.

XVII

AGNES expected to be followed. Instead of going directly home she made a wide detour, skirting the town, and ascended the west hill obliquely by a path the mill workers used. Nobody would think to look for her there. She meant to enter the grounds by the main gate, defiantly, but she would take her time. As for the consequences—well, the worse the better. Any change would be welcome.

What made the feud with her father unendurable was its monotony. She had meant to fight it out with him alone to the end, with no outside help or interference. That was the true impulse of her nature. But it had begun to be like fighting it out with some colossal stone image. What terrified her was nothing he did or could do, but the sheer glacial mass of his hostility. No, not hostility; it was something else. It was a kind of malevolent indifference.

The feud was about nothing. It rested on their mutual obstinacy. A word would deliver her. That word she could not utter, or would not, which is all the same matter. At school she had been one of ten girls suspected of having taken part in a frolic much more exciting than wicked, yet deserving the extreme penalty. The nine denied it. When she was asked she said yes, she had done it. When they asked who the others were she refused to tell. They disciplined her. Still she refused. They offered her immunity if she would tell. She refused all the more. They sent for her father. He rashly said he would make her tell, and walked head-on into an impassable wall. After an hour alone with her in the reception room he marched her off, just as she was, saying as he crossed the threshold that her things were to be sent after her. Defiance was something he knew little about. Disobedience he could not comprehend at all. All the way home he pondered it.

"I understand why you refuse to tell on the others," he said. "Now I waive that. You do not have to tell on them. But you shall tell me you are sorry."

She wouldn't. She would say she was wrong; she had broken rules. But she would not say she was sorry, for the reason that she wasn't. This she explained. That made no difference.

"You shall tell me you are sorry," he said.

She refused.

"You will," he said. "When you do you may have your liberty again."

With that he banished her beyond the white line that had divided the household in her infancy, set a woman to be her keeper, and then apparently forgot her. She sometimes saw him at a distance. He never looked at her.

The girls on whom she would not tell sent her a beautiful present. She sent it back. That was the last of her contacts with the outside world. Her mail was cut off. No one was permitted to see her. More than a year had passed in this way. Once she sent word she wished him to see her. He answered that if she was sorry she might come. That ended her overtures. Fighting it out with him apparently meant living it out, as her mother did, and that for her was grotesque. Besides, in that kind of contest he had the advantage of age. Age has all the time there is. Youth has neither past nor future, only the present. The situation was impossible. It could not go on. Yet she had found no clear way out. She was too proud to seek refuge with anyone she knew. Moreover, she was a minor with no rights of her own. And as for casting herself free upon the wide world—well, she had not yet come to that desperate thought.

As she ascended the hill a mood that had been rising in her for several days became suddenly intense and exulting. It made her short of breath. The excitement of breaking bounds, of going to the party, of what she did there, now a feeling of utter contempt for all the human values it represented, an emotion of trampling upon her adversaries, among whom to her surprise was, foremostly, John, a sense of unknown power, particularly that voluptuous unconcern with consequences—all these different actions and reactions were as one effect. The cause was the mood. She recognized it. She knew about how long it should last. But never before had it been so tormenting. Never had she let it possess her entirely. Surrendering to it was like a physical experience, fearful and sweet.

She sat on a stone at the edge of the path on the lower side, with a wide view of the valley, and gave herself up to ecstasy. She was attuned to wonder and understood it. The hymn of night bewitched her. Becoming sumptuous, her thoughts touched objects and subjects alike and returned to her charged with sensation. In the vastness of space, in one's impulse toward it, in the thrust of the church spire through the black panoramic foliage, in the tearing way the moon sliced her path through the clouds, in the shapes of the clouds, in convexity, concavity, temptation and selfness, in hereness and thereness, in all that one saw and felt there was one meaning—and she almost knew what it was. But the thought that

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GLENN HUNTER in "SECOND FIDDLE"

Written and directed by FRANK TUTTLE. Photographed and supervised by FRED WALLER JR.

A TUTTLE-WALLER PRODUCTION

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For Jim had ideas and aspirations and dreams all his own, and when that moment of supreme test came in his life, all his big brother's polish, all his erudition, all his snobbery came clattering down about his ears in one tangle of shattered pretense.

Go see it, wherever it is playing. Better still, tell your local theatre manager that he ought to show "Second Fiddle" in the interests of *good* pictures.

NOTE:

Mass production is the cause of poor pictures. The really big picture is individualized, conceived and separately worked out. The Film Guild has announced two forthcoming pictures—both big enough to loom large in screen history:

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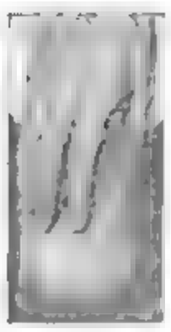

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excited her to suffocation was the thought of all that had not yet happened to her in that same one meaning. The rest of her - the most of her, in fact was out there in the void. It was everything that had not happened. It might be anything. Whatever it was she embraced it, accepted it unreservedly, consented to it beforehand for the thrill of consenting.

For the first time in her existence she felt knowingly the passion of youth to pierce itself with life.

XVIII

THERE came a sound of footsteps on the path, that plunging sound of muffled resonance men make in iron-studded rawhide footgear, with also in this case a swishing minor note from the play of the ankle aprons worn by the mill workers. Agnes had never heard any sound like it. Not until two men met and passed in the path, so close that she could smell them, did she quite make out what it was; and by that time her heart was making more noise than the men's feet. They did not see her. They passed without speaking to each other, which was strange for mill workers; but when they had walked maybe twenty paces in opposite directions one cast a taunt backward over his shoulder. What it was Agnes could not tell. The other answered it. Both of them stopped. Then she heard them slowly returning.

They met again at the same spot where they had passed and stood there looking at each other warily, suspiciously and a little askew, their eyes rolling in the moonlight. She could see them distinctly, for they were very close, yet as it happened she herself was so concealed that the men, though they might have touched her, did not see her.

One had a very pleasing aspect. He was tall and vibrant with a fine profile and no bristles. That was Alexander Thane, the magnificent puddler. The other was of lower stature, but much heavier, massive, in the form of a wedge, with a width at the top across the shoulders that was almost a deformity. He was neckless. His head started from between his shoulders like a gargoyle's. Coarse black hair grew all over him. His mustache was like a worn brush. His eyes were wide apart, set very high, denoting enormous animal vitality.

It was he who had cast back the taunt; and it was he with his chin thrust out who spoke first when they met again and stood facing each other in that singular way. He was a Cornishman. What he said Agnes could not understand. Thane answered him in words which, though she knew them as words, most of them, imparted to her mind no sense whatever. Still she got the drift of what they were saying, for they said a good deal of it in a universal language more gleaming and subtle than the language of words. She got it from their tones and gestures and what radiated from their eyes. And it was the drift of what men have been saying to each other from the beginning.

First it was: "Which of us can kill the other?"

After a very long time, millions of years maybe, it became: "Which of us could kill the other?"

The leap from can to could placed an abyss between man and animals. No creature but man exists on this side. The animals still say can. Man alone says could. It was the beginning of civilization. And all that we have done since has been to elaborate the ways of could, ways to conquer without killing, and to evolve the sporting code in which the potentials of could are standardized. According to that code one may acknowledge that another could have killed him without losing one's life, one's self-esteem or one's social caste.

These two, Thane and the Cornishman, had been egged by their fellows into a state of intense rivalry. They were the most powerful men in the mill. Each in his daily work easily performed feats of strength beyond the power of others, but with this difference, that while Thane exerted himself only now and then for the mere feeling of it and the sooner when no one was watching, the Cornishman exhibited his superiority continuously because his vanity required it, and set a killing pace for the men of his crew. He was brutal and laughed exultingly if one of them dropped.

There was much debate as to which was the better man. A majority inclined to the Cornishman for that he was always and instantly ready to try it out, whereas Thane put every challenge aside, not as if he were afraid but with an air of distaste.

"I'm making no show of myself," he said. "Show be damned," the eggers said. "The man is braggin' he can do you. Ain't that a show?"

No use. Thane could not be goaded into a public match. Many misunderstood it. The Cornishman particularly was misled. He got the notion that Thane was afraid of him, and so he became arrogant and offensive. This is what had been going on for some time. It was what was going on now in the path, to the great wonder of a special, fascinated audience of one.

The Cornishman, jutting his chin piece farther and farther out, did the boasting. Thane answered him with contemptuous looks and now and then a derisive word. Suddenly they brought it to a head. As with one impulse, they walked a little apart, put down their dinner baskets, threw off their caps and slipped out of their shirts. This seemed all one movement. Then, facing at the same instant, they drew slowly together. Their bodies, nude to the middle, were crouched in a manner that gave Agnes a new and terrific sensation of the human form, especially of its destructive power. Each had his left arm upraised and bent, as if to guard his face and head, and in their eyes the lust of combat glistened.

Agnes was transfixed with horror and at the same time thrilled as she had never been thrilled in her life before. No excitement she had ever imagined, waking or dreaming, was remotely comparable to this. She perhaps could not have run if she had tried; but she would not have tried if she had thought of it. She thought of nothing. She sat perfectly still, her mouth hard set, her hands clenched, a look in her eyes she would not have believed in her own mirror.

The fighters seemed to pursue each other slowly in a small circle, eye to eye, sparring a little, and Agnes gasped with delight. They moved with the fluid ease and unconscious grace of leopards, and gave the same impression of tense coiled strength. She had not the faintest idea hitherto that the man thing could be like this.

Then, so swiftly that she did not see it, the first clean blow went in with the sound of a butcher's cleaver falling on the block. The effect of that sound upon Agnes was tremendous. She felt a swooning of worlds in the pit of her stomach. Solids were fluid. Her moorings gave way. Nothing in her experience of men had prepared her for the possibility of this. She had seen below the surface. The surface would never be the same again. What an awful sound! She felt she could not bear to hear it again; yet she listened for it breathlessly, frantically.

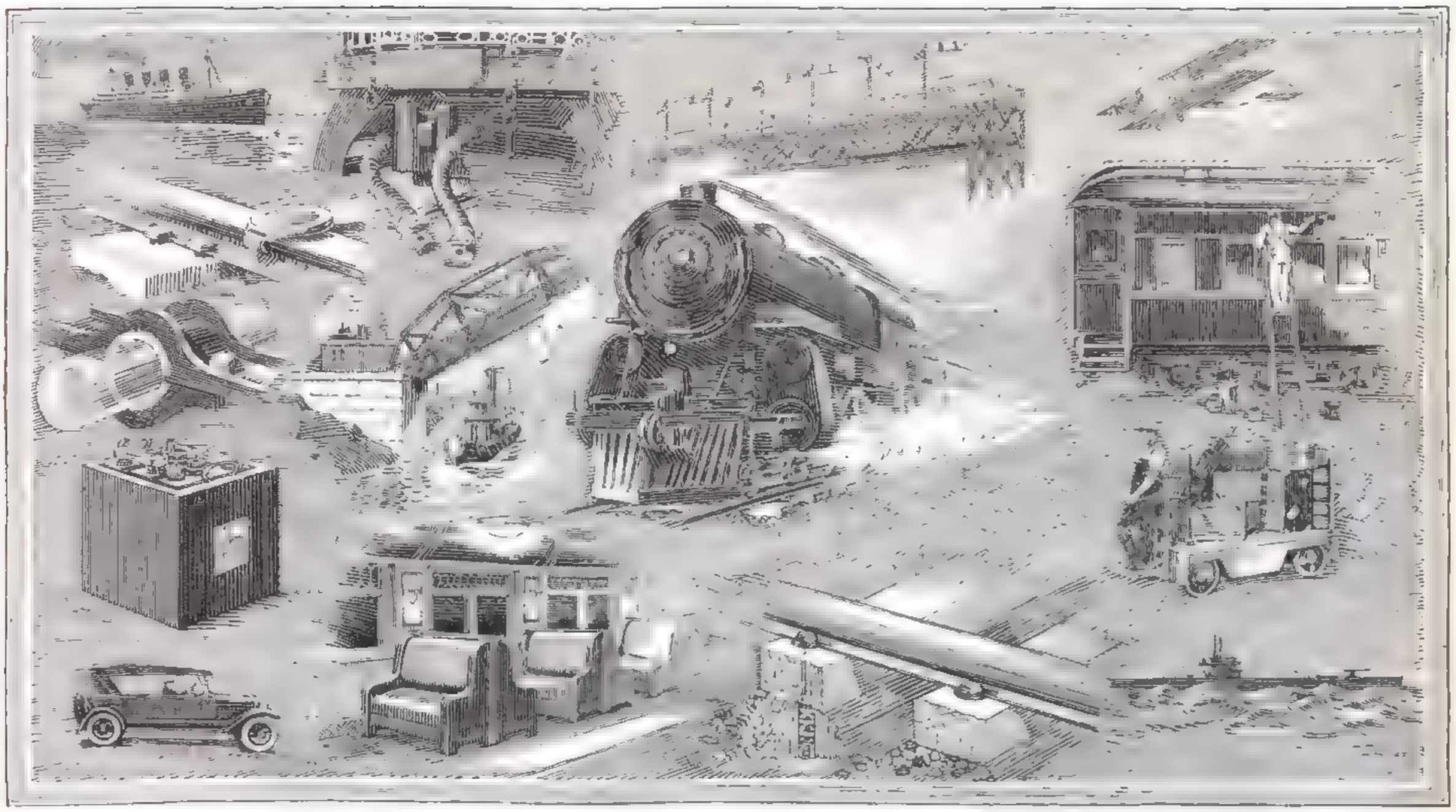
She saw blood on the tall one's face. That did not make her sick, it made her violently partisan. She had been so all the time without knowing it. Thought of the heavy brute winning was intolerable. She could not see his face distinctly, for he crouched much lower than his antagonist and looked out from under his shaggy eyebrows, thus presenting the top of his head. When by accident, however, his face did come into full view she was relieved to see that he was bleeding freely. The tall one, in fact, was not bleeding at all. It was the other's blood transferred to him. And then, as she saw how it was really going, she beat her knees with her fists and could hardly restrain the impulse to cry out.

The Cornishman was Thane's equal in strength and vitality and forced the fighting at first with ferocious onsets. But he was as a bull against a tiger. His blows, falling short or going wild, landed always where his enemy precisely was not. Thane, doing it thoughtfully, planted his blows unerringly. He let the Cornishman come to him so long as he would and simply cut him to pieces, keeping some of himself all the time in reserve.

The end came in that instant when Thane really exerted himself. The Cornishman changed his tactics. He stopped lunging, stood on the defensive, and waited for Thane to come to him. In this attitude it happened that the Cornishman's back was to Agnes. Therefore, she had a fair full view of Thane as he came toward the Cornishman. The cool, easy purposefulness of him agitated her in a most extraordinary way. She knew he had won.

He walked straight into the Cornishman's guard and without any feint or pass he did two things at once with such amazing swiftness that the eye could not follow. With his left hand he put aside the Cornishman's defending arm and with his right he hit him, on the point of his offensive chin, a blow the sound of which was like the

(Continued on Page 117)



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The most familiar use of lead

Another use of lead by railroads is as paint. Red-lead, an oxide of lead, makes a paint that protects iron and steel equipment against the attacks of rust.

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(Continued from Page 114)

snapping of a great tree trunk on the knee of a windstorm.

For an instant nothing happened, except that Thane folded his arms and stood looking seriously at the Cornishman. Then the Cornishman's arms fell, his form swayed, and he began to go around in a circle, faster and faster, as if one leg at each step became shorter and was letting him down in spite of his efforts to overtake his balance. He was going to fall. Where? The battle had taken place all at one side of the path where a level space was. From the other side of the path, where Agnes was, the ground pitched off. The stone on which she sat was two feet below the level. The grass concealed her head.

The spinning Cornishman was almost in the path, directly above her. It seemed probable that he would fall in a heap, pitching forward. It was incredible that he should catch himself up. Yet he did it with a mighty effort, stopped spinning, stood upright for a moment, then unexpectedly toppled over the edge of the path and fell with all his weight upon Agnes. She screamed and tried to parry the awful mass. It bore her under and she rolled with it a little distance down the hillside. Before she was free of it she saw above her the face of Thane, white and scared.

He picked her up, all of her, bodily, as if she were a doll, carried her back to the path, and stood her on end experimentally.

"Hurt?"

"No," she said, grimacing with pain.

"You are," he said. "Let's see you stand up."

He let go of her and she began to go over.

"My ankle," she said. "It got a little twist. Let me sit down."

Having lowered her gently to a sitting posture he got down on his knees and regarded her anxiously.

"That all? Jus' the ankle?"

"I'll be all right in a minute or two," she said.

Pointing toward the vanquished hump she inquired: "What about him?"

"That?" he said. "Don't worry. It ain't dead. It'll come to after a bit."

Her breath was in her throat and her mind was filled with after images of the event. She was still outside herself with excitement.

"I was on your side," she said naïvely. Some secret thought then touched her and she doubled up with a tickled sound. Her suppressed feelings were exploding.

Thane at that moment realized that she had witnessed the fight. Next he became painfully conscious of himself. He felt a burning sensation from his middle to the roots of his hair; and as he rose and went looking in the grass for his shirt his movements were awkward, almost clumsy. Having found his shirt he walked a long way off to put it on. When he returned he had the Cornishman's shirt. That hulk of vanity was beginning to stir as from a deep sleep. Thane helped him to his feet, set him in the path with his face averted, put the garment in his hands and earnestly desired him to disappear.

Then he stood looking down at Agnes. A moment before they had been as free and natural as children. Now they were false, self-embarrassed.

"How is it now?" he asked.

"Better," she said.

Silence.

"Maybe you could rub it."

"It's getting all right," she said.

More silence.

"My name is Alexander."

"My name is Agnes," she replied.

Silence again.

"Agnes what?"

"Gib," she said.

"You old Enoch's girl?" he asked.

She did not answer.

"Was you cuttin' it?" he asked.

"Was I what?"

"Givin' 'im the slip?"

"I'm on my way home," she said. "Please don't bother any more about me. I'm quite all right now."

Her manner had changed. Her tone was formal and dismissive. Thane moved away from her, uncertain what to do, looked about in the grass for his lunch basket, found it, stood for some minutes twirling it in his hands, and slowly came back.

"Better had let me take you home."

"Thank you," she said. "I know my way home."

"It ain't no place for you out here. Them from the mill is all right, but these new miners—they go backwards and forwards singing and fighting. They'd scare you most to death or worse."

She was looking off into the valley and made no reply.

"Better had let me take you home."

"Please," she said, "I don't wish to be taken home."

"Ain't you got to get home?"

To this her only answer was an exasperated shrug of the shoulders. All he could see of her was the expression of her back, and it was so unfriendly that it took everything out of him but the doggedness. He waited until it was evident she did not mean to speak again. Then he walked about in a fumble of perplexity and at length threw himself on the grass and comfortably lighted his pipe.

After a while she spoke without turning.

"Are you there for the night?"

"Jus' gonta stick it out," he said. "Can't leave you here like a crippled bird."

She Did Not for an Instant Look Jeeingly at the Spot Her Mind Was Focused On

Agnes was secretly entertained. She had also a feeling of being wonderfully safe. Yet the absurdity of her predicament filled her with chagrin. She hated to be helpless.

"I can walk," she said to herself. "I will."

She got up, took one step bravely and came down again with an involuntary cry of pain.

At that Thane rose with a fixed intention, knocked his pipe clean on his heel, dropped it in his pocket and came toward her, hitching at his belt. She knew intuitively what he meant to do and felt herself for an instant in the place of the Cornishman as he stood waiting for Thane to come and finish him. He did not speak. Leaning over, he picked her off the ground and settled her high in his arms.

First she was furiously angry. Her thoughts were: "How dare you! Put me down instantly." The words did not come. She noticed how lightly he carried her, almost as if he were not touching her, and how easily he walked. She was helpless. If she resisted he would only hold her differently and go steadily on. She could scream or struggle. To scream would be childish. She had not the least inclination to scream. And to struggle would be futile. So she took refuge in passivity. Then sensations began to assail her.

She was suddenly afraid. Fear was an emotion she seldom experienced. Never had she been afraid like this. What she was afraid of she did not know. She was not sure it was fear. It was more like the thrill one gets in a high swing from the thought, "What if the rope should break!" or in the phantasy of taking the place of the animal trainer, from the thought, "What if the lion should turn!" She remembered not the words but the sense of a line of Greek poetry about maidens swooning from fear of finding that which not to find would grieve them unto death.

She was still herself, Agnes, furiously angry at being carried without her consent. At the same time she was not Agnes. The Agnes she knew was but a name and a memory. She herself, now existing originally, was someone whose only desire was to be carried further, faster, higher, off the edge of the world. She breathed deeply.

Seeing that he should carry her more easily if her weight were somewhat distributed by her own effort she put an arm around his neck. It tightened there as she suspended her weight to relieve his arms. Then came an instant in which she was amazed at the impulse, which she restrained, to fasten the other arm about his neck. In the rough places he began to hold her a little closer each time and not to relax when it was smooth again. She was not aware of it. Her nearness intoxicated Thane. Sometimes he lost the path and stumbled. That she did not notice. She listened to his breathing, counted it against her own, and felt the rhythmic rise and fall of his powerful chest. At a point where they turned out of the path through a piece of high grass to enter the highway both of them as it were came awake.

"Put me down, please," she said in a low voice, hardly above a whisper, a voice she did not know.

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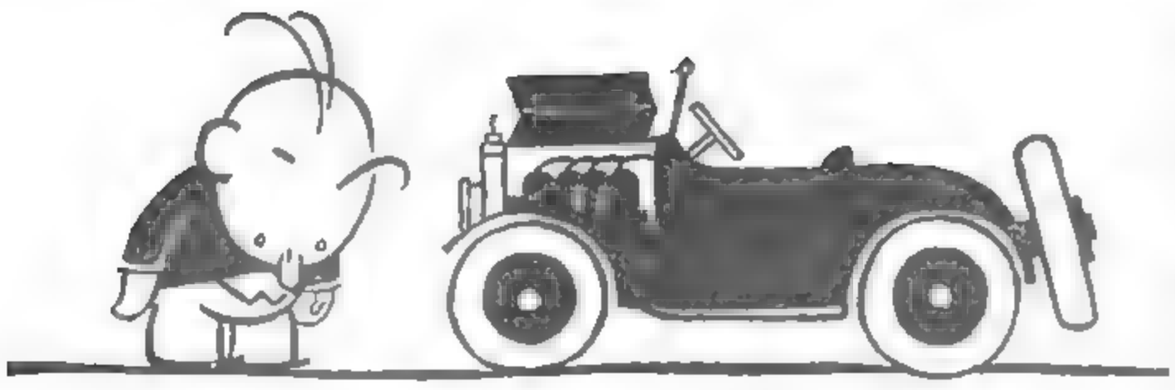

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He apparently did not hear her. They came to the great iron gate.

"Put me down," she said again.

Still he seemed not to hear. With his foot he rattled the gate, calling in a loud, uncontrolled voice, the voice of a man in danger. "Hey! Hey!" He was trembling all over.

Three times he rattled the gate and called. Twice he was answered only by the reverberations of his own clamor, which shocked the stillness of the night and left a vacant ringing in the ears. In the grass the crickets sang. Far away a dog barked once and a cock woke up. Each could hear the beating of the other's heart.

What happened the third time was apparitional. Suddenly there was Enoch behind the gate, looking at them. He had been there all the time in the shadow of the wall. He held a lighted lantern. That also had been concealed. Slowly he raised the latch-bar and swung the gate ajar. Then he held the lantern high and gazed unbelievingly at Thane, who was the first to speak.

"Found her up there in the grass. Having a bit of a tiff, two of us, me and the Cornishman, and he fell on her when I knocked him out, and hurt her ankle. Hiding there so as nobody could see her. She couldn't walk, so I brought her home."

Agnes neither stirred nor spoke. In the light of the lantern her eyes gleamed with a trapped expression. Enoch did not look at her, not even on hearing that she was hurt, but continued to stare fixedly at his puddler, repeating after him: "In the grass."

"Don't you want her?" Thane asked.

At that Enoch lowered the lantern, swung the gate open and stood aside.

"Take her in," he said.

As the puddler passed, Enoch closed and barred the gate; he followed them up the driveway toward the mansion. The only sound was the crunching of the two men's feet on the gravel.

Then Enoch laughed. It was an abominable sound, denoting a cruel conclusion in his mind. Agnes shuddered. Her hold around the puddler's neck involuntarily tightened. So did his hold of her. Thus a subtle sign passed between them. Neither one spoke.

At the entrance Enoch overtook them, opened the door and walked ahead. There were no servants in sight. In this household servants appeared when summoned and never otherwise.

"In here," said Enoch, opening the hall door into the back parlor on the ground floor. This was his side of the house. The room was dimly lighted. The puddler put his burden down on a couch and turned to look at Enoch, who stood in the doorway.

"Stay here, both of you, until I return," he said. With that he closed the door and turned the key from the outside.

Thane in his mill clothes—iron-studded shoes, ankle aprons, trousers, shirt open to the middle of his chest, and cap—was bewildered and overcome with conscious awkwardness. He looked at things as if they might bark at him and stood with his weight on one leg, having no use for the other. It stuck out from him at a great distance, and terminated absurdly in a performing foot, rocking on its heel and wearing a place in the varnished surface of the floor.

Agnes, who had been straining her faculties to hear what might be taking place outside, became aware of his distress.

"Please sit down and listen," she said. "Over there"—pointing to an armchair.

They heard the jangling of bells, the opening and closing of doors, and presently a carriage went off in haste. It must have been waiting. There had not been time to harness a team. Then faintly they heard footsteps patrolling the hallway. They were Enoch's.

"I haven't any idea what I've got you into," said Agnes.

"Seems it ain't ready yet," he said, and smiled at her.

His smile was a revelation, swift and unexpected, like an event in a starlit sky. Agnes had not seen it before. It gave her a start of joy. She smiled back at him and then blushed. That made her angry. She was always angry at herself for blushing, because it gave her away. Her defense was to look at him steadily and that made him self-conscious again. She had discovered that when his thoughts were dynamically engaged, or when his mind was intended to action, instantly all awkwardness left him. Then he was graceful unawares, as children and animals are, never thinking of themselves. She could not bear to see him fidget.

"You don't seem to care," she said.

"He bears down hard on you, don't he—Enoch?" he asked.

"His nature is hard," she said.

"Maybe you was a-cuttin' it and here I brought you home. Ain't that so?"

"No," she said.

He came halfway across the room and regarded her earnestly.

"If that's it, it ain't too late now. I'll take you anywheres you want." As she did not answer, he added: "Jus' take and leave you there so's you need never see me again."

"Thank you," she said gently. "That wouldn't be nice, would it—never to see you again after that? No, I'm—what was it you said?—I'm sticking it out here."

He sat down again, disappointed.

"I must tell you what happened," she said. "I broke out and went to a party in town. That isn't allowed. I expected a scene when I got home. It might have been very disagreeable for the—for my escort, you know. So, having first run away to go to the party, I next ran away from the party and started home alone. You know the rest."

"Oh," said Thane thoughtfully.

A sudden constraint fell upon them. Their eyes did not meet again. They were sitting in silence, she in reverie, when a sound of commotion was heard in the hallway. The carriage had returned. Double footsteps approached. The door opened, admitting Enoch, and with him the Presbyterian minister, a clean, tame, oxlike man with a very large bald head, no eyebrows and round blue eyes. Enoch closed the door. Thane stood up. The minister looked first at him and then at Agnes. Her eyes were full of wonder, tinged with premonition. Enoch spoke:

"We found her in the grass. That's the man. Marry them."

The minister, regarding both of them at once in an oblique manner, began to nod his head up and down as if saying to himself: "Oh-ho! So this is what we find!"

Thane was slow to understand Enoch's words. He had the look of a man in the act of doubting his familiar senses. Agnes, very pale, lips slightly parted, nostrils distended, sitting very erect, turned her head slowly and gazed at her father. The muscles around her eyes were tense and drawn, her eyes were hard and partially closed, as if the sun were in them, and she looked at him so until his countenance fell. But not his wickedness.

"Marry them," he said.

Thane reacted suddenly. He cleared his throat, swallowed, glanced right and left, and stepped forward, tugging at his belt.

"You're supposing what ain't so!" he shouted at Enoch. "What do you mean by that about finding her in the grass? What does that mean? Me and the Cornishman was racketing up there in the path like I told you at the gate. He ain't all come to yet, so there's nobody can say as what happened but me and the girl. She hadn't ought to have seen it. That's correct. But there ain't no harm done—none as you could speak of. If you don't believe me ask her. You tell them," he said, turning to Agnes.

"My father is mad," she said.

Thane began to tell them what had passed on the path and became utterly incoherent. Despairing, he made a move toward Enoch. The minister raised his hand.

"What is your name?"

"Alexander Thane."

Enoch, who had been standing with his back to the door, opened it, reached around the jamb and drew it back holding a shotgun, the barrel of which he rested on his left arm.

"Marry them, I tell you." His voice was low. "Make it short."

Thane made another move toward him. The minister raised his hand again, a fat, white hand. It fascinated Thane and calmed him.

"Thane," said the minister, "do you take this woman to be your lawful wife?"

"Not as he says it. Not for that shooting thing as he's got there in his hand," said Thane. "Not unless the girl wants it," he added, as a disastrous and extremely complicated afterthought.

If he had flatly said no, the shape of the climax might have been different. There was no lack of courage. What stopped him was a romantic seizure.

(Continued on Page 120)

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(Continued from Page 118)

The minister turned to Agnes.

"Will you, Agnes, take this man Thane to be your husband?"

The die was then in her hands. Thane of course had not meant to pass it to her. He would gladly have retaken it if only he had known how to do so. The situation was beyond his resources. Moreover, the question—"Will you, Agnes, take this man Thane to be your husband?"—was so momentous to him that it deprived him of his wits and senses, save only the sense of hearing.

Emotions more dissimilar could scarcely be allotted to three men in a single scene, one of them mad, yet for a moment they were united by a feeling of awe and regarded her with one expression. The woman's courage surpasses the man's. This he afterward denies in his mind, saying the difference is that she lacks a sense of consequences.

Agnes was cool and contemplative, and in no haste to answer. She kept them waiting. They could not see her face. Her head was bent over. With one hand she plucked at the pattern of her dress and seemed to be counting. Then slowly she began to nod her head.

"Yes," she said distinctly, though in a very far voice, "I will."

"Stand up, please," said the minister.

Thane made his responses as one in a dream. Hers were firm and clear, and all the time she was looking at her father as she had looked at him first, with those tight little wrinkles around her eyes. So they were married.

"That's all," said Enoch to the minister curtly. "The carriage is at the door."

The minister bowed and vanished.

Enoch drew a piece of cardboard from his pocket and handed it to Thane. It was a blue ticket, the token of dismissal.

"Now go," he said, "and let me never see you again."

Agnes looked up at Thane.

"I can walk," she said, taking him by the arm. It was so. She could, with a slight limp. Enoch, seeing it, sneered. He watched them walk into the night and closed the door behind them.

At the gate Thane said: "But you can't," and started to pick her up.

"Don't," she said.

They had changed places. She was no longer afraid of him. He was afraid of her.

XIX

IN ALL this meantime John was seeking Agnes. First he went the high road to the mansion until he was sure she had not gone that way, for if she had he would soon have overtaken her. Turning back he began making inquiries and presently heard of someone, undoubtedly she, who had been seen walking wide of the town, past the mill, toward the mountain. Knowing the path and divining her intention, he walked in her footsteps.

The smell of Thane's pipe was still in the air when he arrived at the place where the fight had taken place. A thing of white in the grass drew his eye. He picked it up and got a bad start. It was a tiny handkerchief. By the light of a match he made out the initials A. G. embroidered in one corner. Looking further he found a scarf that he instantly recognized as belonging to Agnes. He had particularly noticed it on their way to the party. Now in a panic he began to examine the ground closely and discovered extensive evidence of a human struggle. Running up and down the path a short distance each way he came on the Cornishman's shirt a little to one side, where the groggy owner had tossed it away. To John's disgust it was slimy with something that came off on his hands; as this proved to be blood, his disgust gave way to horror.

Without actually formulating the thought, because it was too dreadful to be true, he acted under the tyranny of a fixed idea, which was that Agnes had met with a foul disaster. The possibility was real. Lately there had come to New Damascus a group of mill hands whose ways and morals were alien to the community. They were bestial drinkers and had been making a good deal of trouble.

In a state of frenzy he explored the mountain side, calling her name. Defeated in this, his panic still rising, it occurred to him to ask at the mill among the men who continually used the path. He found several who had been over it within an hour or so. Someone was missing, he told them. Something unknown had happened. Had they seen or heard anything unusual? They became individually contemplative, made him say it all over again, repeated it after him, thought very hard and shook their heads. Nobody had seen or heard the least thing strange. But somebody did, by a freak of intelligent association, remember the Cornishman. He was out there under the water tank, speechless and weeping, not caring whether Enoch saw him or not. Maybe something had happened to him.

John found him as indicated, with his face in his hands, water dripping on his naked back.

"What happened to you?" John asked, shaking him.

"Gotten m' damn head knocked off," he groaned, without moving. It was a refrain running through him. John's attack had made it only once audible.

"Up there in the path?"

He grunted.

"Who was it?"

Faintly, though very definitely, the Cornwall beauty expressed a passionate desire to be let alone.

"Was there a girl?" John asked.

"Huh!" said the hulk, instantly penetrated by the sound of that word.

John repeated the question.

The Cornishman stirred painfully, sat up, turned a stupidly grinning face and nodded—yes.

"Who took her away?" John asked, thumping the body to keep the mind afloat. "Tell me!" he said, shaking him by the hair. "Where did they go?" he asked kicking him in the shins.

But the Cornishman was either slyer or more stupefied than one could imagine. He relapsed. Nothing more could be got out of him.

There now was but one rational thing to do—report to Enoch, who would raise a general alarm.

From running hard with a load of anxiety John was almost spent when he arrived at the mansion gate. It was shut and barred the house was dark, and where he had expected to find alarm and commotion everything was strangely still. Foreboding assailed him. Thinking it might be quicker to open the gate than to climb the wall he put his hand through and began to fumble with the latch bar inside. He was so intent upon the effort that a certain indefinable sense one may have of another's invisible proximity failed to warn him of Enoch's presence.

There was a swift, noiseless movement in the darkness beyond and a hand clutched him powerfully by the wrist.

The physical disadvantage of his position made him almost helpless. Over the vertical bars of the gate ran a pattern of wrought-iron ornamentation in the form of vine and leaves; the interstices were irregular, with sharp edges. It was impossible to use his free arm defensively because there was no other opening through which he could reach in far enough. Besides, if he resisted, Enoch could instantly snap the bones of his trapped arm. He was utterly bewildered by the circumstances. Enoch's gesture was menacing, even terrifying in its sinister precision, and yet John could scarcely imagine his intentions were destructive. So he submitted his arm passively to the old man's dangerous grip and spoke.

"It is I," he said. His voice betrayed his spirit, which was at the verge of panic. Enoch did not speak. His hold tightened. "I was trying to let myself in to save time," said John. "Agnes is lost—that is, I can't find her. I was coming to tell you." Enoch still did not speak. "Perhaps she is home," said John. "Have you seen her? If you haven't I'm afraid something has happened to her."

The old man's continued silence was unnatural and ominous. Slowly, purposefully, he drew John's arm farther in, to almost the elbow; it came to him unresistingly and bare, the cuffs of the coat and shirt having caught on the vine work outside. Then he began to explore it upward from the wrist, feeling through the flesh for the edges of the radius and ulna bones, passing them an inch at a time between his thumb and forefinger as if searching for something he feared to find. John's arm had once been broken in a football game at school. There was a perceptible ridge in the radius bone at the point of fracture. On this ridge Enoch's fingers stopped, lost their strength and began to tremble. At the same time the grip of his other hand around John's wrist began to relax in a slow, involuntary manner.

"Aaron!" he whispered awesomely.

The next instant John's arm was free and there was the sound of a body falling on the gravel inside the gate.

Now John scaled the wall. He stopped to make sure Enoch was breathing and to ease his form on the ground; then he ran to the mansion. His furious alarm brought a stolid dark woman to the door, holding a small oil light over her head.

"Is Miss Gib at home?" he asked.

The woman shook her head.

"Does anyone know where she is?"

In a still duller manner the woman shook her head again.

"Mr. Gib has fallen at the front gate," said John. "Go to him at once and send someone for the doctor."

The woman put the lamp down on the floor where she stood and started alone down the driveway, running.

"Call the servants," said John. "You may have to carry him in."

But she went on faster. He followed her Before he could overtake her she met Enoch. He could see them both clearly in the light streaming from the doorway. The woman looked at Enoch anxiously and made as if to touch him solicitously. He did not exactly ignore her; he seemed not to see her at all, and walked steadily on. John turned out of the light and passed unobserved in the darkness. Then he ran headlong off the grounds, feeling at each step that his knees would let him down.

His emotional state was almost unmanageable. The episode with Enoch at the gate had been not only very mysterious, but fraught with some ghastly inner meaning to which he had no clew whatever. He knew nothing of Enoch's obsession that he, John, was Aaron reincarnated. He had never heard of that boyhood contest in which Enoch broke Aaron's arm. Therefore he could not know what it meant in Enoch's troubled brain to find in the arm of Aaron's son the scar of a similar fracture at almost precisely the corresponding place. To him it was the same scar, the same place, the same arm. It was the last thing needed to confirm his hallucination, and the discovery had momentarily overwhelmed his senses. In that instant he had called John by his father's name—Aaron!

What did it mean? Intuitively John knew that here was the key to the riddle. But he could not apply it. He could see that in taking Esther, his mother, away from Enoch, who must have loved her, his father had brought upon himself Enoch's undying hatred. He could understand how such hatred might naturally be transferred to the son. Only in that case, how could he explain the fact that until now Enoch's attitude toward him had been friendly or indifferent?

So his thoughts were running in this perplexed and absent manner when suddenly a very urgent question burst through: "What of Agnes?"

She was not at home. He could think of no way to find her unassisted. He knew not where to look next and time was pressing. It was necessary to raise a wide alarm and organize a search. But he had no authority to act. It was her father's business to take such steps. Now recalling what he had said to Enoch through the gate about Agnes he realized that it was absurdly inadequate. He had not at all communicated his fears concerning her. Therefore, though the thought of another encounter with Enoch made him shudder, he would have to go back.

On this decision he came to a sudden stop and was surprised to see how far he had come unawares and that he was not on the highway. When or how he had left it he did not remember.

"I must have come fast," he thought.

He was halfway back to New Damascus, not far from the mill, in a road that further on became a street running into sooty locust trees, cinder sidewalks, rows of company houses and a stale historic smell of fried food. Turning in his tracks he was making back when his name was called from the side of the road by a voice he instantly knew.

"Thane!" he said, going toward him. "I need you. Please go—Oh, I'm sorry! I thought you were alone."

He veered off at seeing the figure of a woman behind Thane, leaning on the fence, her face averted. But Thane, coming forward, caught him by the arm, saying anxiously:

"I need your advice is why I called you."

"Hold it, whatever it is, Thane," John answered. "I can't stop now. I just can't." He was pulling away.

"Won't hold," said Thane.

"It must," said John. "I can't stop. I'm sorry." He liked Thane and was loath to leave him in a lurch. "Go to the hotel and wait for me there," he said, pushing him off. "I'll be back as soon as I can."

With that he was going when the woman spoke.

"Are you looking for me?"

"Agnes!" said John to himself, as a declaration of preposterous fact.

He wheeled around and stood stone still. One instant before he had been delirious with anxiety to hear her voice. Yet to the sound of it, so collected and sure, his emotional reaction was one of fierce anger. There was also a desolate world-wide sense of loss. Why he was angry or what was lost he could not have said in words. These feelings referred to her. Toward Thane there was a thought that seemed to rise behind him with purpose and power of its own; and he braced his back against it.

"I've been looking everywhere for you," he said, approaching her. "I found these." He held out the handkerchief and scarf. She took them. "Then I went to the mansion, and ——" There he stopped.

"Yes. What did you learn there?" she asked.

His anger kept rising. How could she be so suave about it? He had actually the impulse to set hands upon her roughly and demand to know what she had been doing, how she came to be here alone on a dark road with an iron puddler, and how she could pretend to be so unembarrassed.

"Nothing," he said. "It had just this instant occurred to me to go back and try again. I was in a beastly fume about you."

"And seem to be still," she said, in a way to put him in mind of the high tone he had been using.

"For reasons that might seem rather obvious," he retorted. "It is to be imagined that I have some interest in seeing you safely home. May I take you on from here?"

"Another one," Agnes murmured in a tone of soliloquy. "How repetitious!"

The thought touched off her feelings. They exploded in a burst of shrill, irrelevant laughter. John was scandalized. His rage was boundless. Yet at the same time his sense of responsibility increased. Abominable thoughts assailed him. He wondered if perhaps her father had not been right to keep her under restraint. He fervently wished he had never helped her to break out. A resolve to get her home by force if necessary was forming in his mind, when Thane spoke.

"They ain't no home," he said. "That's the trouble."

"What do you know about it?" John asked, blazing.

"Oughten I know somewhat about it seeing as she's my own wife?" said Thane with dismal veracity.

John, for an instant appalled, turned fiercely on Agnes.

"Now what have you done?" he asked She was so startled by his manner that she couldn't speak. "What have you done?" he demanded, now shaking her and with such authority that for a moment her spirit quailed. "Is it true? Are you married?"

"Yes," she said

"To a ——" He caught the word just in time, slowly let go of her and stepped back.

"Say it," she dared him. "To a—to a what? Go on, say it."

John's anger was gone. Other emotions had swallowed it up—sorrow, pity, remorse, that devastating sense of loss again more poignant than before in some new way, and above all a great yearning toward both of them.

"Where?" he asked, in a changed voice.

"In my father's house," said Agnes derisively. "What a pity you missed it!"

"But what happened?" asked John.

She answered weirdly, improvising silly words to a silly tune:

"What happened
"What happened
"What happened
"Here, Mildred?"

"That happened
"That happened
"That happened
"Sir," she said.

A horrified silence fell.

"Was it flat?" she asked. "I'm sorry. I know something to do. Let's each one tell the story of his life. Shall I begin?"

She began to sing again:

"What happened ——"

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"Please!" said John. "Please don't. You make my blood run cold."

"She's that way ever since," said Thane, with an air of sharing his misery.

"Then you tell me," said John.

"I carried her home," said Thane, now weary of telling it, "from where she got hurt whiles me and the Cornishman was knocking ourselves around in the path; and old Enoch got a wicked notion as I don't know what and sent for the preacher and we was married. Then he handed me the blue ticket and put us out of the house."

John turned to Agnes with a question on his tongue. She anticipated him and began to sing

"What happened——"

As he shuddered and turned away again she stopped.

"I was coming for my street clothes to where I live," continued Thane, "being as I was all that time in my puddling rig, and we got bogged here like you see us now. Nothing I say let's do will move her. And when I say all right, what does she want, she chanteys about me, making them up out of nothing."

"When they get like that," said John gray-beardedly, "you have to use force. You've got to pick them up."

"Can't work it," said Thane.

"Why not? Does she bite?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Can't work it," said Thane. "Not since," he added.

"The subject of this clinic is conscious," said Agnes pleasantly.

They paid no attention to her.

"You board, don't you? You were not intending to take her there?" said John.

"Only so as to get my clothes," said Thane.

"We can't do anything until you get your clothes," said John. "That's plain. I'll stay here with her while you go for them. But don't be long. Then maybe we can think of something to do."

Thane went off at once with a tremendous sigh of relief in the feeling of action. His feet made a cavernous tlump, tlump, tlump-ing on the hard dirt road. John, who stood regarding Agnes from the side of the road, was sure he saw her shudder. Then from the heedless tone with which she broke the silence he was sure he had been mistaken.

"It seems you know my husband," she said.

He was surprised that she had no difficulty with the word, though it must have been the first time she had ever used it in the possessive sense—and in such circumstances!

"Can't you think of anything feasible to do?" John asked.

"Do you like him?" she inquired.

"Because if you can't," said John, "I can. It's too much for Thane. That isn't fair."

He supposed she was thinking. To his disgust she began to sing softly, tunefully:

"Lovely maiden, tell me truly,
Is the ocean very wet?
If I meet you on the bottom
Will you never once——"

"Stop it!" He moved as if to menace her. She stopped and looked at him soberly.

"Is there nothing I can do to entertain you? I might recite. And you haven't answered my questions."

"You give me the horrors," he blurted. "No, no, I'm sorry. I'm unstrung, that's all. Please do be serious. We've got to think of what we shall do."

"Who are we?"

"I beg your pardon. You, then," he amended.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Agnes, do for——"

"Mrs. Thane, please."

"I don't expect you to be amiable," he said, "but please for one moment be reasonable."

"When they are like that you can't do anything with them," she said. "Really you can't. You will have to see my husband."

She had seated herself on a grassy bench with her back to the fence, her feet in the dry ditch, and was viciously jabbing the earth with a limber stick. She threw the stick from her, leaned back, folded her arms and tilted her chin at the sky, with an air of casting John out of existence. He had given up trying to talk and stood observing her in an overt manner. It was thus he saw how she looked at the moon, first vacantly without seeing it, then with a start as of recognition or recollection, and at length with an expression of such twisted, mocking wistfulness that he knew one shape of her heart and turned wretchedly away, almost wishing he had not seen.

For a long time she did not move. She seemed under a kind of spell. Thane found them so, in separate states of reverie. Neither heard his footsteps approaching.

"I was thinking why should I bother you like this," said Thane, "being as though we are friends in a way. If only it was so as I could touch something."

"Thane," said John slowly, "listen to what I am thinking. The skeins of our three lives have run together in a hard knot. Mine and that of Agnes were already twisted together in a very strange history. Yours got entangled by chance, heaven knows why! Fate does it. Nobody is to blame, but I am responsible."

"For us being married?" asked Thane.

"For that, yes. And for a great deal more. I am only beginning to see the meaning of things. By inheritance I am responsible for something my father and mother did to Enoch before I was born, for the fact that Agnes is his daughter and he is not my father, for the fact that he is mad. He has had his revenge on Aaron's son, greater than he knows. What that means I cannot tell you. I shall never say it again. But what I want you to see is that I cannot leave you to face the consequences alone. It is not a matter of friendship. You are married to Agnes. In a foster sense I am married to both of you."

His face was lighted from within. He spoke in the absent, anonymous manner of one undergoing a mystical experience. Something of his mood entered Thane. With one impulse they had struck hands and now stood looking deeply into each other's eyes.

"I don't know as I see what you mean," said Thane.

"No," said John, "you wouldn't. I've confused you, trying to get it all said at once. There is first the fact that we are friends. My feeling for you in that way has increased suddenly, I don't quite know why. And now, above that, is my sense of responsibility for what has happened. You must accept my view of that. It shall be understood that I have a right to stand by and that I may be trusted, absolutely trusted, whatever comes."

He groped and stopped and seemed to have gone to sleep with his eyes open.

Thane moved uneasily. John, returning to himself, started slightly and released Thane's hand. When he spoke his voice was altered.

"I can't make it come clear," he said. "I thought I could."

"I've looked my eyes out that way too," said Thane. "Let's take it as it is."

What John at first had so clear a vision of was an act of heroic self-denial. It thrilled him with a momentary ecstasy. That may be understood. Man is an emotional formation, subject to sudden passions, one of which is the passion of sacrifice. Blindly on the spot he rears an altar, lays the wood in order and looks to see what offering hath in a miraculous manner provided itself to be burnt. Lo, there stands the one thing most beloved in all the world! The Lord sometimes interferes, as for Isaac. Sometimes the victim saves itself. Then again the man draws back. He has not the heart to do it.

John drew back. To conclude the covenant with Thane meant forswearing Agnes in his heart forever. That was a vow he could neither bring himself to make nor trust himself to keep. And yet any secret reservation seemed treachery to Thane. So there he stood before this truth of contradiction and "looked his eyes out" at it. How came Thane to have a thought like that?

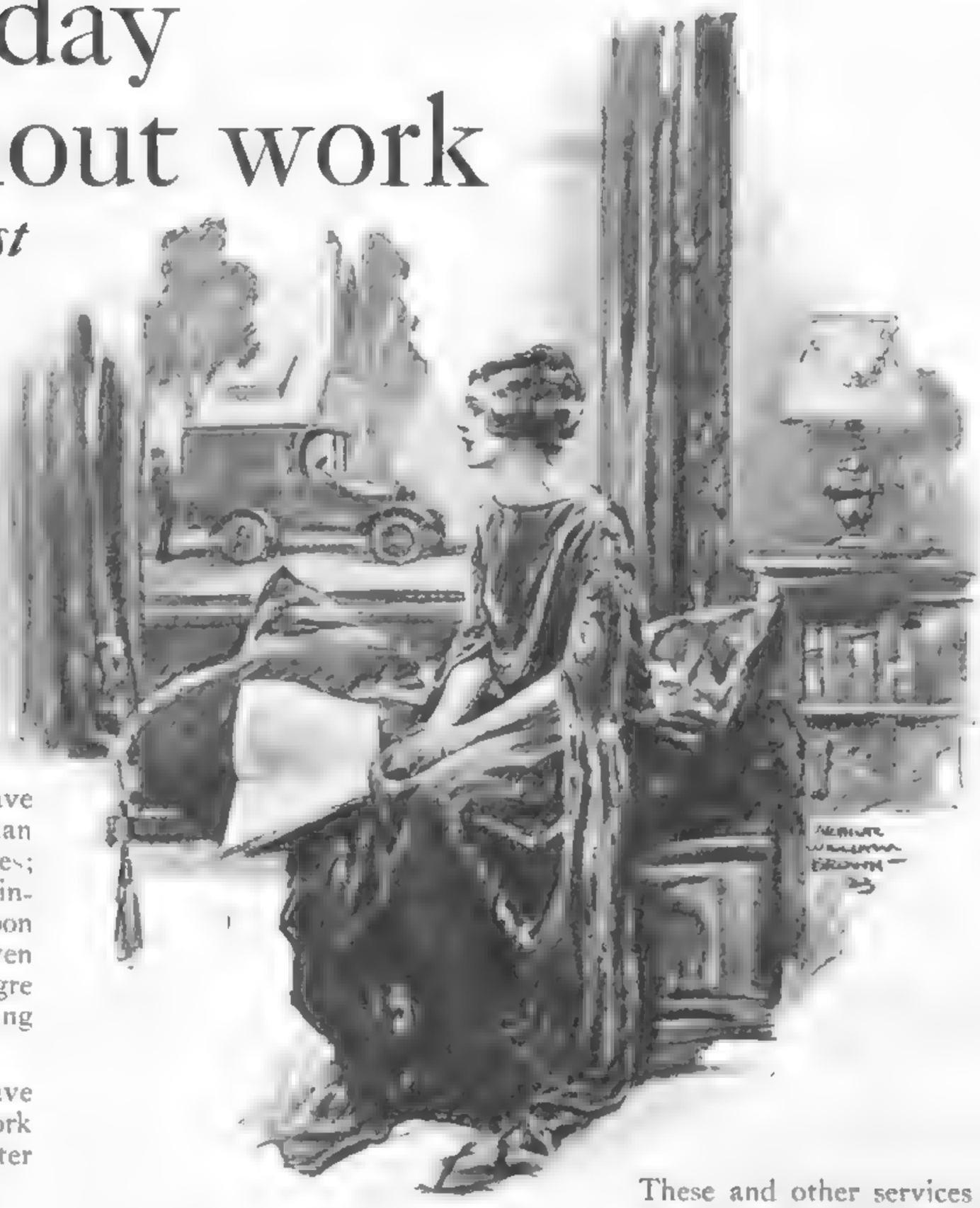
Agnes was observing them intently, in an attitude of thought, elbow on her knee, chin in her hand, eyes half closed. She was not thinking. She was verifying a kind of knowledge that underlies the mind. She knew why John faltered, why he lost his way toward what he meant to do, what that was, and why he dropped Thane's hand. She knew what it was of a sudden to become a woman and why a woman need never be afraid.

Far away in the sky of her immemorial self, so far that what she saw of it was but its heat's reflection, passed a flash of contempt for those tame, romantic vanities in

(Continued on Page 125)

A washday without work

at no greater cost to you



THE cost of washday at home—have you ever figured it as a business man might? Not merely as to fuel and supplies; or the laundress and her meals—but including your own time and the wear upon yourself? When you've done this—(even if you count your own labor at a meagre 25 cents an hour or less)—you will bring to light some illuminating facts.

Most of all you will find that you have actually been doing a great deal of work which you now can have done at no greater cost, *if you will send it to your laundry*.

Laundries can offer this help to you today because of the six improved standardized services listed here and others of equal excellence which the industry has developed. You can send all of your washing, or any part of it, and have it laundered in a way which will please you, at a moderate cost. You can step to the phone, call your laundry, and in a few minutes dispose of a whole week's washday work.

A few of these services you know. Others are distinctly new advances in modern laundering. Their names are Prim-Prest, Ho-mestic, Rough Dry, Float-Ironed, Thrif-T-service and Wet Wash. Some are all-ironed (but with distinction as pointed out below); Rough Dry and Thrif-T-service are partially ironed, while with Wet Wash your washing is returned moist to be further cared for at home.

These and other services which modern laundries are giving meet every conceivable washday need—and at prices that are really less than the cost of equivalent work done at home.

To convince yourself of this, select the service which most appeals to you—any one of the many excellent services which all modern laundries give. Then have a laundry representative call for your next washing.

Prim-Prest

A finer laundry service. Everything washed in [illegible] soft water and mild suds, everything beautifully ironed, ready to use or put away—a dainty service complete in every detail.

Ho-mestic

A most acceptable medium-priced ironed service. Flat work is tastefully ironed and folded. All wearing apparel is ironed, not but some of the moderate cost of these services [illegible] Many [illegible] wearing apparel at a slight additional cost.

Rough Dry

Everything washed. Articles like knit underwear, hosiery, bath towels, are fluffed dry, ready for use. Flat work is neatly ironed. Those pieces needing it are starched. Only the ironing of the lighter pieces is left to be done at home.

Float-Ironed

A low-priced ironed service. Everything washed. Flat work ironed. Wearing apparel ironed unstarched and 70 per cent finished. Articles like shirts, waists, and house dresses will require some re-ironing at home.

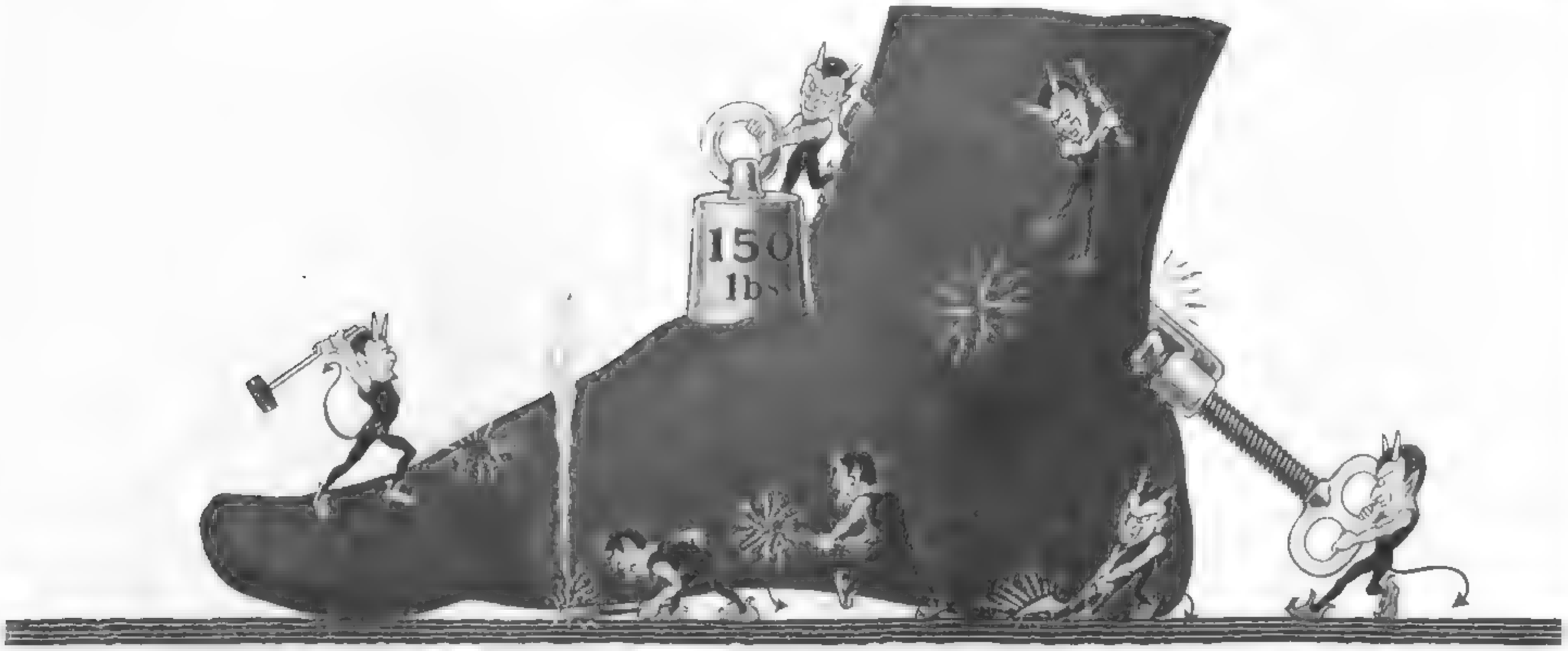
Thrif-T-service

Everything carefully washed and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed. All flat work is ironed. Other work is returned damp, ready for starching.

Wet Wash

Everything washed in mild suds and rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed and the bundle returned damp, sweet and clean, ready to iron or hang up to dry.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices*, CINCINNATI



Which Devil Is Bothering You?

You can have comfortable feet if you remove the cause of the trouble

Your feet were all right when you were born. Nature put every bone where it belongs, but you upset nature's plans. More than likely you wore shoes that didn't fit you. You crowded some of the bones of your feet out of place and have played the mischief with the architecture of your feet. The devils you created are torturing you.

Wizards will relieve you

There's just one way to get relief—help the crowded-out bones to get back where they belong. This can only be done by adjusting the foundations under your feet—just as you would shore up a leaning house. That is the principle by which Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders give such wonderful relief from callouses, weak or fallen arches, run-over heels and tired feet. They gently support in their normal position the bones which are causing you trouble.

Wizards cushion your feet

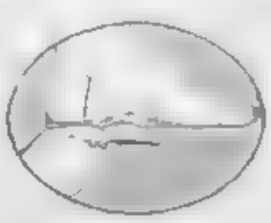
Don't confuse Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders with ordinary arch supports, for they contain no metal, and are designed to give a cushion support to any part of the foot needing it. Wizard Arch Builders are made of smooth, flexible leather so completely adjustable that you can form a cushion which will conform exactly to the normal shape of your foot. This cushion can be built up gradually, if desired. Your foot will rest upon it naturally and will function with freedom and grace. It is impossible to describe the comfort one immediately feels when properly fitted with Wizard Arch Builders.

Special shoes good but unnecessary

Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders will correct foot troubles in any shoe that fits properly. They do not show when worn and will not affect the trim appearance of the smartest shoe. The sensible shoes, often called corrective, are a good foundation for Wizard Arch Builders, but they cannot take the place of them. For callouses and leaning heels Wizards are necessary. For weak and fallen arches Wizard Arch Builders form a support that can be adjusted to conform to the individual arch. As arches even in feet of the same size vary greatly in height, length and shape, it is essential, if you want complete relief, to have the support under your foot exactly fit your own arch. No fixed or rigid arch, either separate or a part of the shoe, can possibly take the place of Wizard Arch Builders in this respect.

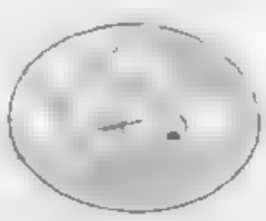
Where to get relief

Go to a shoe dealer where there is an expert who has studied the Wizard System. If you don't know of such a dealer, write us. We will send you our book, "Orthopraxy of the Feet," and a chart on which to make a diagram of your foot. This chart will locate your trouble and will enable us to direct you to immediate relief.



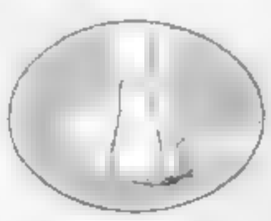
Relief for weak arches

Note how inserts in pockets permit building up arch any shape, height and position needed. No metal is used. The arch rests on a soft, flexible cushion.



For relieving callouses

Note the soft rubber inserts supporting the bone just back of the sore spot. This takes off the pressure and gives complete relief.



Correcting run-over heels

Note how the insert under the heel straightens ankle. This prevents twisting the foot structure, avoids serious trouble, and causes heels to wear evenly.

WIZARD LIGHTFOOT CO., 1629 LOCUST ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.:

Please send me your treatise on foot troubles and chart for purpose of locating my trouble.

Your Name _____

Address _____

Wizard LIGHTFOOT ARCH BUILDERS

(Continued from Page 122)

which now man sublimates the reckless impulses of his savage egoism. At that instant, too, as it were in the light of this archaic intuition, there stood upon her memory the figure of the Cornishman, and she was horribly ashamed.

Nevertheless, she continued to feel cynical about the emotional male principle. It bored her. There was one obvious thing to do; there was in fact only one thing possible to be done. But apparently neither Thane nor John was ever going to think of it or give her a chance to suggest it without boldly naming it. One might have thought they had forgotten her existence. They stood in the middle of the road, John with his back to her, Thane with his eyes in the heavens, sharing a vast man silence. She was at the core of that silence; she was all there was there. That did not interest her at all. She wished to be somewhere else.

She got up quietly and walked away from them, away from New Damascus, with a very bad list and limp. They overtook her in four or five steps, one on each side.

"What's this way now?" Thane asked.

No answer.

"She isn't fit to walk," said John. "Don't let her do it."

She looked at Thane; the gesture he was making toward her froze in the air.

"Take her as you would a nettle, firmly," John recommended.

"'Tain't what's outside I'm afraid of," said Thane.

Stepping ahead and turning, John confronted her. Thane did the same. She made to go around them, right. They moved that way. She made to go around them, left. They moved that way. With a frustrate gesture she gave it up, turned a tormented profile and made them feel how much she despised them.

"Mrs. Thane," said John, "do you wish to leave New Damascus, leave it now, tonight?"

Agnes turned on him in a sudden rage of exasperation.

"Fly, I suppose! Fly away with a—a —— What is he? I forget."

"Oh! Oh!" John groaned.

"What are you?" she said to Thane.

"Puddler," he answered with dignity, the look of a hurt animal in his face.

"It's very well known," she said, "puddlers don't fly. Besides it's too late. We've stopped to think. We had to take time to change his clothes. He's out of a job and has no money; he told me so. I wonder what the wives of puddlers do."

"Some would envy you your sting," said John, horrified at what she was doing to Thane. She understood him perfectly.

"But you are immune," she said. "I have not married you. Or have I? Are you this puddler's David? What are your rights in him? How come you to suppose that you have rights in me?"

"Tantrums, thank God, and not hysterics!" said John.

"Shall we spend the rest of the night in this way?" she asked. "And what then?"

"I am leaving New Damascus tonight," said John, pursuing a flash of intuition.

Agnes gave him an incredulous glance.

"So far as I know, forever," he continued. "This decision is my own. You have had nothing to do with it. But if you were also about to leave, perhaps taking the same direction, why shouldn't we go together as far as it's parallel?"

"Who goes or stays, no matter what happens, I shall not be in sight of New Damascus at daybreak," said Agnes, her face averted from both John and her husband, and she spoke as one making a vow. "So whatever you do," she added, "please hurry."

Thane would have asked her a question, not knowing how women consent; John restrained him with a sign.

"Then I'll pick you up here," he said, setting off abruptly. "And I won't be long."

When he returned with a smart bay team and a light road wagon, his own smart rig, the moon was sinking. Agnes was asleep on the dewy grass in Thane's coat. He wrapped her in the rug John held out to him and lifted her to the seat. She was docile and limp, like a groggy child. John had to hold her erect until Thane got up on the other side. She sat between them.

Where the road turns abruptly out of the valley John pulled up and looked back. It was now quite dark. The moon was down.

All that he could see was the mill, like a live malignant cinder in the eye of darkness, glowing faintly, going almost out, then spurting forth quick tongues of flame. He had the sensation of a great solitary weight rolling about in his stomach. Tears came to his eyes. Until that moment he had not known that he cared for New Damascus. His caring was like an inherited memory.

And though he knew it not, this night was the time and his exit the sign that sealed the fate of New Damascus. It was left in the hands of Enoch, who fanatically withheld it from the steel age.

"Where to?" Thane asked.

"Wilkes-Barre tonight," said John. "Then to Pittsburgh. I'm buying a mill at Pittsburgh that I want you to take hold of. We'll discuss it tomorrow."

"What shape of mill?" asked Thane.

John hesitated. "Nothing like the mill behind us," he said.

The idea of buying a mill had only that instant come to him. So of course he did not know what kind of mill it was.

He looked at Agnes. She was sound asleep, leaning on Thane, who had his arm around her. Again he looked at her. She was in the same position, but her eyes were wide open, staring straight ahead.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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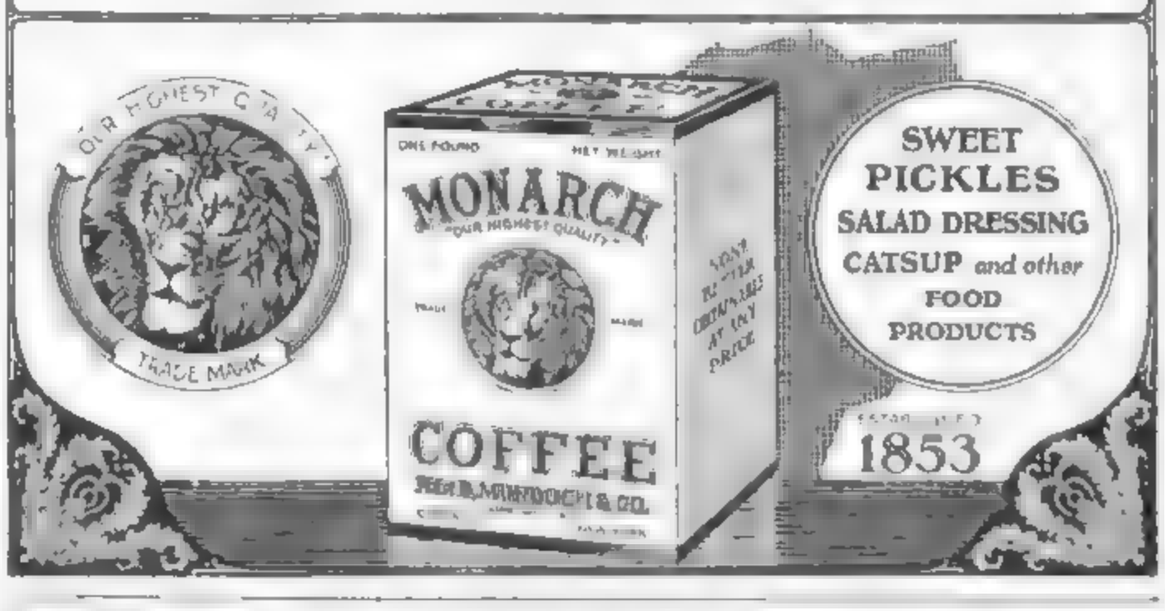

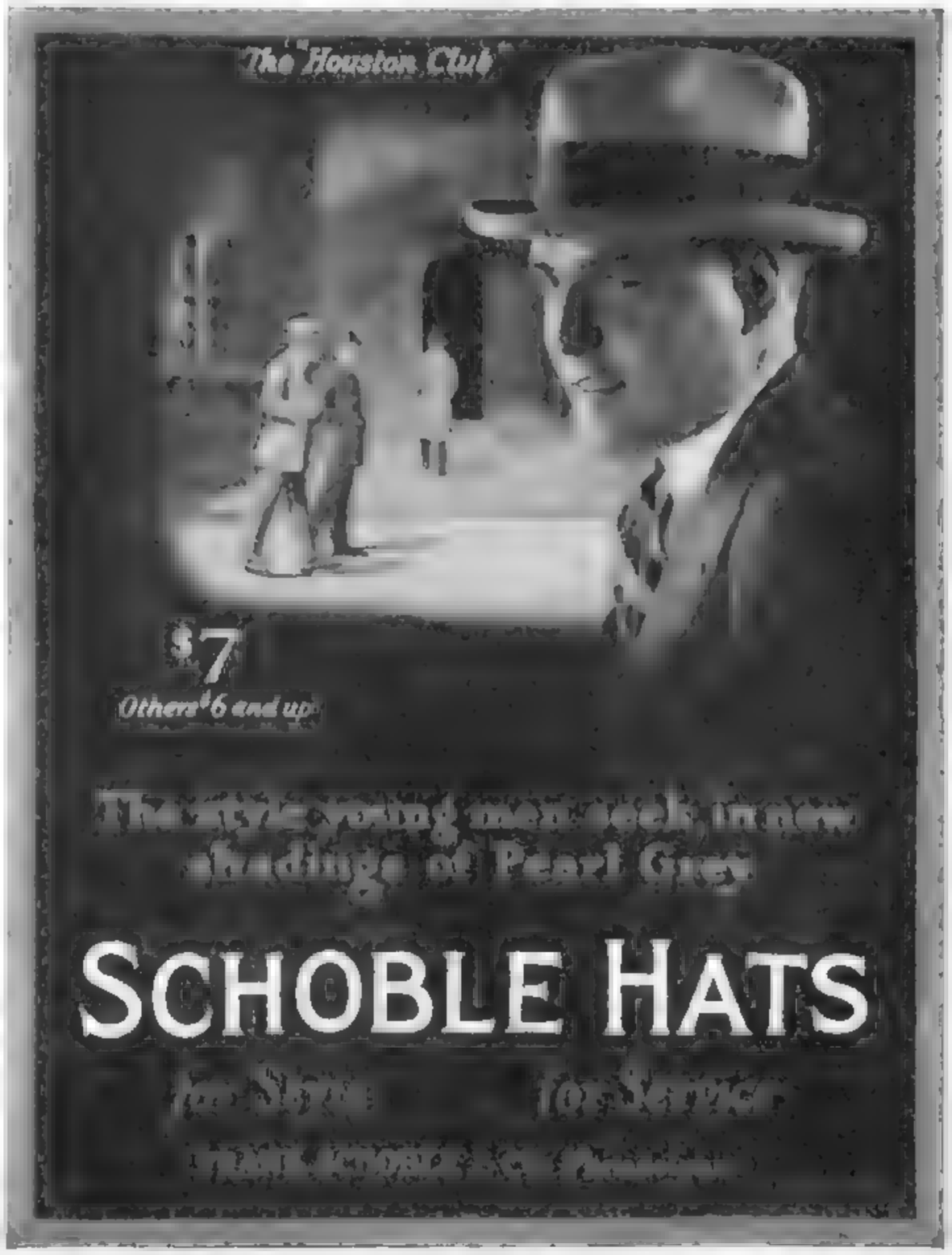

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LEAVE IT TO PSMITH

(Continued from Page 21)

"Now, there," said Psmith, "I cannot follow you. I wouldn't call McTodd a bad name, as names go. Don't you think there is a sort of Highland strength about it? It sounds to me like something out of the Lady of the Lake or the Lay of the Last Minstrel. 'The stag at eve had drunk its fill adoon the glen beyint the hill, and welcomed with a friendly nod old Scotland's pride, young Laird McTodd'—you don't think it has a sort of wild romantic ring?"

"I ought to tell you, Mr. McTodd," said Eve, "that I was at school with Cynthia."

Psmith was not a young man who often found himself at a loss, but this remark gave him a bewildered feeling such as comes in dreams. It was plain to him that this delightful girl thought she had said something serious, even impressive; but for the moment it did not seem to him to make sense.

He sparred warily for time.

"Indeed? With Cynthia? That must have been jolly."

The harmless observation appeared to have the worst effect upon his companion. The frown came back to her face.

"Oh, don't speak in that flippant, sneering way," she said. "It's so cheap."

Psmith, having nothing to say, remained silent, and the boat drifted on. Eve's face was delicately pink, for she was feeling extraordinarily embarrassed. There was something in the solemn gaze of the man before her which made it difficult for her to go on. But with the stout-heartedness which was one of her characteristics, she stuck to her task.

"After all," she said, "however you may feel about her now, you must have been fond of poor Cynthia at one time, or I don't see why you should have married her."

Psmith, for want of conversation, had begun rowing again. The start he gave at these remarkable words caused him to skim the surface of the water with the left oar in such a manner as to send a liberal pint into Eve's lap. He started forward with apologies.

"Oh, never mind about that!" said Eve impatiently. "It doesn't matter. . . . Mr. McTodd," she said, and there was a note of gentleness in her voice, "I do wish you would tell me what the trouble was."

Psmith stared at the floor of the boat in silence. He was wrestling with a feeling of injury. True, he had not during their brief conversation at the Senior Conservative Club specifically inquired of Mr. McTodd whether he was a bachelor; but somehow he felt that the man should have dropped some hint as to his married state. True, again, Mr. McTodd had not asked him to impersonate him at Blandings Castle. And yet undeniably he felt that he had a grievance. Psmith's was an orderly mind. He had proposed to continue the pleasant relations which had begun between Eve and himself, seeing to it that every day they became a little pleasanter, until eventually, in due season, they should reach the point where it would become possible to lay heart and hand at her feet. For there was no doubt in his mind that in a world congested to overflowing with girls Eve Halliday stood entirely alone. And now this infernal Cynthia had risen from nowhere to stand between them. Even a young man as liberally endowed with calm assurance as he was might find it awkward to conduct his wooing with such a handicap as a wife in the background.

Eve misinterpreted his silence.

"I suppose you are thinking that it is no business of mine?"

Psmith came out of his thoughts with a start.

"No, no; not at all."

"You see, I'm devoted to Cynthia—and I like you." She smiled for the first time. Her embarrassment was passing. "That is the whole point," she said. "I do like you. And I'm quite sure that if you were really the sort of man I thought you when I first heard about all this, I shouldn't. The friend who told me about you and Cynthia made it seem as if the whole fault had been yours. I got the impression that you had been very unkind to Cynthia. I thought you must be a brute, and when Lord Emsworth told me who you were my first impulse was to hate you. I think if you had come along just then I should have been rather horrid to you. But you were late and that gave me time to think it over. And then I remembered how nice you had been to me and I felt somehow that—that you must really be quite nice, and it occurred to me that there might be some explanation. And I thought that, perhaps, if you would let me interfere in your private affairs—and if things hadn't gone too far I might do something to help—try to bring you together, you know."

She broke off, a little confused, for now that the words were out she was conscious of a return of her former shyness. Even though she was an old friend of Cynthia's there did seem something insufferably officious in this meddling; and when she saw the look of pain on her companion's face she regretted that she had spoken. Naturally, she thought, he was offended.

In supposing that Psmith was offended she was mistaken. Internally he was glowing with a renewed admiration for all those beautiful qualities in her which he had detected, before they had ever met, at several yards' range across the street from the window of the Drones Club smoking room. His look of pain was due to the fact that, having now had time to grapple with the problem, he had decided to dispose of this Cynthia once and for all. He proposed to eliminate her forever from his life, and the elimination of even such a comparative stranger seemed to him to call for a pained look. So he assumed one.

"That," he said gravely, "would, I fear, be impossible. It is like you to suggest it, and I cannot tell you how much I appreciate the kindness which has made you interest yourself in my troubles; but it is too late for any reconciliation. Cynthia and I are divorced."

For a moment the temptation had come to him to kill the woman off with some wasting sickness, but this he resisted as tending towards possible future complications. He was resolved, however, that there should be no question of bringing them together again.

He was disturbed to find Eve staring at him in amazement.

"Divorced? But how can you be divorced? It's only a few days since you and she were in London together."

Psmith ceased to wonder that Mr. McTodd had had trouble with his wife. The woman was a perfect pest.

"I used the term in a spiritual rather than a legal sense," he replied. "True, there has been no actual decree, but we are separated beyond hope of reunion." He saw the distress in Eve's eyes and hurried on. "There are things," he said, "which it is impossible for a man to overlook, however broad-minded he may be. Love, Miss Halliday, is a delicate plant. It needs tending, nursing, assiduous fostering. This cannot be done by throwing the breakfast bacon at a husband's head."

"What?"

Eve's astonishment was such that the word came out in a startled squeak.

"In the dish," said Psmith sadly.

Eve's blue eyes opened wide.

"Cynthia did that?"

"On more than one occasion. Her temper in the mornings was terrible. I have known her lift the cat over two chairs and a settee with a single kick, and all because there were no mushrooms."

"But—but I can't believe it!"

"It is true," said Psmith. "Come over to Canada and I will show you the cat."

"Cynthia did that! Cynthia—why, she was always the gentlest little creature!"

"At school, you mean?"

"Yes."

"That," said Psmith, "would, I suppose, be before she had taken to drink."

"Taken to drink!"

Psmith was feeling happier. A passing thought did come to him that all this was perhaps a trifle rough on the absent Cynthia, but he mastered the unmanly weakness. It was necessary that Cynthia should suffer in the good cause. Already he had begun to detect in Eve's eyes the faint dawnings of an angelic pity, and pity is recognized by all the best authorities as one of the most valuable emotions which your wooer can awaken.

"Drink!" Eve repeated with a little shudder.

"We lived in one of the dry provinces of Canada, and, as so often happens, that started the trouble. From the moment

(Continued on Page 128)

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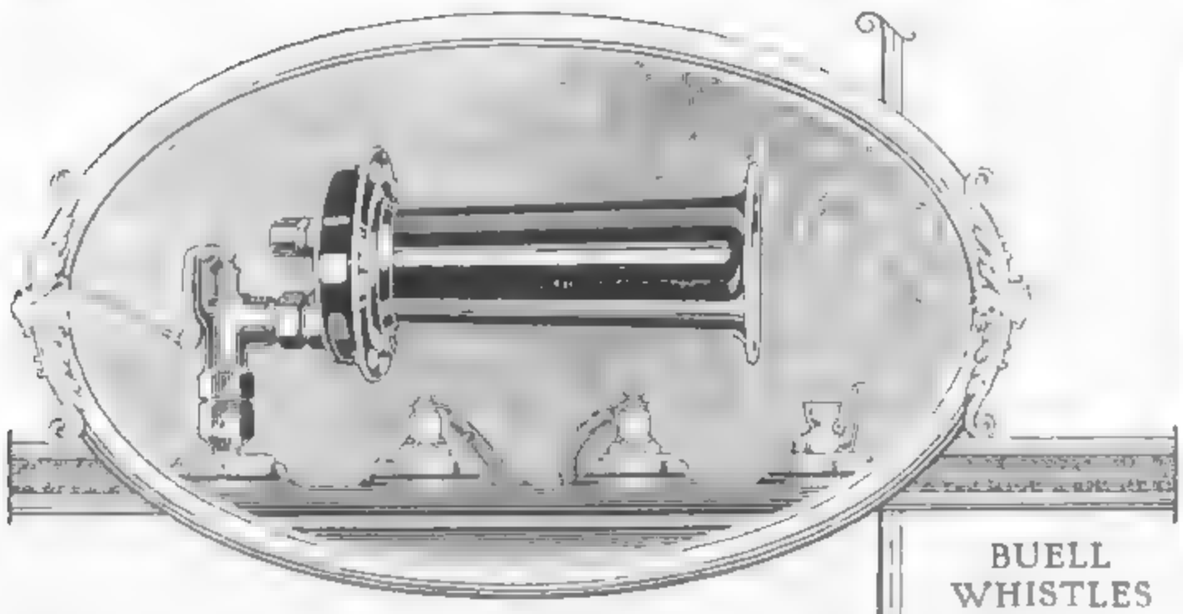

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DURHAM-DUPLEX

The He-Man's Razor with the He-Man Blades

(Continued from Page 126)

when she installed a private still her downfall was swift. I have seen her, under the influence of home-brew, rage through the house like a devastating cyclone. . . . I hate speaking like this of one who was your friend," said Psmith in a low, vibrating voice. "I would not tell these things to anyone but you. The world, of course, supposes that the entire blame for the collapse of our home was mine. I took care that it should be so. The opinion of the world matters little to me. But with you it is different. I should not like you to think badly of me, Miss Halliday. I do not make friends easily. . . . I am a lonely man. . . . But somehow it has seemed to me since we met that you and I might be friends."

Eve stretched her hand out impulsively. "Why, of course!"

Psmith took her hand and held it far longer than was, strictly speaking, necessary.

"Thank you," he said. "Thank you."

He turned the nose of the boat to the shore and rowed slowly back.

"I have suffered," said Psmith gravely as he helped her ashore. "But, if you will be my friend, I think that I may forget."

They walked in silence up the winding path to the castle.

VI

TO PSMITH five minutes later, as he sat in his room smoking a cigarette and looking dreamily out at the distant hills, there entered the Hon. Frederick Threepwood, who, having closed the door behind him, tottered to the bed and uttered a deep and discordant groan. Psmith, his mind thus rudely wrenched from pleasant meditations, turned and regarded the gloomy youth with disfavor.

"At any other time, Comrade Threepwood," he said politely but with firmness, "certainly. But not now. I am not in the ver[illegible]."

"What?" said the Honorable Freddie vacantly.

"I say that at any other time I shall be delighted to listen to your farmyard imitations, but not now. At the moment I am deep in thoughts of my own, and I may say frankly that I regard you as more or less of an excrescence. I want solitude, solitude. I am in a beautiful reverie, and your presence jars upon me somewhat profoundly."

The Honorable Freddie ruined the symmetry of his hair by passing his fingers feverishly through it.

"Don't talk so much! I never met a fellow like you for talking."

Having rumpled his hair to the left he went through it again and rumpled it to the right. "I say, do you know what? You've jolly well got to clear out of here quick!" He got up from the bed and approached the window. Having done which, he bent towards Psmith and whispered in his ear. "The game's up!"

Psmith withdrew his ear with a touch of hauteur, but he looked at his companion with a little more interest. He had feared, when he saw Freddie stagger in with such melodramatic despair and emit so hollow a groan, that the topic on which he wished to converse was the already exhausted one of his broken heart. It now began to appear that weightier matters were on his mind.

"I fail to understand you, Comrade Threepwood," he said. "The last time I had the privilege of conversing with you, you informed me that Susan, or whatever her name is, merely giggled and told you not to be silly when you embraced her. In other words, she is not a detective. What has happened since then to get you all worked up?"

"Baxter!"

"What has Baxter been doing?"

"Only giving the whole bally show away to me, that's all," said Freddie feverishly. He clutched Psmith's arm violently, causing that exquisite to utter a slight moan and smooth out the wrinkles thus created in his sleeve. "Listen! I've just been talking to the blighter. I was passing the library just now, when he popped out of the door and hauled me in. And, dash it, he hadn't been talking two seconds before I realized that he has seen through the whole damn thing practically from the moment you got here. Though he doesn't seem to know that I've anything to do with it, thank goodness."

"I should imagine not, if he makes you his confidant. Why did he do that, by the way? What made him select you as the recipient of his secrets?"

"As far as I can make out, his idea was to form a gang, if you know what I mean. He said a lot of stuff about him and me being the only two able-bodied young men in the place, and we ought to be prepared to tackle you if you decided to start anything."

"I see. And now tell me how our delightful friend ever happened to begin suspecting that I was not all I seemed to be. I had been flattering myself that I had put the little deception over with complete success."

"Well, in the first place, dash it, that damn fellow McTodd—the real one, you know—sent a telegram saying that he wasn't coming. So it seemed rummy to Baxter bang from the start when you blew in all merry and bright."

"Ah! That was what they all meant by saying they were glad I had come 'after all'—a phrase which at the moment, I confess, rather mystified me."

"And then you went and wrote in the Peavey female's autograph book."

"In what way was that a false move?"

"Why, that was the biggest bloomer on record, as it has turned out," said Freddie vehemently. "Baxter apparently keeps every letter that comes to the place on a file, and he'd skewered McTodd's original letter with the rest. I mean, the one he wrote accepting the invitation to come here. And Baxter compared his handwriting with what you wrote in the Peavey's album, and, of course, they weren't a damn bit alike—and that put the lid on it."

Psmith lit another cigarette and drew at it thoughtfully. He realized that he had made a tactical error in underestimating the antagonism of the efficient one.

"Does he seem to have any idea why I have come to the castle?" he asked.

"Any idea? Why, dash it, the very first thing he said to me was that you must have come to sneak Aunt Connie's necklace!"

"In that case, why has he made no move till today? I should have supposed that he would long since have denounced me before as large an audience as he could assemble. Why this reticence on the part of genial old Baxter?"

A crimson flush of chivalrous indignation spread itself over Freddie's face.

"He told me that too."

"There seem to have been no reserves between Comrade Baxter and yourself. And very healthy, too, this spirit of confidence. What was his reason for abstaining from loosing the bomb?"

"He said he was pretty sure you wouldn't try to do anything on your own. He thought you would wait till your accomplice arrived.

"And, damn him," cried Freddie heatedly, "do you know who he's got the infernal gall to think is your accomplice? Miss Halliday! Dash him!"

Psmith smoked in thoughtful silence.

"Well, of course, now that this has happened," said Freddie, "I suppose it's no good thinking of going on with the thing. You'd better pop off, what? If I were you I'd leg it today and have your luggage sent on after you."

Psmith threw away his cigarette and stretched himself. During the last few moments he had been thinking with some tenseness.

"Comrade Threepwood," he said reprovingly, "you suggest a cowardly and weak-minded action. I admit that the outlook would be distinctly rosier if no such person as Baxter were on the premises, but nevertheless the thing must be seen through to a finish. At least we have this advantage over our spectacled friend—that we know he suspects me and he doesn't know we know. I think that with a little resource and ingenuity we may yet win through." He turned to the window and looked out. "Sad," he sighed, "that these idyllic surroundings should have become oppressed with a cloud of sinister menace. One thinks one sees a faun popping about in the undergrowth, and on looking more closely perceives that it is in reality a detective with a notebook. What one fancied was the piping of Pan turns out to be a police whistle, summoning assistance. Still, we must bear these things without wincing. They are our cross. What you have told me will render me if possible warier and more snakelike than ever, but my purpose remains firm. The cry goes round the castle battlements, 'Psmith intends to keep the old flag flying!' So charge off and soothe your quivering ganglions with a couple of aspirins, Comrade Threepwood,

and leave me to my thoughts. All will doubtless come right in the future."

CHAPTER IX

FROM out of the scented shade of the big cedar on the lawn in front of the castle Psmith looked at the flower beds, jaunty and gleaming in the afternoon sun; then he looked back at Eve, incredulity in every feature.

"I must have misunderstood you. Surely," he said in a voice vibrant with reproach, "you do not seriously intend to work in weather like this?"

"I must. I've got a conscience. They aren't paying me a handsome salary—a fairly handsome salary—to sit about in deck chairs."

"But you came only yesterday."

"Well, I ought to have worked yesterday."

"It seems to me," said Psmith, "the nearest thing to slavery that I have ever struck. I had hoped, seeing that everybody had gone off and left us alone, that we were going to spend a happy and instructive afternoon together under the shade of this noble tree, talking of this and that. Is it not to be?"

"No, it is not. It's lucky you're not the one who's supposed to be cataloguing this library. It would never get finished."

"And why, as your employer would say, should it? He has expressed the opinion several times in my hearing that the library has jogged along quite comfortably for a great number of years without being catalogued. Why shouldn't it go on like that indefinitely?"

"It's no good trying to tempt me. There's nothing I should like better than to loaf here for hours and hours, but what would Mr. Baxter say when he got back and found out?"

"It is becoming increasingly clear to me each day that I stay in this place," said Psmith moodily, "that Comrade Baxter is little short of a blister on the community. Tell me, how do you get on with him?"

"I don't like him much."

"Nor do I. It is on these communities of taste that lifelong attachments are built. Sit down and let us exchange confidences on the subject of Baxter."

Eve laughed.

"I won't. You're simply trying to lure me into staying out here and neglecting my duty. I really must be off now. You have no idea what a lot of work there is to be done."

"You are entirely spoiling my afternoon."

"No, I'm not. You've got a book. What is it?"

Psmith picked up the brightly jacketed volume and glanced at it.

"The Man With the Missing Toe. Comrade Threepwood lent it to me. He has a vast store of this type of narrative. I expect he will be wanting you to catalogue his library next."

"Well, it looks interesting."

"Ah, but what does it teach? How long do you propose to shut yourself up in that evil-smelling library?"

"An hour or so."

"Then I shall rely on your society at the end of that period. We might go for another saunter on the lake."

"All right. I'll come and find you when I've finished."

Psmith watched her disappear into the house, then seated himself once more in the long chair under the cedar. A sense of loneliness oppressed him. He gave one look at The Man With the Missing Toe, and having rejected the entertainment it offered gave himself up to meditation.

Blandings Castle dozed in the midsummer heat like a palace of sleep. There had been an exodus of its inmates shortly after lunch, when Lord Emsworth, Lady Constance, Mr. Keeble, Miss Peavey and the efficient Baxter had left for the neighboring town of Bridgeford in the big car, with the Honorable Freddie puffing in its wake in a natty two-seater. Psmith, who had been invited to accompany them, had declined on the plea that he wished to write a poem. He felt but a tepid interest in the afternoon's program, which was to consist of the unveiling by his lordship of the recently completed memorial to the late Hartley Reddish, Esq., J. P., for so many years member of Parliament for the Bridgeford and Shifley Division of Shropshire. Not even the prospect of hearing Lord Emsworth—clad, not without vain protest and weak grumbling, in a silk hat, morning coat and sponge-bag trousers—deliver a speech had been sufficient to lure him from the castle grounds.

But at the moment when he had uttered his refusal, thereby incurring the ill-concealed envy both of Lord Emsworth and his son Freddie, the latter also an unwilling celebrant, he had supposed that his solitude would be shared by Eve. This deplorable conscientiousness of hers, this morbid craving for work, had left him at a loose end. The time and the place were both above criticism; but, as so often happens in this life of ours, he had been let down by the girl.

But, though he chafed for a while, it was not long before the dreamy peace of the afternoon began to exercise a soothing effect upon him. With the exception of the bees that worked with their usual misguided energy among the flowers, and an occasional butterfly which flitted past in the sunshine, all Nature seemed to be taking a siesta. Somewhere out of sight a lawnmower had begun to emphasize the stillness with its musical whir. A telegraph boy on a red bicycle passed up the drive to the front door and seemed to have some difficulty in establishing communication with the domestic staff, from which Psmith deduced that Beach the butler, like a good opportunist, was taking advantage of the absence of authority to enjoy a nap in some distant lair of his own. Eventually a parlor maid appeared, accepted the telegram and—apparently—a rebuke from the boy, and the bicycle passed out of sight, leaving silence and peace once more.

The noblest minds are not proof against atmospheric conditions of this kind. Psmith's eyes closed, opened, closed again. And presently his regular breathing, varied by an occasional snore, was added to the rest of the small sounds of the summer afternoon.

The shadow of the cedar was appreciably longer when he awoke with that sudden start which generally terminates sleep in a garden chair.

A glance at his watch told him that it was close on five o'clock, a fact which was confirmed a moment later by the arrival of the parlor maid who had answered the summons of the telegraph boy. She appeared to be the sole survivor of the little world that had its center in the servants' hall; a sort of female Casabianca.

"I have put your tea in the hall, sir."

"You could have performed no nobler or more charitable task," Psmith assured her; and, having corrected a certain stiffness of limb by means of massage, went in. It occurred to him that Eve, assiduous worker though she was, might have knocked off in order to keep him company.

The hope proved vain. A single cup stood bleakly on the tray. Either Eve was superior to the feminine passion for tea or she was having hers up in the library. Filled with something of the sadness which he had felt at the sight of the toiling bees, Psmith embarked on his solitary meal, wondering sorrowfully at the perverseness which made girls work when there was no one to watch them.

It was very agreeable here in the coolness of the hall. The great door of the castle was open, and through it he had a view of lawns bathed in a thirst-provoking sunlight. Through the green-baize door to his left, which led to the servants' quarters, an occasional sharp giggle gave evidence of the presence of humanity; but apart from that he might have been alone in the world. Once again he fell into a dreamy meditation, and there is little reason to doubt that he would shortly have disgraced himself by falling asleep for the second time in a single afternoon, when he was restored to alertness by the sudden appearance of a foreign body in the open doorway. Against the background of golden light a black figure had abruptly manifested itself.

The sharp pang of apprehension which ran through Psmith's consciousness like an electric shock, causing him to stiffen like some wild creature surprised in the woods, was due to the momentary belief that the newcomer was the local vicar, of whose conversational powers he had had experience on the second day of his visit. Another glance showed him that he had been too pessimistic. This was not the vicar. It was someone whom he had never seen before—a slim and graceful young man with a dark, intelligent face, who stood blinking in the subdued light of the hall with eyes not yet accustomed to the absence of strong sunshine. Greatly relieved, Psmith rose and approached him.

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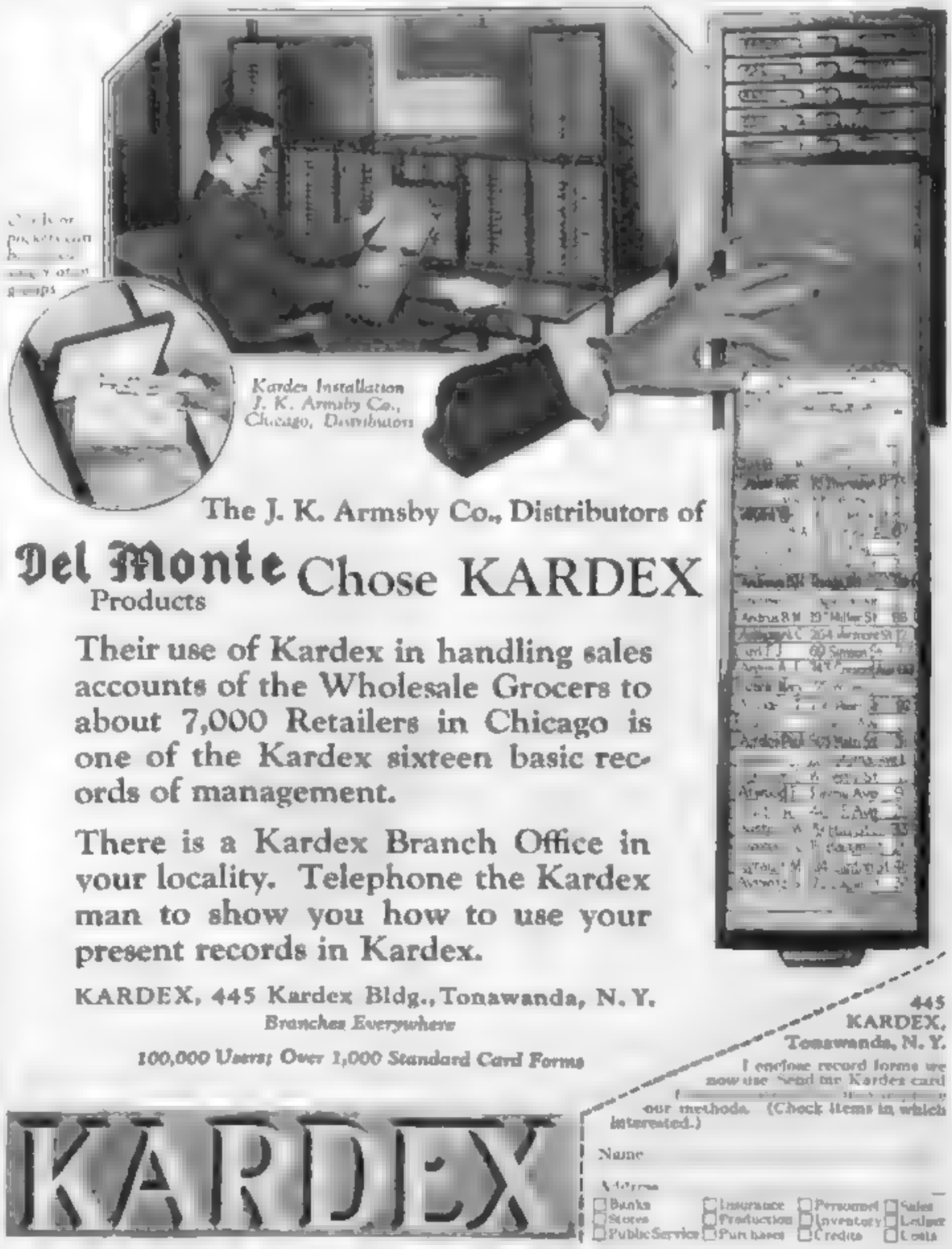

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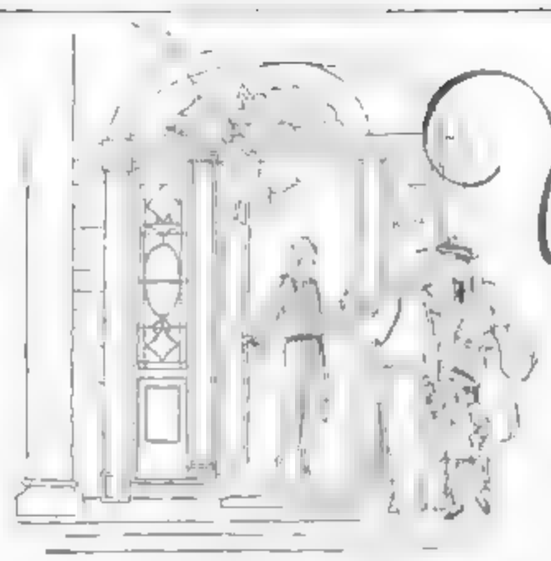

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"Hullo!" said the newcomer. "I didn't see you. It's quite dark in here after outside."

"The light is pleasantly dim," agreed Psmith.

"Is Lord Emsworth anywhere about?"

"I fear not. He has legged it, accompanied by the entire household, to superintend the unveiling of a memorial at Bridgeford to—if my memory serves me rightly—the late Hartley Reddish, Esq., J.P., M.P. Is there anything I can do?"

"Well, I've come to stay, you know."

"Indeed?"

"Lady Constance invited me to pay a visit as soon as I reached England."

"Ah! Then you have come from foreign parts?"

"Canada."

Psmith started slightly. This, he perceived, was going to complicate matters. The last thing he desired was the addition to the Blandings circle of one familiar with Canada. Nothing could militate against his peace of mind more than the society of a man who would want to exchange with him views on that growing country.

"Oh, Canada?" he said.

"I wired," proceeded the other, "but I suppose it came after everybody had left. Ah, that must be my telegram on that table over there. I walked up from the station." He was rambling idly about the hall after the fashion of one breaking new ground. He paused at an occasional table, the one where, when taking after-dinner coffee, Miss Peavey was wont to sit. He picked up a book and uttered a gratified laugh. "One of my little things," he said.

"One of what?" said Psmith.

"This. Songs of Squalor. I wrote it."

"You wrote it!"

"Yes. My name's McTodd—Ralston McTodd. I expect you have heard them speak of me?"

II

THE mind of a man who has undertaken a mission as delicate as Psmith's at Blandings Castle is necessarily alert. Ever since he had stepped into the five o'clock train at Paddington, when his adventure might have been said formally to have started, Psmith had walked warily, like one in a jungle on whom sudden and unexpected things might pounce out at any moment. This calm announcement from the slim young man, therefore, though it undoubtedly startled him, did not deprive him of his faculties. On the contrary, it quickened them. His first action was to step nimbly to the table on which the telegram lay awaiting the return of Lord Emsworth, his second was to slip the envelope into his pocket. It was imperative that telegrams signed McTodd should not lie about loose while he was enjoying the hospitality of the castle. This done, he confronted the young man.

"Come, come!" he said with quiet severity.

He was extremely grateful to a kindly Providence which had arranged that this interview should take place at a time when nobody but himself was in the house.

"You say that you are Ralston McTodd, the author of these poems?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then what," said Psmith incisively, "is a pale parabola of joy?"

"Er—what?" said the newcomer in an enfeebled voice. There was manifest in his demeanor now a marked nervousness.

"And here is another," said Psmith. "'The ——' Wait a minute, I'll get it in a moment. Yes, 'The sibilant, scented silence that shimmered where we sat.' Could you oblige me with a diagram of that one?"

"I—I—what are you talking about?"

Psmith stretched out a long arm and patted him almost affectionately on the shoulder.

"It's lucky you met me before you had to face the others," he said. "I fear that you undertook this little venture without thoroughly equipping yourself. They would have detected your imposture in the first minute."

"What do you mean—imposture? I don't know what you're talking about."

Psmith waggled his forefinger at him reproachfully.

"My dear comrade, I may as well tell you at once that the genuine McTodd is an old and dear friend of mine. I had a long and entertaining conversation with him only a few days ago. So that, I think we may confidently assert, is that. Or am I wrong?"

"Oh, hell!" said the young man, and flopping bonelessly into a chair he mopped his forehead in undisguised and abject collapse.

Silence reigned for a while.

"What," inquired the visitor, raising a damp face that shone pallidly in the dim light, "are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing, comrade. By the way, what is your name?"

"Cootes."

"Nothing, Comrade Cootes. Nothing whatever. You are free to leg it hence. In fact, the sooner you do so the better I shall be pleased."

"Say, that's darned good of you!"

"Not at all, not at all."

"You're an ace ——"

"Oh, hush!" interrupted Psmith modestly. "But before you go tell me one or two things. I take it that your object in coming here was to have a pop at Lady Constance's necklace?"

"Yes."

"I thought as much. And what made you suppose that the real McTodd would not be here when you arrived?"

"Oh, that was all right. I traveled over with that guy McTodd on the boat, and saw a good deal of him when we got to London. He was full of how he'd been invited here, and I got it out of him that no one here knew him by sight. And then one afternoon I met him in the Strand, all worked up, madder than a hornet. Said he'd been insulted and wouldn't come down to this place if they came and begged him on their bended knees. I couldn't make out what it was all about, but apparently he had met Lord Emsworth and hadn't been treated right. He told me he was going straight off to Paris."

"And did he?"

"Sure! I saw him off myself at Charing Cross. That's why it seemed such a cinch coming here instead of him. It's just my darned luck that the first man I run into is a friend of his."

"In this life, Comrade Cootes," said Psmith, "we must always distinguish between the unlikely and the impossible. It was unlikely, as you say, that you would meet any friend of McTodd's in this out-of-the-way spot; and you rashly ordered your movements on the assumption that it was impossible. With what result? The cry goes round the underworld, 'Poor old Cootes has made a bloomer!'"

"You needn't rub it in."

"I am only doing so for your good. It is my earnest hope that you will lay this lesson to heart and profit by it. Who knows that it may not be the turning point in your career? Years hence, when you are a white-haired and opulent man of leisure, having retired from the crook business with a comfortable fortune, you may look back on your experience of today and realize that it was the means of starting you on the road to success. You will lay stress on it when you are interviewed for the Weekly Burglar on How I Began —— But, talking of starting on roads, I think that perhaps it would be as well if you now had a pop at the one leading to the railway station. The household may be returning at any moment now."

"That's right," agreed the visitor.

"I think so," said Psmith. "I think so. You will be happier when you are away from here. Once outside the castle precincts, a great weight will roll off your mind. You know your way out?"

He shepherded the young man to the door and with a cordial push started him on his way. Then with long strides he ran upstairs to the library to find Eve.

At about the same moment, on the platform of Market Blandings station, Miss Aileen Peavey was alighting from the train which had left Bridgeford some half an hour earlier. A headache, the fruit of standing about in the hot sun, had caused her to forgo the pleasure of hearing Lord Emsworth deliver his speech; and she had slipped back on a convenient train with the intention of lying down and resting. Finding, on reaching Market Blandings, that her head was much better, and the heat of the afternoon being now over, she started to walk to the castle, greatly refreshed by a cool breeze which had sprung up from the west. She left the town at almost the exact time when the disconsolate Mr. Cootes was passing out of the big gates at the end of the castle drive.

III

THE gray melancholy which accompanied Mr. Cootes like a diligent spector as he began his walk back to the town of

(Continued on Page 132)

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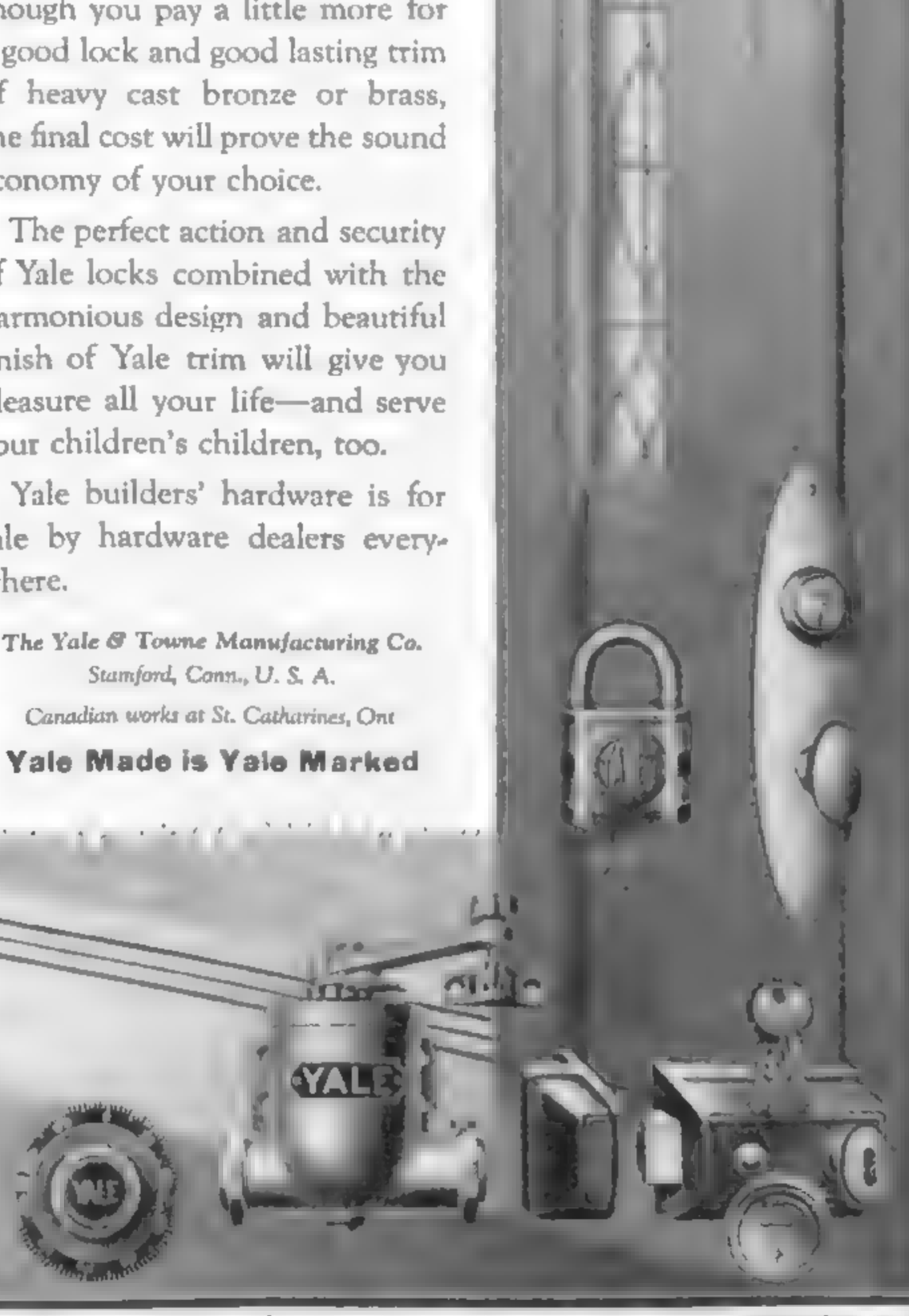

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(Continued from Page 130)

Market Blandings, and which not even the delightful evening could dispel, was due primarily, of course, to that sickening sense of defeat which afflicts a man whose high hopes have been wrecked at the very instant when success has seemed in sight. Once or twice in the life of every man there falls to his lot something which can only be described as a soft snap, and it had seemed to Mr. Cootes that this venture of his to Blandings Castle came into that category.

He had, like most members of his profession, had his ups and downs in the past; but at last, he told himself, the Goddess Fortune had handed him something on a plate with watercress round it. Once established in the castle, there would have been a hundred opportunities of achieving the capture of Lady Constance's necklace; and it had looked as though all he had to do was to walk in, announce himself and be treated as the honored guest. As he slouched moodily between the dusty hedges that fringed the road to Market Blandings, Edward Cootes tasted the bitterness that only those know whose plans have been upset by the hundredth chance.

But this was not all. In addition to the sadness of frustrated hope, he was also experiencing the anguish of troubled memories. Not only was the present torturing him, but the past had come to life and jumped out and bitten him. A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things, and this was what Edward Cootes was doing now. It is at moments like this that a man needs a woman's tender care, and Mr. Cootes had lost the only woman in whom he could have confided his grief, the only woman who would have understood and sympathized.

We have been introduced to Mr. Cootes at a point in his career when he was practicing upon dry land; but that was not his chosen environment. Until a few months back his business had lain upon deep waters. The salt scent of the sea was in his blood. To put it more exactly, he had been by profession a card sharper on the Atlantic liners; and it was during this period that he had loved and lost. For three years and more he had worked in perfect harmony with the lady who, though she adopted a variety of names for purposes of travel, was known to her immediate circle as Smooth Lizzie. He had been the practitioner, she the decoy, and theirs had been one of those ideal business partnerships which one so seldom meets with in a world of cynicism and mistrust. Comradeship had ripened into something deeper and more sacred, and it was all settled between them that when they next touched New York Mr. Cootes, if still at liberty, should proceed to the City Hall for a marriage license; when they had quarreled—quarreled irrevocably over one of those trifling points over which lovers do quarrel. Some absurd dispute as to the proper division of the quite meager sum obtained from a cattle millionaire on their last voyage had marred their golden dreams. One word had led to another. The lady, after woman's habit, had the last of the series, and even Mr. Cootes was forced to admit that it was a pippin. She had spoken it on the pier at New York, and then passed out of his life. And with her had gone all his luck. It was as if her going had brought a curse upon him. On the very next trip he had had an unfortunate misunderstanding with an irritable gentleman from the Middle West, who, piqued at what he considered—not unreasonably—the undue proportion of kings and aces in the hands which Mr. Cootes had been dealing himself, expressed his displeasure by biting off the first joint of the other's right index finger, thus putting an abrupt end to a brilliant career. For it was on this finger that Mr. Cootes principally relied for the almost magical effects which he was wont to produce with a pack of cards after a little quiet shuffling.

With an aching sense of what might have been, he thought now of his lost Lizzie. Regretfully he admitted to himself that she had always been the brains of the firm. A certain manual dexterity he had no doubt possessed, but it was ever Lizzie who had been responsible for the finer work. If they had still been partners, he really believed that she could have discovered some way of getting round the obstacles which had reared themselves now between himself and the necklace of Lady Constance Keeble. It was in a humble and contrite spirit that Edward Cootes proceeded on his way to Market Blandings.

Miss Peavey, meanwhile, who it will be remembered was moving slowly along the road from the Market Blandings end, was finding her walk both restful and enjoyable. There were moments, it has to be recorded, when she found the society of her hostess and her hostess' relations something of a strain; and she was glad to be alone. Her headache had disappeared and she reveled in the quiet evening hush as she passed on her way at a leisurely gait. About now, if she had not had the sense to detach herself from the castle platoon, she would, she presumed, be listening to Lord Emsworth's speech on the subject of the late Hartley Reddish, J.P., M.P.; a topic which even the noblest of orators might have failed to render really gripping. And what she knew of her host gave her little confidence in his powers of oratory.

Yes, she was well out of it. The gentle breeze played soothingly upon her face. Her delicately modeled nostrils drank in gratefully the scent from the hedgerows. Somewhere out of sight a thrush was singing. And so moved was Miss Peavey by the peace and sweetness of it all that she, too, began to sing.

Had those who enjoyed the privilege of her acquaintance at Blandings Castle been informed that Miss Peavey was about to sing, they would doubtless have considered themselves on firm ground if called upon to make a conjecture as to the type of song which she would select. Something quaint, dreamy, a little wistful—that would have been the universal guess—some Old World ballad, possibly.

What Miss Peavey actually sang—in a soft, meditative voice like that of a starling waking to greet a new dawn—was that curious composition known as the Beale Street Blues.

As she reached the last line she broke off abruptly. She was, she perceived, no longer alone. Down the road toward her, walking pensively like one with a secret sorrow, a man was approaching; and for an instant, as she turned the corner, something in his appearance seemed to catch her by the throat and her breath came sharply.

"Gee!" said Miss Peavey.

She was herself again the next moment. A chance resemblance had misled her. She could not see the man's face, for his head was bent; but how was it possible ——

And then, when he was quite close, he raised his head, and the county of Shropshire, as far as it was visible to her amazed eyes, executed a sudden and eccentric dance. Trees bobbed up and down, hedgerows shimmied like a Broadway chorus; and from out of the midst of the whirling countryside a voice spoke:

"Liz!"

"Eddie!" ejaculated Miss Peavey faintly, and sat down in a heap on a grassy bank.

IV

"WELL, for goodness' sake!" said Miss Peavey.

Shropshire had become static once more. She stared at him, wide-eyed.

"Can you tie it?" said Miss Peavey.

She ran her gaze over him once again from head to foot.

"Well, if this ain't the cat's whiskers!" said Miss Peavey. And with this final pronouncement she rose from her bank, somewhat restored, and addressed herself to the task of picking up old threads.

"Wherever," she inquired, "did you spring from, Ed?"

There was nothing but affection in her voice. Her gaze was that of a mother contemplating her long-lost child. The past was past and a new era had begun. In the past she had been compelled to describe this man as a hunk of cheese and to express the opinion that his crookedness was such as to enable him to hide at will behind a spiral staircase; but now, in the joy of this unexpected reunion, all these harsh views were forgotten. This was Eddie Cootes, her old side kick, come back to her after many days; and only now was it borne in upon her what a gap in her life his going had made. She flung herself into his arms with a glad cry.

Mr. Cootes, who had not been expecting this demonstration of esteem, staggered a trifle at the impact; but recovered himself sufficiently to return the embrace with something of his ancient warmth. He was delighted at this cordiality, but also surprised. The memory of the lady's parting words on the occasion of their last meeting was still green, and he had not realized how quickly women forget and forgive, and how a sensitive girl, stirred by some fancied

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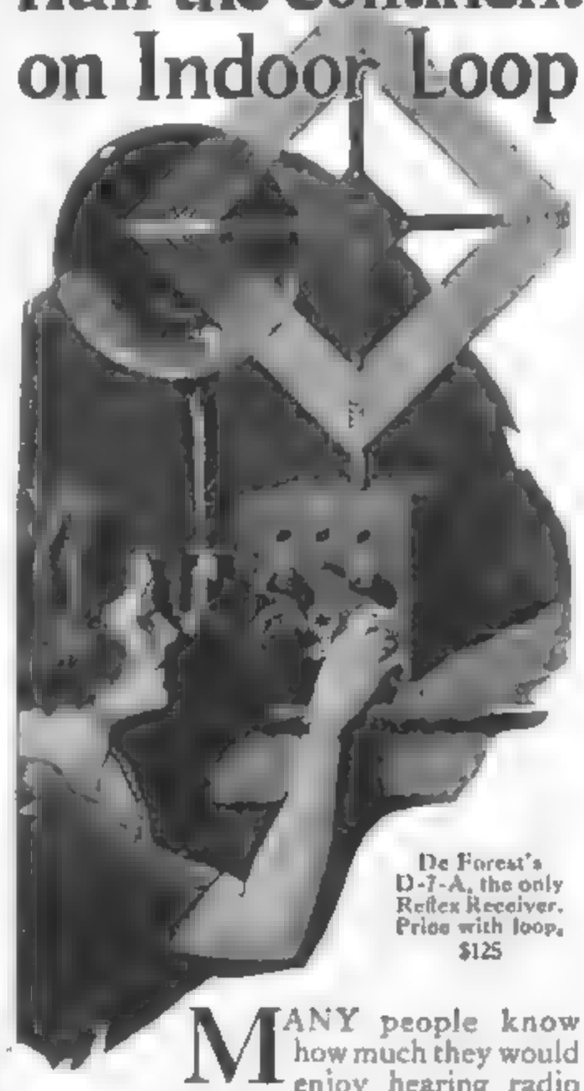

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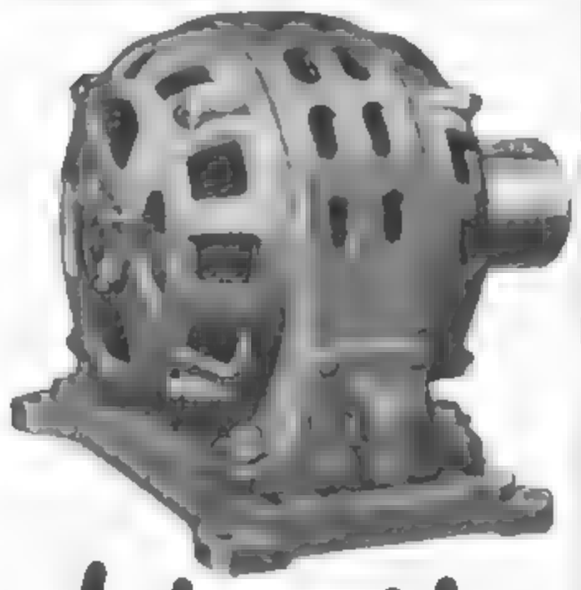

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injury, may address a man as a pie-faced plug-ugly, and yet retain in her inmost heart all the old love and affection. He kissed Miss Peavey fondly.

"Liz," he said with fervor, "you're prettier than ever."

"Now you behave," responded Miss Peavey coyly.

The arrival of a baaing flock of sheep, escorted by an earnest and rather priggish dog and followed by a couple of the local peasantry, caused an intermission in these tender exchanges; and by the time the procession had moved off down the road they were in a more suitable frame of mind to converse quietly and in a practical spirit, to compare notes and to fill up the blanks.

"Wherever," inquired Miss Peavey again, "did you spring from, Ed? You could of knocked me down with a feather when I saw you coming along the road. I couldn't have believed it was you, this far from the ocean. What are you doing inland like this? Taking a vacation? Or aren't you working the boats any more?"

"No, Liz," said Mr. Cootes sadly. "I've had to give that up."

And he exhibited the hiatus where an important section of his finger had been and told his painful tale. His companion's sympathy was balm to his wounded soul.

"The risks of the profession, of course," said Mr. Cootes moodily, removing the exhibit in order to place his arm about her slender waist. "Still, it's done me in. I tried once or twice, but I couldn't seem to make the cards behave no more, so I quit. Ah, Liz," said Mr. Cootes with feeling, "you can take it from me that I've had no luck since you left me. Regular hoodoo there's been on me. If I'd walked under a ladder on a Friday to smash a mirror over the dome of a black cat I couldn't have had it tougher."

"You poor boy!"

Mr. Cootes nodded somberly.

"Tough," he agreed; "but there it is. Only this afternoon my jinx gummed the game for me and threw a spanner into the prettiest little scenario you ever thought of. . . . But let's not talk about my troubles. What are you doing now, Liz?"

"Me? Oh, I'm living near here."

Mr. Cootes started.

"Not married?" he exclaimed in alarm.

"No!" cried Miss Peavey with vehemence, and shot a tender glance up at his face. "And I guess you know why, Ed."

"You don't mean—you hadn't forgotten me?"

"As if I could ever forget you, Eddie! There's only one tintype on my mantelpiece."

"But it struck me—it sort of occurred to me as a passing thought that when we saw each other last you were a mite peeved with your Eddie."

It was the first allusion either of them had made to the past unpleasantness, and it caused a faint blush to dye Miss Peavey's soft cheek.

"Oh, shucks!" she said. "I'd forgotten all about that next day. I was good and mad at the time, I'll allow; but if only you'd called me up next morning, Ed ——"

There was a silence as they mused on what might have been.

"What are you doing—living here?" asked Mr. Cootes after a pregnant pause. "Have you retired?"

"No, sir! I'm sitting in at a game with real worth-while stakes. But, darn it," said Miss Peavey regretfully, "I'm wondering if it isn't too big for me to put through alone. Oh, Eddie, if only there was some way you and me could work it together like in the old days!"

"What is it?"

"Diamonds, Eddie. A necklace. I've only had one look at it so far, but that was enough. Some of the best ice I've saw in years, Ed. Worth every cent of a hundred thousand berries."

The coincidence drew from Mr. Cootes a sharp exclamation.

"A necklace!"

"Listen, Ed, while I slip you the low-down. And, say, if you knew the relief it was to me talking good United States again! Like taking off a pair of tight shoes. I'm doing the high-toned stuff for the moment—soulful—you remember, like I used to pull once or twice in the old days. Just after you and me had that little spat of ours I thought I'd take another trip on the old Atlantic—force of habit or something, I guess. Anyway, I sailed, and we weren't two days out from New York when I made the biggest kind of a hit with the dame this necklace belongs to. Seemed to take a shine to me right away."

"I don't blame her!" murmured Mr. Cootes devotedly.

"Now don't you interrupt," said Miss Peavey, administering a gratified slap. "Where was I? Oh, yes! This here now Lady Constance Keeble I'm telling you about ——"

"What?"

"What's the matter now?"

"Lady Constance Keeble?"

"That's the name. She's Lord Emsworth's sister, who lives at a big place up the road. Blandings Castle, it's called. She didn't seem like she was able to let me out of her sight, and I've been with her off and on ever since we landed. I'm visiting at the castle now."

A deep sigh, like the groan of some great spirit in travail, forced itself from between Mr. Cootes' lips.

"Now, wouldn't that jar you?" he demanded of circumambient space. "Of all the lucky ones! Getting into the place like that, with the band playing and a red carpet laid down for you to walk on! Gee, if you fell down a well, Liz, you'd come up with the bucket! You're a human horseshoe, that's what you are! Say, listen! Lemme tell ya sumf'n. Do you know what I've been doing this afternoon? Only trying to edge into the damn place myself, and getting the air two minutes after I was past the front door."

"What? You, Ed?"

"Sure! You're not the only one that's heard of that collection of ice."

"Oh, Ed!" Bitter disappointment rang in Miss Peavey's voice. "If only you could have worked it! Me and you partners again! It hurts to think of it. What was the stuff you pulled to get you in?"

Mr. Cootes so far forgot himself in his agony of spirit as to expectorate disgustedly at a passing frog, and even in this trivial enterprise failure dogged him. He missed the frog, which withdrew into the grass with a cold look of disapproval.

"Me?" said Mr. Cootes. "I thought I'd got it smooth. I'd chummed up with a fellow who had been invited down to the place and had thought it over and decided not to go, so I said to myself, 'What's the matter with going there instead of him?' A gink called McTodd this was, a poet, and none of the folks had ever set eyes on him, so ——"

Miss Peavey interrupted.

"You don't mean to tell me, Ed Cootes, that you thought you could get into the castle by pretending to be Ralston McTodd?"

"Sure I did! Why not? It didn't seem like there was anything to it. A cinch, that's what it looked like. And the first guy I meet in the joint is a mutt who knows this McTodd well. We had a couple of words and I beat it. I know when I'm not wanted."

"But, Ed! Ed! What do you mean? Ralston McTodd is at the castle now, this very moment!"

"How's that?"

"Sure! Been there coupla days and more. Long, thin bird with an eyeglass."

Mr. Cootes' mind was in a whirl. He could make nothing of this matter.

"Nothing like it! McTodd's not so darned tall or so thin, if it comes to that. And he didn't wear no eyeglass all the time I was with him." He broke off sharply as a monstrous suspicion blazed across his mind. "My gosh! I wonder!" he cried. "Liz! How many men are there in the joint right now?"

"Only four besides Lord Emsworth. There's a big party coming down for the hunt ball, but that's all there is at present. There's Lord Emsworth's son Freddie ——"

"What does he look like?"

"Sort of a dude with blond hair slicked back. Then there's Mr. Keeble. He's short with a red face."

"And?"

"And Baxter. He's Lord Emsworth's secretary. Wears spectacles."

"And that's the lot?"

"That's all there is, not counting this here McTodd and the help."

Mr. Cootes brought his hand down with a resounding report on his leg. The mildly pleasant look which had been a feature of his appearance during his interview with Psmith had vanished now, its place taken by one of sinister malevolence.

"And I let him shoo me out as if I was a stray pup!" he muttered through clenched teeth. "Of all the bunk games!"

"What are you talking about, Ed?"

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"And I thanked him! Thanked him!" moaned Edward Cootes, writhing at the memory. "I thanked him for letting me go!"

"Eddie Cootes, whatever are you ——"

"Listen, Liz!" Mr. Cootes mastered his emotion with a strong effort. "I blew into that joint and met this fellow with the eyeglass, and he told me he knew McTodd well and that I wasn't him. And, from what you tell me, this must be the very guy that's passing himself off as McTodd! Don't you see?

"This baby must have started working on the same lines I did. Got to know McTodd, found he wasn't coming to the castle and came down instead of him, same as me. Only he got there first, damn him! Wouldn't that give you a pain in the neck?"

Amazement held Miss Peavey dumb for an instant. Then she spoke.

"The big stiff!" said Miss Peavey.

Mr. Cootes, regardless of the lady's presence, went even further in his censure.

"I had a feeling from the first that there was something not on the level about that guy!" said Miss Peavey. "Gee! He must be after that necklace too."

"Sure he's after the necklace," said Mr. Cootes impatiently. "What did you think he'd come down for? A change of air?"

"But, Ed! Say! You aren't going to let him get away with it?"

"Am I going to let him get away with it?" said Mr. Cootes, annoyed by the foolish question. "Wake me up in the night and ask me!"

"But what are you going to do?"

"Do!" said Mr. Cootes. "Do! I'll tell you what I'm going to ——" He paused, and the stern resolve that shone in his face seemed to flicker. "Say, what the hell am I going to do?" he went on somewhat weakly.

"You won't get anything by putting the folks wise that he's a fake. That would be the finish of him, but it wouldn't get you anywhere."

"No," said Mr. Cootes.

"Wait a minute while I think," said Miss Peavey.

There was a pause. Miss Peavey sat with knit brows.

"How would it be ——" ventured Mr. Cootes.

"Cheese it!" said Miss Peavey.

Mr. Cootes cheesed it. The minutes ticked on.

"I've got it!" said Miss Peavey. "This guy's ace high with Lady Constance. You've got to get him alone right away and tell him he's got to get you invited to the place as a friend of his."

"I knew you'd think of something, Liz," said Mr. Cootes almost humbly. "You always were a wonder like that. How am I to get him alone?"

"I can fix that. I'll ask him to come for a stroll with me. He's not what you'd call crazy about me, but he can't very well duck if I keep after him. We'll go down the drive. You'll be in the bushes—I'll show you the place. Then I'll send him to fetch me a wrap or something, and while I walk on he'll come back past where you're hiding and you jump out at him."

"Liz," said Mr. Cootes, lost in admiration, "when it comes to doping out a scheme, you're the snake's eyebrows!

"But what are you going to do if he just turns you down?"

Mr. Cootes uttered a bleak laugh, and from the recesses of his costume produced a neat little revolver.

"He won't turn me down!" he said.

■

"FANCY!" said Miss Peavey. "If I had not had a headache and come back early, we should never have had this little chat!"

She gazed up at Psmith in her gentle, wistful way as they started together down the broad gravel drive. A timid, soulful little thing she looked.

"No," said Psmith.

It was not a gushing reply, but he was not feeling at his sunniest. The idea that Miss Peavey might return from Bridgeford in advance of the main body had not occurred to him. As he would have said himself, he had confused the unlikely with the impossible. And the result had been that she had caught him beyond hope of retreat as he sat in his garden chair and thought of Eve Halliday, who on their return from the lake had been seized with a fresh spasm of conscience and had gone back to the library to put in another hour's work before dinner. To decline Miss Peavey's invitation to accompany her down the drive in order to see if there were any signs of those who had been doing honor to the late Hartley Reddish, J.P., M.P., had been out of the question. But Psmith, though he went, went without pleasure. Every moment he spent in her society tended to confirm him more and more in the opinion that Miss Peavey was the curse of the species.

"And I have been so longing," continued his companion, "to have a nice long talk. All these days I have felt that I haven't been able to get as near you as I should wish."

"Well, of course, with the others always about ——"

"I meant in a spiritual sense, of course."

"I see."

"I wanted so much to discuss your wonderful poetry with you. You haven't so much as mentioned your work since you came here, have you?"

"Ah, but, you see, I am trying to keep my mind off it."

"Really? Why?"

"My medical adviser warned me that I had been concentrating a trifle too much. He offered me the choice, in fact, between a complete rest and the loony bin."

"The what, Mr. McTodd?"

"The lunatic asylum, he meant. These medical men express themselves oddly."

"But surely, then, you ought not to dream of trying to compose if it is as bad as that! And you told Lord Emsworth that you wished to stay at home this afternoon to write a poem."

Her glance showed nothing but tender solicitude, but inwardly Miss Peavey was telling herself that that would hold him for a while.

"True," said Psmith; "true! But you know what art is. An inexorable mistress. The inspiration came and I felt that I must take the risk. But it has left me weak, weak."

"You big stiff!" said Miss Peavey. But not aloud.

They walked on a few steps.

"In fact," said Psmith, with another inspiration, "I'm not sure I ought not to be going back and resting now."

Miss Peavey eyed a clump of bushes some dozen yards further down the drive. They were quivering slightly, as though they sheltered some alien intruder; and Miss Peavey, whose temper was apt to be impatient, registered a resolve to tell Edward Cootes that if he couldn't hide behind a bush without dancing about like a cat on hot bricks he had better give up his profession and take to selling jellied eels. In which, it may be mentioned, she wronged her old friend.

Cootes had been as still as a statue until a moment before, when a large and excitable beetle had fallen down the space between his collar and his neck, an experience which might well have tried the subtlest woodsman.

"Oh, please don't go in yet!" said Miss Peavey. "It is such a lovely evening. Hark to the music of the breeze in the tree tops! So soothing. Like a far-away harp. I wonder if it is whispering secrets to the birds."

Psmith forbore to follow her into this region of speculation and they walked past the bushes in silence. Some little distance further on, however, Miss Peavey seemed to relent.

"You are looking tired, Mr. McTodd," she said anxiously. "I am afraid you really have been overtaxing your strength. Perhaps, after all, you had better go back and lie down."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it. I will just stroll on to the gates and see if the car is in sight."

"I feel that I am deserting you."

"Oh, please!" said Miss Peavey deprecatingly.

With something of the feelings of a long-sentence convict unexpectedly released immediately on his arrival in jail, Psmith retraced his steps.

Glancing over his shoulder, he saw that Miss Peavey had disappeared round a bend in the drive, and he paused to light a cigarette. He had just thrown away the match and was walking on, well content with life, when a voice behind him said "Hey!" and the well-remembered form of Mr. Edward Cootes stepped out of the bushes.

"See this?" said Mr. Cootes, exhibiting his revolver.

(Continued on Page 137)

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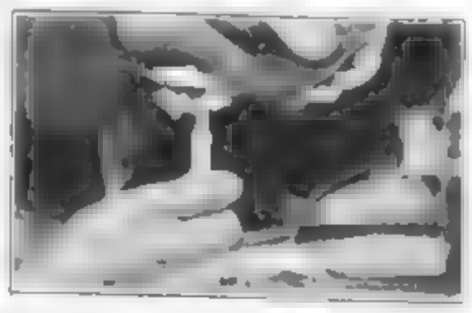

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You can obtain a Valet AutoStrop at any dealer's, $1 and $5. The difference in price is marked by the superlative finish, the better case and the greater number of blades. Gold and silver plated fitted sets—ideal for gifts—are priced up to $25.

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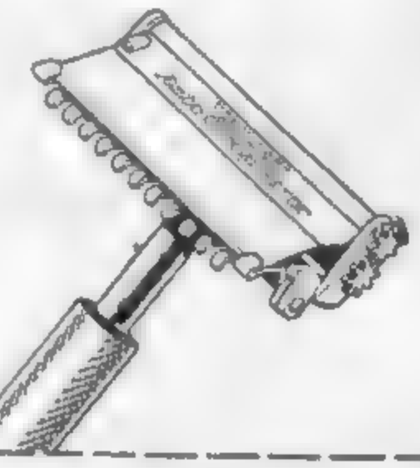

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78 seconds from lather to towel

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(Continued from Page 134)

"I do, indeed, Comrade Cootes," replied Psmith. "And, if it is not an untimely question, what is the idea?"

"That," said Mr. Cootes, "is just in case you try any funny business." And replacing the weapon in a handy pocket he proceeded to slap vigorously at the region between his shoulder blades. He also wriggled with not a little animation. Psmith watched these maneuvers gravely.

"You did not stop me at the pistol's point merely to watch you go through your Swedish exercises?" he said.

Mr. Cootes paused for an instant.

"Got a beetle or something down my back," he explained curtly.

"Ah! Then, as you will naturally wish to be alone in such a sad moment, I will be bidding you a cordial good evening and strolling on."

"No, you don't!"

"Don't I?" said Psmith resignedly. "Perhaps you are right, perhaps you are right." Mr. Cootes replaced the revolver once more. "I take it, then, Comrade Cootes, that you would have speech with me. Carry on, old friend, and get it off your diaphragm. What seems to be on your mind?"

A lucky blow appeared to have stunned Mr. Cootes' beetle and he was able to give his full attention to the matter in hand. He stared at Psmith with considerable distaste.

"I'm onto you, Bill!" he said.

"My name is not Bill," said Psmith.

"No," snapped Mr. Cootes, his annoyance by this time very manifest. "And it's not McTodd."

Psmith looked at his companion thoughtfully. This was an unforeseen complication, and for the moment he would readily have admitted that he saw no way of overcoming it. That the other was in no genial frame of mind towards him the expression on his face would have showed, even if actions had not been sufficient indication of the fact. Mr. Cootes, having disposed of his beetle, and being now at leisure to concentrate his whole attention on Psmith, was eying that immaculate young man with a dislike which he did not attempt to conceal.

"Shall we be strolling on?" suggested Psmith. "Walking may assist thought. At the moment I am free to confess that you have opened up a subject which causes me some perplexity. I think, Comrade Cootes, having given the position of affairs a careful examination, that we may say that the next move is with you. I don't know how you found me out, but you have found me out. What do you propose to do about it?"

"I'd like," said Mr. Cootes with asperity, "to beat your block off."

"No doubt. But ——"

"I'd like to knock you for a goal!"

Psmith discouraged these Utopian dreams with a deprecating wave of the hand.

"I can readily understand it," he said courteously. "But to keep within the sphere of practical politics, what is the actual move which you contemplate? You could expose me, no doubt, to my host; but I cannot see how that would profit you."

"I know that. But you can remember I've got that up my sleeve in case you try any funny business."

"You persist in harping on that possibility, Comrade Cootes. The idea seems to be an obsession with you. I can assure you that I contemplate no such thing. What, to return to the point, do you intend to do?"

They had reached the broad expanse opposite the front door, where the drive, from being a river, spread out into a lake of gravel. Psmith stopped.

"You've got to get me into this joint," said Mr. Cootes

"I feared that that was what you were about to suggest. In my peculiar position I have naturally no choice but to endeavor to carry out your wishes. Any attempt not to do so would, I imagine, infallibly strike so keen a critic as yourself as funny business. But how can I get you into what you breezily describe as this joint?"

"You can say I'm a friend of yours and ask them to invite me."

Psmith shook his head gently.

"Not one of your brightest suggestions, Comrade Cootes. Tactfully refraining from stressing the point, which can hardly have escaped your notice, that an instant lowering of my prestige would inevitably ensue should it be supposed that you were a friend of mine, I will merely mention that, being myself merely a guest in this stately home of England, I can hardly go about inviting my chums here for indefinite visits. No, we must find another way. . . . You're sure you want to stay? Quite so, I merely asked. Now, let us think."

Through the belt of rhododendrons which jutted out from one side of the castle a portly form at this point made itself visible, moving high and disposedly in the direction of the back premises of the place. It was Beach the butler, returning from the pleasant ramble in which he had indulged himself on the departure of his employer and the rest of the party. Revived by some gracious hours in the open air, Beach was returning to duty; and with the sight of him there came to Psmith a neat solution of the problem confronting him.

"Oh, Beach!" he called.

"Sir?" responded a fruity voice.

There was a brief pause while the butler navigated into the open. He removed the straw hat which he had donned for his excursion and infolded Psmith in a pop-eyed but not unkindly gaze. A thoughtful critic of country-house humanity, he had long since decided that he approved of Psmith. Since Lady Constance had first begun to offer the hospitality of the castle to the literary and artistic world, he had been profoundly shocked by some of the rare and curious specimens who had nodded their disordered locks and flaunted their ill-cut evening clothes at the dinner table over which he presided; and Psmith had come as a pleasant surprise.

"Sorry to trouble you, Beach."

"Not at all, sir."

"This," said Psmith, indicating Mr. Cootes, who was viewing the scene with a wary and suspicious eye, an eye obviously alert for any signs of funny business, "is my man. My valet, you know. He has just arrived from town. I had to leave him behind to attend the bedside of a sick aunt. Your aunt was better when you came away, Cootes?" he inquired graciously.

Edward Cootes was a man who through a checkered career had acquired to a high degree the faculty of quick thinking. He interpreted this question correctly as a feeler with regard to his views on this new development and decided to accept the situation. True, he had hoped to enter the castle in a slightly higher capacity than that of a gentleman's personal gentleman, but he was an old campaigner. Once in, as he put it to himself with admirable common sense, he would be in.

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"Capital!" said Psmith. "Capital! Then will you look after Cootes, Beach?"

"Very good, sir," said the butler in a voice of cordial approval.

The only point he had found to cavil at in Psmith had been removed, for it had pained him hitherto a little that a gentleman with so nice a taste in clothes as that dignified guest should have embarked on a visit to such a place as Blandings Castle without a personal attendant. Now all was explained and, as far as Beach was concerned, forgiven. He proceeded to escort Mr. Cootes to the rear. They disappeared behind the rhododendrons.

They had hardly gone when a sudden thought came to Psmith as he sat once more in the coolness of the hall. Strange, he reflected, how one overlooked these obvious things. That was how generals lost battles. He pressed the button.

"Sir?" said Beach, appearing through the green-baize door.

"Sorry to trouble you again, Beach."

"Not at all, sir."

"I hope you will make Cootes comfortable. I think you will like him. His, when you get to know him, is a very winning personality."

"He seems a nice young fellow, sir."

"Oh, by the way, Beach. You might ask him if he brought my revolver from town with him."

"Yes, sir," said Beach, who would have scorned to betray emotion if it had been a machine gun.

"He was to have picked it up at the gunsmith's on his way to the station. I think I saw it sticking out of his pocket. You might bring it to me, will you?"

"Very good, sir."

Beach retired, to return a moment later. On the silver salver which he carried the lethal weapon was duly reposing.

"Your revolver, sir," said Beach.

"Thank you," said Psmith.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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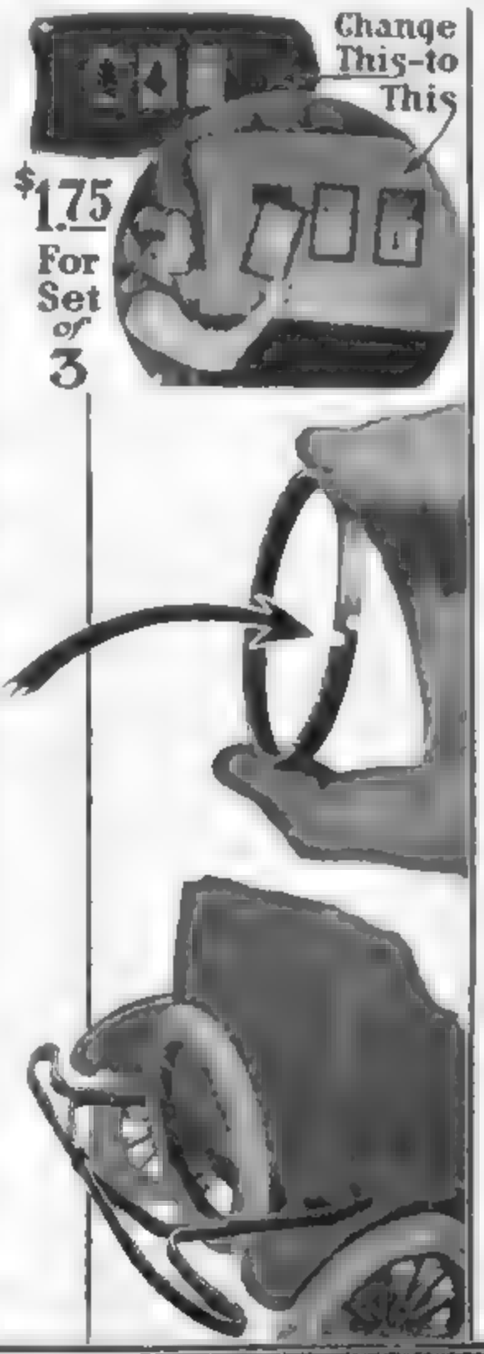

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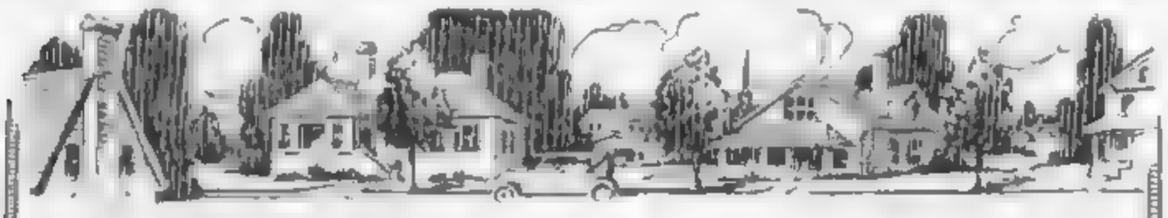

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AIR TO LET

(Continued from Page 14)

service has dropped into an air pocket between military necessity and financial profit.

No matter how fascinating and miraculous a thing may be, it has to be financed. And most great inventions have to be financed over a considerable period of experimental nonproduction. The war made the need of the airplane terrifically imperative. Money poured out and swift development resulted.

The air of the world hummed. All sorts of experiments in making and using the plane followed rapidly and, although through the whole war we were far in the lag, we made a notable advance.

Then followed our antiwar reaction. Undoubtedly we are the most unmilitary people in the world. At the close of the war we talked of a standing army of 1,000,000; a few months later it was cut down to 600,000. It has been slipping ever since, and recently Congress was seriously debating a bill to reduce it to 75,000—less than the strength of the old prewar days; and the Army as finally passed by the House Bill cuts the enlisted personnel to 115,000.

The air service being a product of the Army and Navy, having not yet attained a commercial status, inevitably slumped in spite of all our skill and ingenuity—and need.

America has in the past nourished so many infant industries that later turned out to be rapacious outlaws or browbeating bullies that we are rather milk-bottle shy. We have to know just what the infant is going to be and do when it grows up before we offer it any special privileges—and very likely we won't, even then.

Fortunately this flying infant industry does not ask the Government for bonuses, subsidies, special tariffs or gifts of gold and land. Its two requests—and in all the history of infant industries we challenge you to find other such modest and astonishing requests—are: To use it, and to govern it.

The greatest service the Government can render aviation is to use it. The rapid progress of aviation in England, France, Italy and Japan has been the direct result of governmental use of air machines. Aëronautics as a matter of military necessity has been made a governmental affair.

The United States has abundant uses for aircraft. As messengers to our far-flung possessions, as carriers of assistance and succor to our consuls and citizens in remote spots, as distributors of supplies from ship to ship and station to station, as patrols over forests and waters, as carriers of mail, and as defenders of the homeland that gave them birth, airplanes are swift and loyal servants.

As long as we have any Army and Navy at all aircraft are absolutely vital. Our national defense demands a large, well-equipped air service; which necessitates a competent and ever-alert corps of students and investigators.

In developing bombing planes and observation craft, pursuit planes and all other types of air fighting craft the Government will make discoveries and observations that are of vital assistance to the successful establishment of a commercial air service.

An Effective Demonstration

These experiments are being made by the air departments of the Army and Navy to the limit of their appropriations. The significance of recent discoveries was emphasized by the late bombing tests off the Virginia capes. It was these tests, inspired by Brig. Gen. William Mitchell, Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service, many believe, which persuaded the powers to take a naval holiday. When it was proved dramatically that a $30,000 bombing plane could sink in an hour a $30,000,000 dreadnought that had required two years to build, no wonder the peace-loving, altruistic nations of the world nodded their heads in sober consideration of limiting expenditures on big ships. But in these effective tests the bombs were dropped from an altitude of only 4000 feet. Until recently the highest altitude of these—the Martin bomber—was around 10,000 feet. But since these tests the supercharger principle has been applied to the Martin bomber and they have flown that airplane 27,000 feet—not only entirely out of range of antiaircraft guns but entirely out of sight. This is just one example of the discoveries being made in the research work at McCook Field. And most of these discoveries will have direct bearing on the use of planes for commercial purposes.

But even a more direct and immediate service is the furnishing of flyers. A safe pilot is a peculiar combination of natural instinct, dare-devil nerve and exact training.

The early progress in passenger and freight traffic in the air depends much upon the degree of safety attainable. Accidents in the air are spectacular and have a way of widely advertising themselves. Thirty people may be killed in a town by automobiles, and not one of the accidents—unless to a prominent man—gets into the Associated Press. But when a flyer drops anywhere on the continent it is national news.

Even now the air is a very safe way to travel. But it takes time and money to repeat successful experiments often enough to convince the public. There is an instinctive fear of any new method of transportation. The first man who saw a wagon rolling along on wheels was appalled at the danger of the thing and utterly refused to trust his life off his legs. For thousands of years there was a dread amounting almost to a horror in most people's minds of sea travel. The railroad was first looked upon as a man-killer. Men and women may be found today who refuse to risk their lives on railroad trains. Custom is the only cure for fear. When we try a thing once and come off alive, we do not have the buck ague at the thought of a second trip, and, often repeated, we soon accept it as a matter of course.

The Training of Flyers

The skilled pilot with a well-built, carefully tested machine knows he is really safer in the air than he would be in a roadster down on the ground. Yet he will have to prove it to the traveling public. From July 16, 1921, to September 7, 1922, the United States Air Mail Service traveled approximately 2,000,000 miles without a single fatal accident.

But continued safety and confidence will depend on the sort of pilots that handle air transportation. A flyer has to be peculiarly fitted for his job. No one should be allowed to enter the air in any capacity unless he has the essential natural qualification. A rigid examination such as is given to flyers entering the military service is the only safe way to weed out the unfit. In spite of good intentions private flying schools could not be depended upon to give these same rigid tests, and unhesitatingly to exclude all that were not perfectly fitted for air training.

Besides, the student aviator needs military training. He needs the discipline, the thorough grueling tests, the everlasting repetitions that are essential for perfect control and self-reliance in the air. Only the regular military service can give these adequately and surely. A private flying school might intend to give them, but a private school would be run for profit; and both the school and the student would be in a hurry for the graduating tail spin.

The Army is now using its facilities for training flyers. Any young man who can pass the examination may enter the army training school as a cadet and be trained as a civilian flyer. His expenses are paid, and he is free to go as soon as he has qualified as a student. His only obligation in return is to enroll in the reserve corps, subject to call in case of war. However, just at present aviation is not being retarded by lack of men. There are eight or nine thousand qualified flyers today ready and eager for a job in the air.

The branch of the service that is most closely linked with the progress of commercial aviation is the Government's air mail service.

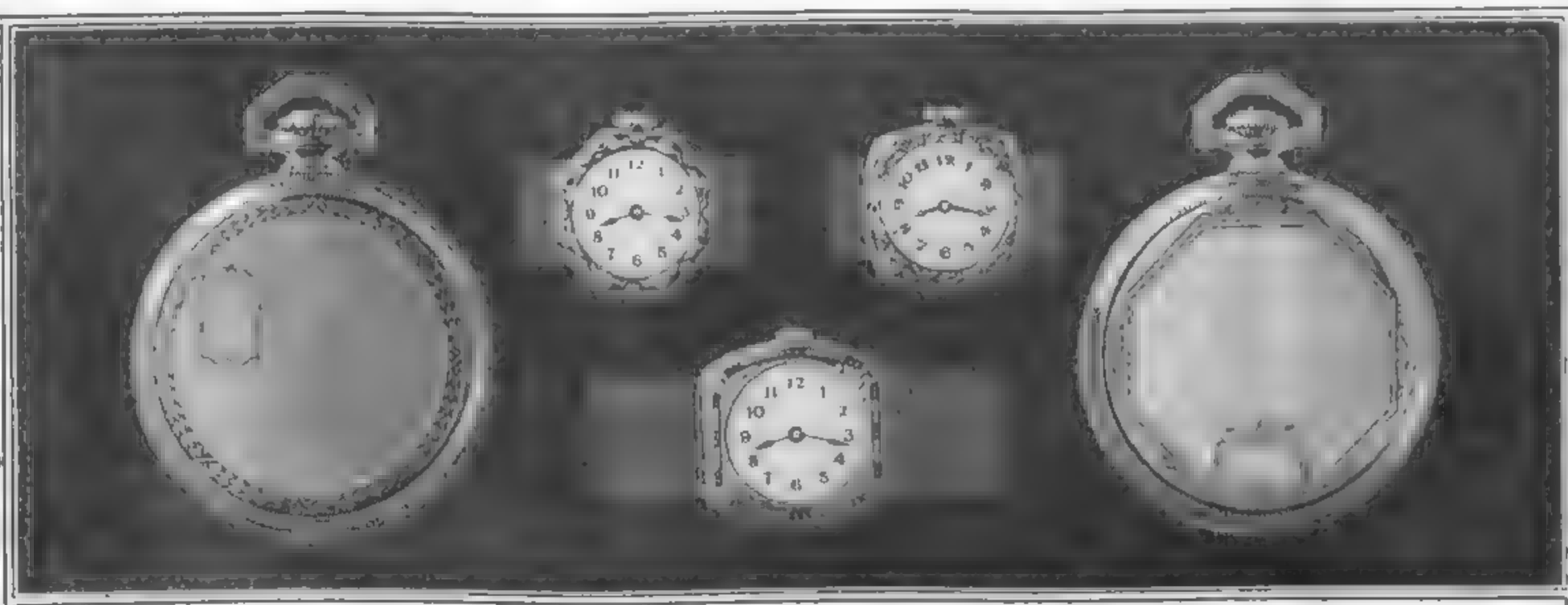
A hundred years ago a postmaster-general of the United States recommended to Congress that some way be devised to carry the mail through the air. The century passed and a postmaster-general conveyed to Congress the message that the way had not only been found but the mail was actually being carried successfully through the air.

Then a congressional committee recommended that the service be abandoned, and the House cut out the appropriation for

(Continued on Page 140)

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL



The new art of enameling—by WADSWORTH

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The problem of refining or supplanting these old methods was left with the Wadsworth Research Laboratory, where were produced the famous Wadsworth white and green gold alloys and other refinements in Wadsworth Cases. The result was that after a year and a half of patient work there developed a method so perfect that designs may now be reproduced in every detail. Delicate traceries which were impossible under the old methods are now duplicated in enamel at moderate cost.

Thus in Wadsworth enameling a new art has been born, an art which is more than the invention of a new way of preparing for the enamel. As different glasses vary in hardness and melt at different temperatures, it was necessary to perfect a uniform enamel of maximum hardness, which was also pliable and beautiful in color.

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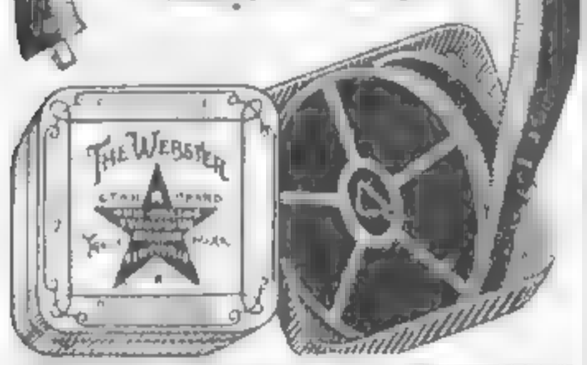

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(Continued from Page 138)

continuing the air mail. This act, if sustained by the Senate and allowed to stand by the President, will be the hardest blow that the new kingdom of the air has suffered.

The air mail was the one branch of aëronautical service of which we were proud; it was the one and only use of the air in which America led the world. To many of us who had not followed the development of the air mail service, its achievement has been most surprising. A great many people have thought of it as merely an expensive freak in fast mail carrying more a curiosity than anything else. It is not. The air mail established in 1918 has made rapid and intelligent progress in the actual carrying of mail. In the four years the total appropriation for the service has been only $3,200,000, and much of this necessarily was spent for equipment—hangars, shops, radio stations, ground terminals, and the like. Two hundred war planes had to be converted to commercial planes at an average cost of $1200 per plane.

In spite of all the handicaps of a new and untried enterprise, air lanes were established and daily mail carried for three years between New York and Washington; for two years a regular service has been maintained between New York and Chicago; for seven months between Minneapolis and St. Louis; and—shades of the pony express!—for months this new ship of the desert has carried mail above the old wagon trail, from Chicago to the Golden Gate—a distance of 1900 miles. In spite of weather, unknown air conditions, and all mishaps during the past eighteen months nearly 95 per cent of all the trips undertaken were completed.

As proof that the air mail service is no mere spectacular stunt, but a real method of transportation, note these figures from the Postmaster-General's report. In the six months from July 1, 1921, to January 1, 1922:

Number of ships daily in the air	21
Miles flown daily with mail	5,98
Miles traveled in the six months	1,02[illegible]
Number of letters carried	25,[illegible]

If that is not sufficient achievement to be encouraging, then encouragement comes slow with us.

The air mail service is limited by law to one transcontinental route from New York to San Francisco. This route is 2680 miles in length, and the round trip, which is made every day except Sundays and holidays, necessitates an annual flying schedule of approximately 1,800,000 miles. The air mail records show that during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1922, an efficiency standard of 94.39 was maintained. This means that out of every 100 trips scheduled, 94.39 were finished on schedule time. The official records show that two-thirds of the trips were made in clear weather, and one-third were made in foggy, cloudy or stormy weather.

On September sixteenth the air mail service finished ten consecutive weeks of flying the entire transcontinental route with 100 per cent efficiency—that is, during those weeks every scheduled trip was started and finished on schedule time. A point well worthy of consideration is that the daily transcontinental route necessitates the crossing of three mountain ranges—the Alleghany Mountains, the Rockies and the Sierras.

Night Flying

Intensive study and experiments show that night flying is not only possible but that it will soon become necessary to fly at night in order to utilize the airplane to best advantage in the postal service. With the inauguration of night flights it will be possible to make a continuous transcontinental flight from New York to San Francisco, flying from New York to Chicago in the daytime, Chicago to Cheyenne at night, and from Cheyenne to San Francisco during the early part of the second day. The chief of the postal air mail service has the optimism to predict that with night flying we shall be able to establish and maintain a schedule of twenty-eight to thirty hours between New York and San Francisco. The program for night flying includes emergency landing fields twenty-five miles apart, with landing-field lights, and a beacon light visible in excess for a distance of twenty-five miles. Progress in this direction has been purposely slow, in order that air mail pilots may be assured the full protection they should have before they are asked to undertake night work. The Second Assistant Postmaster-General, who is also chief of the postal air mail service, believes that within two or three years the air mail service, if given the support it merits, in view of the results already achieved, will have developed to such an extent that it will be wise to turn the service over to private contractors and make it nation-wide in its scope. The air mail service is the cornerstone of successful commercial aviation.

Chairman Dawes, director of the budget, recommended $2,200,000 for the air service for the fiscal year—and Dawes can hardly be called a spendthrift.

Yet the Lower House of Congress in making up the postal bill did not reduce that—it eliminated the air mail entirely.

Eliminating the air mail will be the hardest blow the Government could deal commercial aviation. The air mail was serving as the pioneer in routing air lanes. Its experiments would determine between what cities and during what seasons flying is most practicable. With the staff of the mail department and weather bureau at its service it could make investigations at small extra cost that would require the expenditure of millions by unrelated and unconnected commercial air enterprises.

Legislation Needed

The second vital assistance the Government can render to aviation is air laws. One day last fall a stockily built man appeared in a California court and announced to the judge that he owned a ranch near Rockwell Field, and demanded an injunction prohibiting airplanes from flying over his place.

Some of the attorneys in the court room laughed at the request as a huge joke. But the judge took it seriously, and asked the attorneys to help him look up the law on the matter; he was not at all sure but he would have to issue the injunction.

After considerable research the court announced that it found no law or precedent on which to base such an injunction. But as the ownership of the air had not been established in the United States, such an injunction was within the possible jurisdiction of the court.

One of the inevitable flaws in a republic is that its enactments are largely posthumous. Its government being, intentionally, at least, an expression of the public's will, it waits for that expression. Instead of taking the initiative, it far too often merely follows in the wake of public clamor. A thing must be needed by a great many people and needed a good while before action is taken.

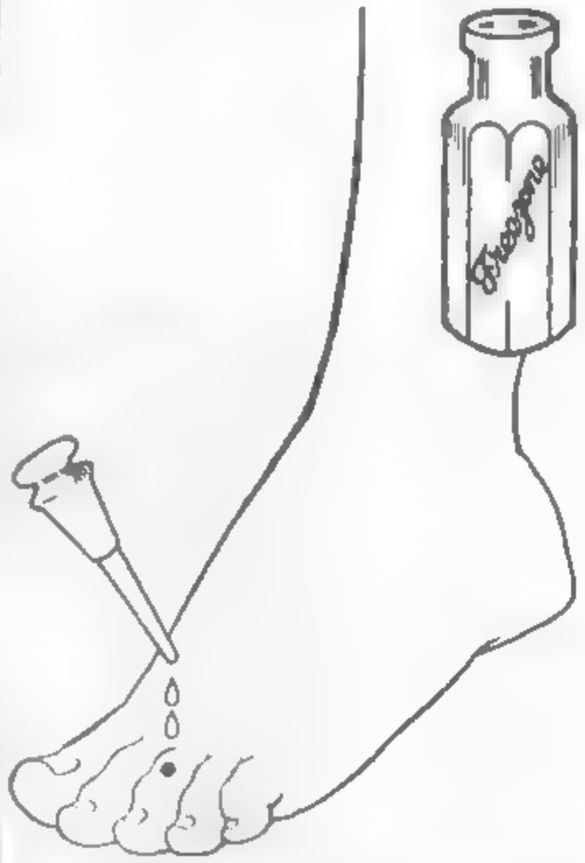
Our officials, particularly our legislative officials, are so busy looking sideways and backwards that they rarely take a burning interest in anything farther ahead than the next election. Nine out of ten congressional investigations are of things already done—and the investigation is usually to see how badly it was done. Only once in a while is there an investigation of what ought to be done in the future, and how it may be done well.

Although now for nearly a score of years the air has been in use as a passageway for man-made machines, there is no Federal law on our statute books governing it. This new domain of ours is as untouched by laws as an undiscovered continent. We are the only nation of importance that has not long since established an air code—laid down rules and laws governing the use of the air.

Air has been so free with us, and spaces so wide, that it struck the ordinary man as a sort of joke to pass laws about it. But the matter is tremendously serious, and growing more so every day. In fact, until the legal control of the air is determined there will be no large investments in commercial flying. When business men consider the investment of millions in a company they want its legal status definitely settled beforehand.

The first legislation attempted is the Civil Aëronautics Act of 1923, now before Congress, which we hope will have become a law before this article is published. This act has the approval of the Administration and the unqualified indorsement of the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, the chief of the army air service, the chief of the naval bureau of aëronautics, and other interested departments of the Government. It provides for the creation of a bureau and regulating the navigation of civil air craft. The bureau will be under the direction of a commissioner of civil aëronautics, who shall

Corns
Lift Right Off



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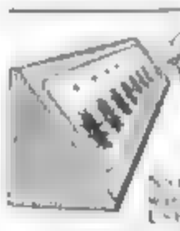

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Congress is faced with the immediate necessity of enacting Federal legislation providing for uniform air laws. Immediate Federal regulation is of the utmost importance, in view of the fact that the commissioners on uniform state laws have recently agreed upon a uniform state act, governing aeronautics, which will shortly be submitted to the various states for adoption.

The Congress on International Air Navigation met at Prague, Czecho-Slovakia, September 25 to October 1, 1922. At this congress sixteen foreign countries were represented, including the United States. The representatives of the United States were: Maj. Benjamin D. Foulois, assistant military attaché at Berlin; Maj. James E. Chaney, assistant military attaché at Rome; Lieut. Commander Newton White, assistant naval attaché at London; Lieut. Col. W. Jefferson Davis, legal adviser and assistant to the military attaché at Berlin.

The result of the Prague Congress was the formulation of an international air code. Such a code is distinctly a step in advance, and illustrates the vision of European countries with regard to aëronautics. This code together with the basic principles of the International Air Navigation Convention of 1919, to which the United States was signatory, but which has not as yet been ratified by our Senate, can, and should be, adopted in connection with regulations that it will be necessary for the Department of Commerce to issue if the proposed Civil Aëronautics Act is passed by Congress.

Some of the legal problems discussed at the Prague Congress have come up for a discussion at previous congresses, and particularly at the congress held at Monaco in 1921. Other questions, however, were taken up and considered for the first time.

All airmen and most groundsmen who have given the matter any thought, want the jurisdiction of the air vested solely in the Federal Government. That a machine which takes off on the Pacific Coast and lands forty hours later in New York, should be subject to the multiplicity of conflicting municipal laws of all the counties and states over which it flies is unthinkable.

All airplane companies should be chartered by the Federal Government; and all matters relative to their air lanes and questions of disputed rights or damages should be determined by the Federal courts. The pilots should be examined and licensed by the Federal air department.

What Capital Wants to Know

There will arise scores of legal problems as soon as actual passenger and freight service in the air is established—landing places, rates, competition with ground carriers—none of which can be satisfactorily handled by local legislation.

The business man, before investing capital in an aëronautical enterprise will want to know:

What an aëronaut's rights are;

What his liabilities are;

What agencies have the power to regulate aëronautics and to what extent.

If definite and satisfactory answers are given to these three questions, as is proposed under the Civil Aeronautics Act, the really serious objections to the advancement of commercial aëronautics in this country will have been answered and eliminated. The Government must govern the air.

The war convinced most people that almost anything was possible in the air, but since then, here in America, the ordinary man's faith in the commercial use of the air has been slipping. But this has not been because of any actual discouraging discoveries, but purely because we are so prone to expect everything in two or three years, and then if we don't get it—expect nothing. If a new enterprise does not pay dividends the first or second year, we get suspicious; if not the third year, we want a receiver.

But though the layman has been losing faith the airman has grown more and more confident of the ultimate success of air transportation, and his confidence is based upon actual knowledge and real achievement.

In the development of air transportation there are only three contingencies that might cause its ultimate failure: Danger, irregularity and expense—and the least of these is danger.

The Saving of Time

The experiments so far carried on make airmen confident that all these objections which have not already been met can be overcome.

As to danger, it has already been proved that with ordinary care a million miles may be flown without a fatality. Anyway, our people have never stopped on account of danger. The offers of the most hazardous occupations have plenty of takers.

The matter of irregularity on account of weather conditions has yet to be faced. Successful transportation should go on the hour, and get there every trip. The railroads don't always do it, but they come nearer than any other transportation system ever devised.

The air mail service has proved that a fairly regular schedule may be maintained even now between most cities. And increasing use and knowledge of the air will bring the number of successful trips closer and closer to the 100 per cent mark.

But finally everything comes down to expense. We can fly. We can make the machines. We can get the men. But will it pay?

Though at present it costs more to carry passengers in the air than on the land, considering the time element it is even now far from expensive transportation. And a number of lines are competing with the railroads in their rates.

For instance, one may take air passage from New York to Cleveland for twenty-eight dollars and make the trip in five hours; whereas the railroad time is fourteen hours. One can leave New York at six A.M. and get to Cleveland by airplane at eleven that morning, have seven hours for business, get a return plane at six and be back in New York at eleven o'clock that night.

A preliminary estimate, based on the air mail operating costs, indicates that a commercial airplane carrying ten passengers may now be operated at seven cents a passenger mile. Considering how much shorter the air distance is between two cities than the railroad mileage, this rate is not excessive.

For instance, the air distance between New York and Cleveland is 400 miles. Including Pullman, the railroad fare figures 7.14 cents per mile. The air distance between New York and Chicago is 735 miles; which makes the railroad fare figure 6.95 cents per mile. The flying distance of the proposed airplane route from New York to Mexico City is 2361 miles. The railroad fare is $137.06—5.8 cents per mile.

And if a man's time is worth anything to him at all, the air passage at seven cents a mile would be much the cheaper. The train time from New York to Mexico City is about four days and eighteen hours; the proposed airplane schedule will be one day and four hours—a saving of three days and fourteen hours.

At present airplanes may be bought at $3000 up. The smallest machine on the market is the Mummert, or Baby Vamp,

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which has a two-cylinder engine, and a wing length of only twenty-three feet. It can light in a back yard or a garden path. A twenty-passenger commercial plane thoroughly and completely equipped with inclosed cabin and all modern devices for safety and comfort can be bought for about $40,000.

Of course as the demand increases, inevitably the cost of production will decrease; so it is not out of reason to expect a passenger airplane will, in time, be built almost as cheaply as a Pullman car.

There is no physical necessity of the air-service cost being prohibitively excessive. It has been objected that the great weight of the machine itself compared with the load it can carry will always make the cost excessive. But the weight per passenger of a twenty-place airplane is much less than the weight per passenger of an eight-coach Pullman train.

Roughly speaking, the train will weigh a ton to the passenger; while the weight of the airplane is less than half that. And the resistance of the air is infinitely less than the friction of the rails.

Of course one of the greatest costs will be stations and landing fields. No perfection of machinery will ever be attained that will entirely eliminate engine trouble. A regular air line will need frequent landing places where the machines may safely alight in an emergency for repairs, gasoline or assistance. These landing places should be about every twenty-five miles.

Archibald Black, who has made a special study of airway field systems, figures that a plot of ground 2000 feet square is sufficient for a station; and that the emergency lighting fields should be in the shape of an L or an X with each leg about 1000 feet long and 250 feet wide. The same writer estimates the approximate cost of stations and runways and emergency fields for a line, say, from New York to Chicago, would be around $500,000. Which, of course, is a very small investment, compared to a railroad right-of-way.

The Federal Government has not been signally successful in most of its commercial ventures; but it has been successful in many of its scientific investigations and enterprises. We are apt to appeal to the Government to do things that we can better do ourselves. On the other hand, the Government is inclined to leave to its citizens work that can be better done by it.

The experiments, investigations and surveys done by the Agricultural Department of the Government have been worth so many millions of dollars that it would be startling to attempt an estimate. Our research work in the way of health has meant other millions in general conservation of earning power, besides the saving of thousands of lives.

The most important assistance the Government can give to its people is to think ahead for them—and find out things, and undertake those things that pertain to their prosperity, happiness and welfare, which they cannot do for themselves.

Extravagance is not measured by cost but by waste. Money appropriated to influence votes may bring direct practical returns, yet it is a waste, for the final result is nothing but a poorer grade of lawmakers, while money appropriated for a ten-year research for the cause of a fever or the enemy of a fly may bring millions in final returns, in health and longer life and more bread for all the people.

No country in the world is richer in unselfish scientists and inventors and humanitarians. The Government can always get the men and the material for any sort of research and experiments. Our Government should use them. Half the money spent on political investigations, in exhuming scandals for the next campaign, might uncover knowledge worth millions to the country.

This new domain of the air offers the most immediate, most promising and alluring field in all history for experiment and discovery. This unchartered continent just over our heads, free for untrammeled passage of man and his products, the one element through which he can pass with least friction and greatest speed; the new element in which poetry and profit, adventure and daily work fly hand in hand—should not the Government explore it, and make laws for it?

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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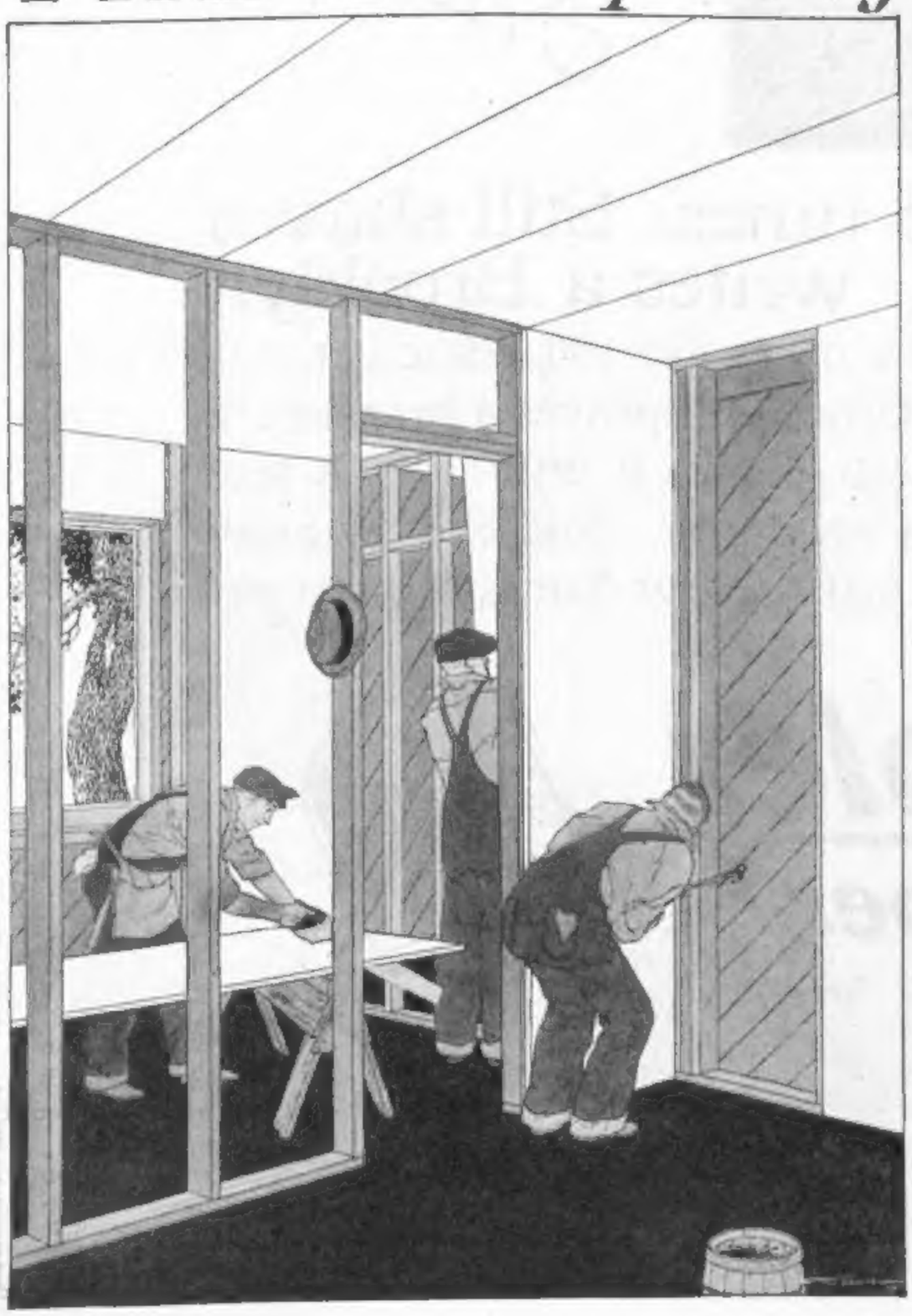

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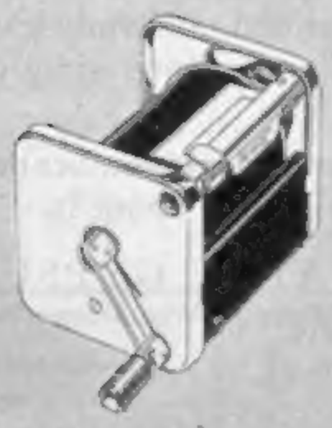

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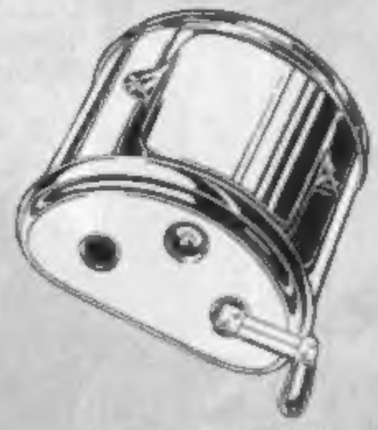

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2 tablespoons flour	1 cup water	Salt and pepper

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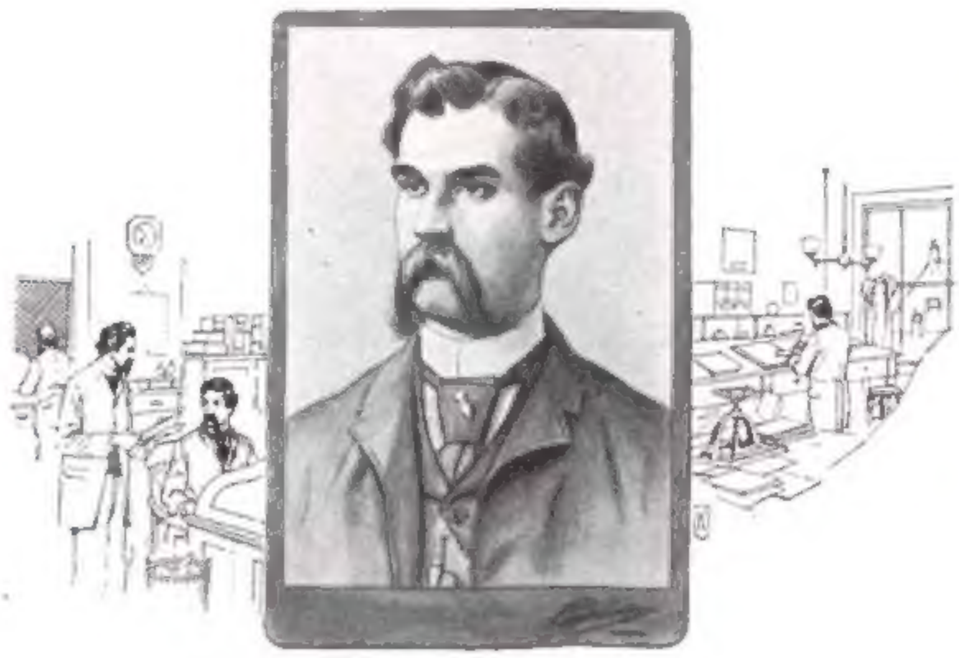


Whiskers, like furniture, show the influence of certain periods. The Buffalo Bill period, the Paint-Brush period, and the Weeping Walrus period are typical.

The walrus mustache was notable for its dichotomic droop. In addition to covering the wearer's upper lip, it trailed down along the sides of his mouth, like vines dangling from a window-box, and came tardily to a conclusion in the wide, open spaces.

It was customary for the proprietor of a walrus mustache to let his facial awning serve a double purpose. No one was able to discover whether his teeth, if any, were false or true, and he could smile derisively at his enemies without permitting them to discover that he did so.

Frequently the walrus mustache meandered around along the jaw, and became a set of burnsides, leaving it necessary for the bewhiskered lawyer, chief, or layman to shave only on his southern exposure.

The gentleman portrayed here represented a type that was common in the days when trolley cars were regarded with awe, and when any building more than five stories high was called a sky-scraper.

Think of the improvement his countenance would have undergone if he could have lathered with Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for the removal of that hispid hedge!

If shaving, in his day, had not been painful and perilous, how much more buoyantly he might have faced conditions!

At present, fortunately, no excuse for limited shaving exists.

Diagrammatic magnified cross-section showing the ineffectiveness of a coarse lather, which **FAILS** *to soften the hair at the base.*

Note Colgate lather at base of hair.

Diagrammatic magnified cross-section showing how the close, moist lather made by Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream goes to the base of each hair, softening it where it meets the edge of the razor.

Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream

softens the beard *at the base*—where the razor's work is done!

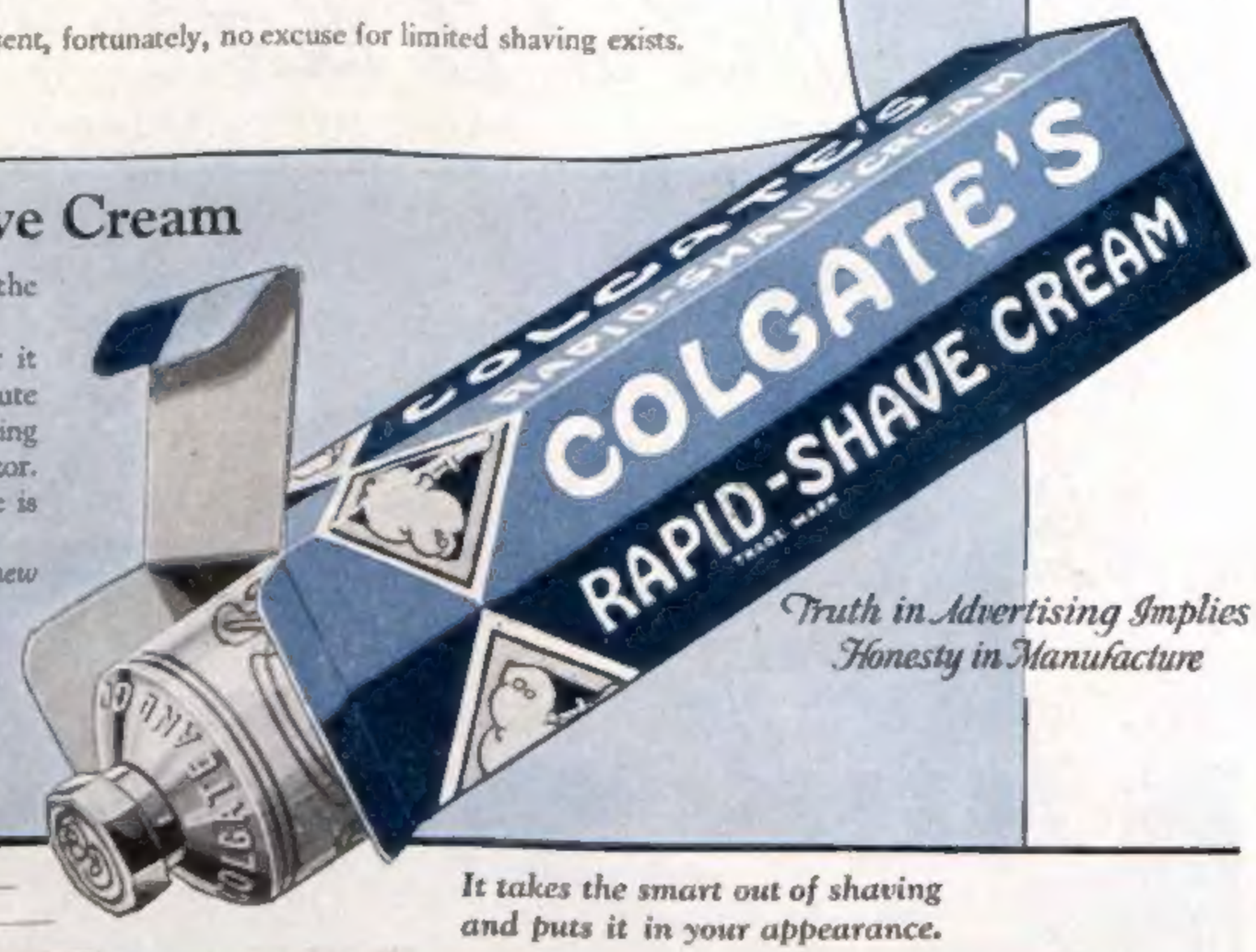
By taking up a great quantity of water it makes an extra moist lather. The minute bubbles go to the base of each hair, making it soft where it meets the edge of the razor.

After shaving with Colgate's the face is soothed and velvety.

Give yourself the benefit of this *new comfort* in shaving.

Fill out and mail the attached coupon for a free trial tube, containing cream enough for twelve *easier* shaves.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P
199 Fulton Street New York



Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture

COLGATE & CO.
199 Fulton St., *Dept. P*, New York
Please send me the *free* trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better, *easier* shaving

Name_____
Address_____

It takes the smart out of shaving and puts it in your appearance.